THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° Franklin

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NOVEMBER 16, 1918

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Eating in Two or Three Languages—By Irvin S. Cobb

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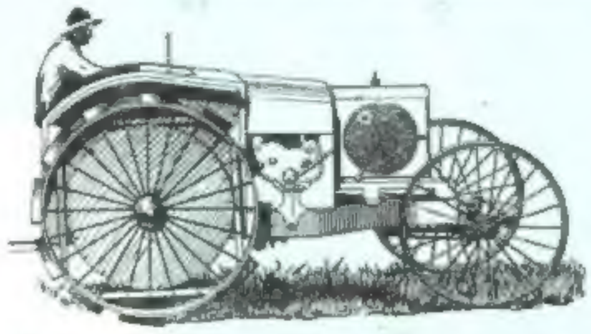

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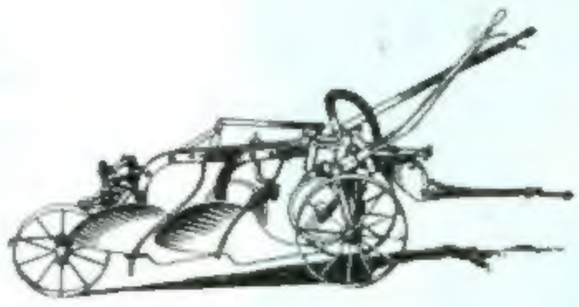

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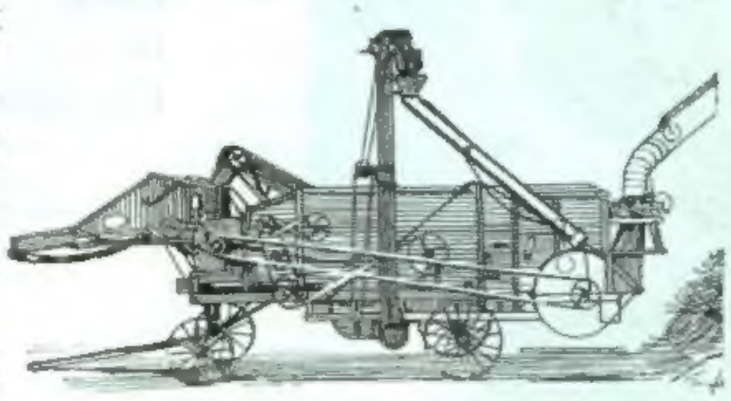

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

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P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 191 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 16, 1918 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 20

Eating in Two or Three Languages

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

ON MY way home from overseas I spent many happy hours mapping out a campaign. To myself I said: "The day I land is going to be a great day for some of the waiters and a hard day on some of the cooks. Persons who happen to be near by when I am wrestling with my first ear of green corn will think I am playing on a mouth organ. My behavior in regard to hothouse asparagus will be reminiscent of the best works of the late Bosco. In the matter of cantaloupes I rather fancy I shall consume the first two on the half shell, or *au naturel*, as we veteran correspondents say; but the third one will contain about as much vanilla ice cream as you could put in a derby hat.

"And when, as I am turning over my second piece of fried chicken, with Virginia ham, if H. Hoover should crawl out from under it, and, shaking the gravy out of his eyes, should lift a warning hand, I shall say to him: 'Herb,' I shall say, 'Herb, stand back! Stand well back to avoid being splashed, Herb. Please desist and do not bother me now; for I am busy. Kindly remember that I am but just returned from over there and that for months and months past, as I went to and fro across the face of the next hemisphere that you'll run into on the left of you if you go just outside of Sandy Hook and take the first turn to the right, I have been storing up a great unsatisfied longing for the special dishes of my own, my native land. Don't try, I pray you, to tell me a patriot can't do his bit and eat it too; for I know better.

"'Shortly I may be in a fitter frame of mind to listen to your admonitions touching on rationing schemes; but not to-day, and possibly not to-morrow either, Herb. At this moment I consider food regulations as having been made for slaves and perhaps for the run of other people; but not for me. As a matter of fact, what you may have observed up until now has merely been my preliminary attack—what you might call open warfare, with scouting operations. But when they bring on the transverse section of watermelon I shall take my trenching tools and just naturally start digging in. I trust you may be hanging round then; you'll certainly overhear something.'"

Where the Water Goes

"'KINDLY pass the ice water. That's it. Thank you. Join me, won't you, in a brimming beaker? It may interest you to know that I am now on my second carafe of this wholesome, delicious and satisfying beverage. Where I have lately been, in certain parts of the adjacent continent, there isn't any ice, and nobody by any chance ever drinks water. Nobody bathes in it either, so far as I have been able to note. You'll doubtless be interested in hearing what they do do with it over on that side. It took me months to find out.

"'Then finally, one night in a remote interior village, I went to an entertainment in a Y. M. C. A. hut. A local magician came out on the platform; and after he had done some tricks with cards and handkerchiefs, which were so old that they were new all over again, he reached up under the tails of his dress coat and hauled out a big glass globe that was slopping full of its crystal-pure fluid contents, with a family of goldfish swimming round and round in it, as happy as you please.

"'So then, all in a flash, the answer came and I knew the secret of what the provincials in that section of Europe do with water. They loan it to magicians to keep goldfish in. But I prefer to drink a little of it while I am eating and to eat a good deal while I am drinking it; both of which, I may state, I am now doing to the best of my ability, and without let or hindrance, Herb.'" To be exactly correct about it, I began mapping out this campaign long before I took ship for the homeward hike. The suggestion formed in my mind during those weeks I spent in London, when the resident population first went on the food-card system. You had to have a meat card, I think, to buy raw meat in a butcher shop, and you had to have another kind of meat card, I know, to get cooked meat in a restaurant; and you had to have a friend who was a smuggler or a hoarder to get an adequate supply of sugar under any circumstances. Before I left, everyone was carrying round a sheaf of cards. You didn't dare go fishing if you had mislaid your worm card.

The resolution having formed, it budded and grew in my mind when I was up near the Front gallantly exposing myself before the sort of table-d'hôte dinner that is available at present in some of the lesser towns immediately behind the firing lines; and it kept right on growing, so that by the time I was ready to sail it was full sized. En route, I thought up an interchangeable answer for two of the oldest conundrums of my childhood, one of them being "Round as a biscuit, busy as a bee; busiest thing you ever did see," and the other, "Opens like a barn door, shuts like a trap; guess all day and you can't guess that." In the original versions the answer to the first was "A watch," and to the second, "A corset"—if I recall aright. But the joint answer I worked out was as follows: "My face!"

"The Day I Land is Going to be a Great Day for Some of the Waiters and a Hard Day on Some of the Cooks"

Food Slang

SUCH was the pleasing program I figured out on shipboard. But, as is so frequently the case with the most pleasing things in life, I found the anticipation rather outshone the realization. Already I detect myself, in a retrospective mood, hankering for the savory *ragoûts* we used to get in peasant homes in obscure French villages, and for the meals they gave us at the regimental messes of our own forces, where the cooking was the home sort and good honest American slang abounded.

They call the corned beef Canned Willie; and the stew is known affectionately as Slum, and the doughnuts are Fried Holes. When the adjutant, who has been taking French lessons, remarks "What the *la* hell does that *sacré-bleu* cook mean by serving forty-fours at every meal?" you gather he is getting a mite tired of baked army beans. And if the lieutenant colonel asks you to pass him the Native Sons you know he means he wants prunes. It's a great life, if you don't weaken—and, to date, nobody has.

But, so far as the joys of the table are concerned, I think I shall be able to wait until the war is over before I yearn for another whack at English eating. I opine Charles Dickens would be a most unhappy man could he but return to the scenes he loved and wrote about.

"'Herb,' I Shall Say, 'Herb, Stand Back! Stand Well Back to Avoid Being Splashed'"

Dickens, as will be recalled, specialized in mouth-watering descriptions of good things and typically British things to eat—roast sucking pigs, with apples in their snouts; and baked goose; and suety plum puddings like speckled cannon balls; and cold game pies as big round as barrel tops—and all such. He wouldn't find these things prevailing to any noticeable extent in his native island now. Even the kidney, the same being the thing for which an Englishman mainly raises a sheep and which he always did know how to serve up better than anyone else on earth, somehow doesn't seem to be the kidney it once upon a time was when it had the proper sorts of trimmings and sauces to go with it.

At this time England is no place for the epicure. In peacetime English cooks, as a rule, were not what you would call versatile; their range, as it were, was limited. Once, seeking to be blithesome and light of heart, I wrote an article in which I said there were only three dependable vegetables on the average Englishman's everyday menu—boiled potatoes, boiled cabbage, and a second helping of the boiled potatoes.

That was an error on my part; I was unintentionally guilty of the crime of underestimation. I should have added a fourth to the list of stand-bys—to wit: the vegetable marrow. For some reason, possibly because they are a stubborn and tenacious race, the English persist in looking upon the vegetable marrow as an object designed for human consumption, which is altogether the wrong view to take of it. As a foodstuff this article hasn't even the merit that attaches to stringy celery. You do not derive much nourishment from stale celery, but eating at it polishes the teeth and provides a healthful form of exercise that gives you an appetite for the rest of the meal.

From the vegetable marrow you derive no nourishment, and certainly you derive no exercise; for, being a soft, weak, spiritless thing, it offers no resistance whatsoever, and it looks a good deal like a streak of solidified fog and tastes like the place where an indisposed carrot spent the night. Next to our summer squash it is the feeblest imitation that ever masqueraded in a skin and called itself a vegetable. Yet its friends over there seem to set much store by it.

That Good Old Python Feeling

LIKEWISE the English cook has always gone in rather extensively for boiling things. When in doubt she boiled. But it takes a lot of retouching to restore to a piece of boiled meat the juicy essences that have been simmered and drenched out of it. Since the English people, with such admirable English thoroughness, cut down on fats and oils and bacon garnishments, so that the greases might be conserved for the fighting forces; and since they have so largely had to do without imported spices and condiments, because the cargo spaces in the ships coming in were needed for military essentials, the boiled dishes of England appear to have lost most of their taste.

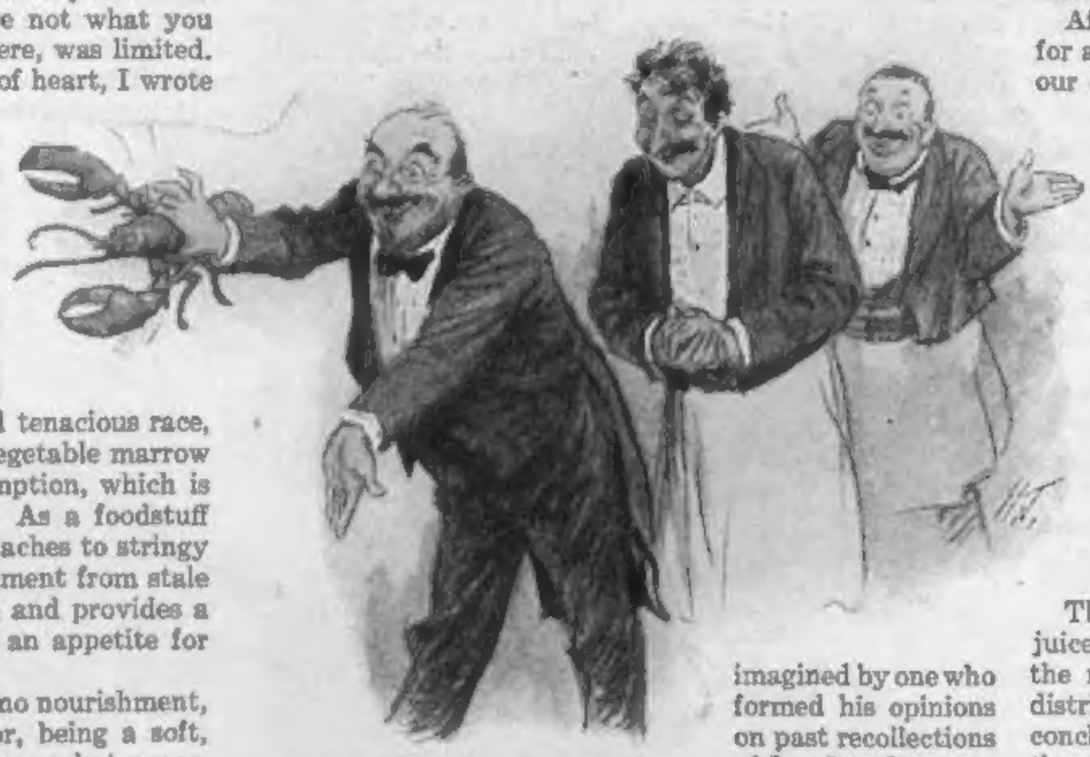
You can do a lot of browsing about at an English table these days and come away ostensibly filled; but inside you there will be a persistent unsatisfied feeling, all the same, which is partly due, no doubt, to the lack of sweetening and partly due to the lack of fats, but due most of all, I think, to a natural disappointment in the results. In the old times a man didn't feel that he had dined well in England unless for an hour or two afterward he had the comfortable gorged sensation of a python full of pigeons.

I shall never forget the first meals I had on English soil, this latest trip. At the port where we landed, in the early afternoon of a raw day, you could get tea if you cared for tea, which I do not; but there was no sugar—only saccharine—to sweeten it with, and no rich cream, or even skim milk, available with which to dilute it. The accompanying buns had a flat, dry, floury taste, and the portions of butter served with them were very homeopathic indeed as to size and very oleomargarinish as to flavor.

Going up to London we rode in a train that was crowded and darkened. Brilliantly illuminated trains scooting across country offer an excellent mark for the aim of hostile air raiders, you know; so in each compartment the gloom was enhanced rather than dissipated by two tiny pin points of a ghastly pale-blue gas flame. I do not know why there should have been two of these lights, unless it was that the second one was added so that by its wan flickerings you could see the first one, and vice versa.

During the trip, which lasted several hours longer than the scheduled running time, we had for refreshments a few gnarly apples, purchased at a way station; and that was all. Recalling the meals that formerly had been served aboard the boat trains of this road, I realized I was getting my preliminary dose of life on an island whose surrounding waters were pestered by U-boats and whose shipping was needed for transport service. But I pinned my gastronomic hopes on London, that city famed of old for the plenteous prodigality of its victualing facilities. In my ignorance I figured that the rigors of rationing could not affect London to any very noticeable extent. A little trimming down here and there, an enforced curtailment in this direction and that—yes, perhaps so; but surely nothing more serious.

Immediately on arrival we chartered a taxicab—a companion and I did. This is not so easy a job as might be imagined by one who formed his opinions on past recollections of London, because, since gasoline is carefully rationed there, taxis are scarce where once they were numerous. Indeed, I know of no city in which, in ante-bellum days, taxis were so numerously distributed through almost every quarter of the town as in London. At any busy corner there were almost as many taxicabs waiting and ready to serve you as there are taxicabs in New York whose drivers are cruising about looking for a chance to run over you. The foregoing is still true of New York, but no longer applies to London.



The Boss Would Gather Up the Lobster and Personally Introduce Him to the Newcomers

Having chartered our cab, much to the chagrin of a group of our fellow travelers who had wasted precious time getting their heavy luggage out of the van, we rode through the darkened streets to a hotel formerly renowned for the scope and excellence of its cuisine. We reached there after the expiration of the hour set apart under the food regulations for serving dinner to the run of folks. But, because we were both in uniform—he as a surgeon in the British Army, and I as a correspondent—and because we had but newly finished a journey, we were entitled, it seemed, to claim refreshment.

However, he, as an officer, was restricted to a meal costing not to exceed six shillings—and six shillings never did go far in this hotel, even when prices were normal. Not being an officer but merely a civilian disguised in the habiliments of a military man, I, on the other hand, was bound by no such limitations, but might go as far as I pleased. So it was decided that I should order double portions of everything and surreptitiously share with him; for by now we were hungry to the famishing point.

We had our minds set on a steak—a large thick steak served with onions, Desdemona style—that is to say, smothered. It was a pretty thought, a passing fair conception—but a vain one.

"No steaks to-night, sir," said the waiter sorrowfully.

"All right, then," one of us said. "How about chops—fat juicy chops?"

"Oh, no, sir; no chops, sir," he told us.

"Well then, what have you in the line of red meats?"

He was desolated to be compelled to inform us that there were no red meats of any sort to be had, but only sea foods. So we started in with oysters. Personally I have never cared deeply for the European oyster. In size he is anæmic and puny as compared with his brethren of the eastern coast of North America; and, moreover, chronically he is suffering from an acute attack of brass poisoning. The only way by which a novice may distinguish a bad European oyster from a good European oyster is by the fact that the bad one tastes slightly better than a good one does. In my own experience I have found this to be the one infallible test.

From Verdigris to Prunes

WE HAD oysters until both of us were full of verdigris, and I, for one, had a tang in my mouth like an antique bronze jug; and then we proceeded to fish. We had fillets of sole, which tasted as they looked—flat and a bit flabby. Subsequently I learned that this lack of savor in what should be the most toothsome of all European fishes might be attributed to an insufficiency of fat in the cooking; but at the moment I could only believe the trip up from Dover had given the poor thing a touch of car sickness from which he had not recovered before he reached us.

After that we had lobsters, of half-fare size, but charged for at the full adult rates. And, having by now exhausted our capacity for sea foods, we wound up with an alleged dessert in the shape of three drowned prunes apiece, the remains being partly immersed in a palish custardlike composition that was slightly sour.

"Never mind," I said to my indignant stomach as we left the table—"Never mind! I shall make it all up to you for this mistreatment at breakfast tomorrow morning. We shall rise early—you and I—and with loud gurgling cries we shall leap headlong into one of those regular breakfasts in which the people of this city and nation specialize so delightfully. Food regulators may work their ruthless will upon the dinner trimmings, but none would dare to put so much as the weight of one impious finger upon an Englishman's breakfast table to curtail its plenitude. Why, next to Magna Charta, an Englishman's breakfast is his most sacred right."

This in confidence was what I whispered to my gastric juices. You see, being still in ignorance of the full scope of the ration scheme in its application to the metropolitan district, and my disheartening experience at the meal just concluded to the contrary notwithstanding, I had my thoughts set upon rashers of aromatic Wiltshire bacon, and broad segments of grilled York ham, and fried soles, and lovely plump sausages bursting from their jackets, and deviled kidneys paired off, on a slice of toast, like Noah and his wife crossing the gangplank into the Ark.

Need I prolong the pain of my disclosures by longer withholding the distressing truth that breakfast next morning was a failure too? To begin with, I couldn't get any of those lovely crisp crescent rolls that accord so rhythmically with orange marmalade and strawberry jam. I couldn't get hot buttered toast either, but only some thin hard slabs of war bread, which seemingly had been dry-cured in a kiln. I could have but a very limited amount of sugar—a mere pinch, in fact; and if I used it to tone up my coffee there would be none left for oatmeal porridge.

(Continued on Page 36)

He Was Desolated to be Compelled to Inform Us That There Were No Red Meats of Any Sort to be Had, But Only Sea Foods

THE BUTTERFLY

By Dana Burnet

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

DURING the course of a visit to France in the fourth winter of the great war it was my privilege to spend a night at the château of the Marquis de B——, in the Department of the Vosges. The marquis was a man of seventy-five or eighty years, a fine indomitable old aristocrat of a type I find described in my notebook—rather weakly, I confess—as romantic. He was tall, straight, bright of eye, with white hair and mustaches and a proud ponderous head. I remember him chiefly as a sort of noble bas-relief, outlined against the fire-tinged darkness of his own salon, as he sat telling the story I repeat here. Memory is a versatile artist; now she employs paints and brushes; now makes poetry her tool; now uses the methods of a sculptor. In the case of the Marquis de B—— she was decidedly in this last mood.

I had come up from Paris, in the capacity of correspondent for an American paper, with a small party of officers and a United States Congressman, to visit a certain section of the Lorraine front. Our sole topic was the war. There was no other topic in France—nor, for that matter, in the world.

Finally the talk veered to the enemy's domestic condition. All present were agreed that the Germans had arrived at a distinct economic crisis. Mr. A——, the Congressman, who had been recently to Switzerland, said that he had heard rumors of a plague. One of the officers corroborated the Congressman.

There was small doubt, he said, that Germany had been swept by a pestilence of some sort, and added that it was undoubtedly a judgment of God.

At this juncture the marquis leaned forward in his chair, so that his features were cast suddenly into ruddy prominence. We had left the vast chill dining room, with its grim old portraits and scattered candles, and were gathered about a wood fire in the salon. The marquis had not spoken previously; but now, at a word, he attracted to himself the attention of our entire circle.

"There was certainly a plague upon our enemy's country, messieurs," he said, "but whether it was a judgment of God or of man I am not sure. I will set forth the facts as I happen to be cognizant of them. You may judge for yourselves."

And without further preamble, but fixing his glance upon the fire, as though upon some unfolding manuscript, he told the following story:

And, Drawing From Beneath His Cloak the Stringed Instrument That All Troubadours Carry, He Struck From It a Joyous Staccato Theme

In Paris, in the year 1870, there lived a brilliant young composer, of the name of Roland de Valterre. He was of an ancient family of Lorraine—was, in fact, one of my neighbors—and enjoyed the title of count; but his nature and views were entirely democratic. He had been educated for the army, and had obtained his commission, when he suddenly renounced the profession of arms, stating openly that it was an unnecessary, barbarous and provocative employment which no intelligent man ought to pursue.

He then went to Paris and devoted himself with passionate interest to music, for which he had a decided bent. His romantic, restless spirit expressed itself in a veritable torrent of composition. It was said of him that he wrote songs before breakfast and symphonies after dinner. Certainly he would have had a distinguished career—for the critics were agreed that he possessed genius of an unusual order—if great and grave events had not portended.

Paris, in the spring of 1870, was a city to satisfy the heart's desire. Never had there seemed to breathe upon the flower-scented air so much of beauty, peace and love. Never had the reign of sanity and reason appeared more imminent upon the horizons of France and the world. The specter of a war with Prussia, which had glowered in the national consciousness since Bismarck had assumed control of German politics, seemed to have been allayed.

In the Prussian Reichstag there had been a motion for disarmament. The German people then had grown weary of so much swashbuckling! In France a similar motion was presented to the Corps Législatif. It became the fashion to refer to the nation of Napoleon III as *la grande nation de la paix*. There were those who warned France of impending disaster, but such persons were derided by the intellectuals and liberals, who branded the danger as a *péril imaginaire*.

Roland de Valterre was one of those who maintained that war was impossible. He possessed the sort of mind that sees far into the future and mistakes the distant ideal for the present reality. Then, too, he was young, clever, handsome, endowed largely with fortune and genius, and consequently infatuated with creation. The world was his mistress, of whom he would believe no evil.

He had a certain splendor about him, a sort of supreme confidence in God and man, which gave charm to his every utterance, his every movement. He was a popular figure at the court of Napoleon III, from which he refused to hold himself aloof, as did many of the old noblesse. "If one is a democrat," said he, "one may go anywhere." His gay and somewhat reckless humor attracted men and women alike. The latter adored him and would have broken their hearts over him if he had not contrived, in some inexplicable manner, to make friends with them instead. "He is hopeless!" protested a certain lady in despair. "He loves us all!"

But when one is in one's twenties one does not entertain indefinitely a passion for the fair sex in general. Without specialization of emotion there would have been an end, long since, to that which we call the human comedy; also, I take it, to human tragedy as well.

There was in Paris that spring a young dancer named Gabrielle Lafitte, known as The Butterfly, who had won extraordinary fame by her beauty as well as by the exquisite perfection of her art. One night Roland attended a masquerade given by a sculptor of his acquaintance, a man of means, who made a point of knowing every artist of consequence in Paris.

The masquerade was held out of doors, in a rambling old garden on the left bank of the Seine, and was altogether a gay affair. Above the ancient wall swung the round gold lantern of the moon, while overhead was stretched a brilliant canopy of stars. Rosebushes, heavy with their fragrant blossoms, made scented thickets about the smooth open turf, which was like velvet to the foot. The light of many lanterns, winking amid the shrubbery, fell upon an atmosphere already softened by the glamour from above and laid a sort of radiant carpet upon the grassy floor.

Suddenly, when the fun was at its height, the orchestra struck an arresting chord, the guests composed themselves in an expectant half circle, and from the shadow of a thicket emerged a pale ethereal figure that seemed to float through the air rather than to walk upon the earth.

It was Mademoiselle Lafitte. For an instant she stood poised on tiptoe, swathed like a chrysalis in luminous veils. Then slowly she spread her iridescent wings and became a white butterfly, soaring, dipping, rising and falling in the moonlight.

Roland was transported. He stood a little apart from the others, watching with entranced gaze the marvelous grace of the dancer. Once a beam of light fell full upon her face, revealing it to his eyes. In that moment its rare and delicate beauty was impressed indelibly upon his brain. A sort of intoxication possessed him. He loved; and was no longer the master of his mortal rôle.

When the dance was concluded and the dancer had disappeared once more into shadow Roland did not join his companions in vociferous applause. Settling his mask upon his eyes and wrapping his long cloak about him—he was dressed in the costume of a troubadour—he began to search the shrubbery for her whose loveliness had so enthralled him. He had no purpose but to find her; to look again upon that beauty which was like a star to his soul.

Finally he discovered her seated beneath a rosebush, alone, with her billowy draperies falling from her bare shoulders like the surf of some shimmering wave. Upon her breast, where the wave's froth touched her exquisite flesh, reposed a jeweled butterfly, from which the moonlight struck rich fires.

"Mademoiselle," said Roland, bowing, with his hand upon his heart, "I am in a quandary. What does one do when one catches a butterfly?"

Mademoiselle Lafitte raised her face to his, and he saw how large and limpid were her eyes, how wonderfully dark her hair, how sweetly curved her lips, half parted by the breath that stirred her bosom.

"That depends, monsieur," she answered, with a slight shrug of her shoulders. "If one is a scientist, one thrusts a pin through it."

"Alas," said Roland, "I am only a poor troubadour whose head is too full of tunes to be guilty of any knowledge."

At these words Mademoiselle Lafitte heaved a sigh and stared somewhat unhappily before her.

"What would I not give," she exclaimed, "for one excellent little tune!"

"Mademoiselle desires the services of a composer?" asked Roland, striving to speak lightly.

The dancer hesitated a moment; then said simply:

"I have been summoned to dance before the Emperor—at the Fête des Ambassadeurs to be held in the Garden of the Tuileries. It is the summit of my career. Naturally I should like a new air upon that occasion. I have danced my old ones to tatters!"

"But that is very simple," said Roland.

And, drawing from beneath his cloak the stringed instrument that all troubadours carry, he struck from it a joyous staccato theme. It was quite extemporaneous, but so deftly did it suggest the dancer's mood that she sprang up in amazement and delight.

"Monsieur!" she cried. "That is good! That is excellent! Who are you, then?"

"A musician, mademoiselle."

"What more?"

"A man!" said Roland.

The dancer cast down her eyes in some confusion, but quickly recovered herself.

"Ah, well," she said, "whoever you are, you have a genius. Do you write down that little air for me, monsieur, and I will make you famous at the court."

"Fame," replied Roland, "is a bauble I do not seek. But you shall have your new air to dance on, mademoiselle. I swear it!"

So saying, he took her hand and pressed it to his lips; then turned, with his heart thumping loudly in his breast, and made his way through the gay throng of masqueraders to the silent street, where one might walk exalted and press one's throbbing brow against the stars.

"I—Do Not Know, Monsieur. . . . I Only Know That—She—is Gone! Vanished!"

It was past midnight when he reached his own quarters across the Seine, but he was far too excited to go to bed. Lighting a single candle and throwing back the shades of his *atelier* so as to admit the moonlight, he sat down at his piano and began to play. Immediately the staccato improvisation he had contrived for Mademoiselle Lafitte was announced with firm authority. Then emerged a larger conception of the same theme, creating, in tone and rhythm, an illusion of winged grace and scintillant color that caused the very air to bloom. The room was filled with the sound of the fluttering of gauzy pinions. It was as though a thousand butterflies had come pouring in a brilliant cascade through the open window, tumbling down the shaft of moonlight, rushing with single accord into the bright flame of his music.

When the last note had fallen, smooth and whispering, from his fingers, he seized pen and paper, and, toiling in a frenzy of creation, wrote down the whole score, while his candle melted away and the sun came up over the roofs of the city to provide him with other light.

At the completion of this prodigious task he summoned his valet, a devoted old fellow named Mathias, who had served his family for years, and, confiding the manuscript to his care, bade him deliver it to Mademoiselle Lafitte.

"Say it is from M. le Troubadour!" he directed.

Then, flinging himself upon a couch, still costumed as he was, he granted his exhausted body the boon of sleep. Some time later he was awakened by the return of the servant.

"Well, Mathias," he cried, "did you discharge your errand?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied the old man. "When I arrived mademoiselle had not yet risen; so I waited until she was ready to receive me. Then I placed the manuscript in her own hands."

"Excellent, Mathias! And what did she say?"

"She said nothing at first, monsieur—only stood humming the music over to herself and tapping her foot on the carpet. But finally she looked at me with the eyes of an angel and said: 'Tell monsieur that I implore him, since he cares nothing for the bauble of fame, to accept this other bauble in token of my gratitude.'"

With these words Mathias, who had been holding his hands clasped tightly before him, now opened them and revealed the jeweled butterfly Mademoiselle Lafitte had worn the previous night upon her breast. Roland seized it with trembling fingers and, when the old valet had disappeared, carried it to his lips.

The grand Fête des Ambassadeurs was held a few days later in the Garden of the Tuileries, under the beam of the imperial countenance. The talents of Napoleon III were not extraordinary, perhaps, but he had a gift for entertainments. The entertainment in question was a very brilliant affair, given in honor of the foreign diplomatic corps and lasting the whole of a golden afternoon.

Little did those gay notables think that within the space of sixty days France would be at war with the nation whose ambassador now posed as her distinguished guest, and that within four months this medium-size mustachioed little man with rouged cheeks, who bore the name of Napoleon, would be the prisoner of Prussia! Fate steals upon her victims with velvet claws.

Upon that particular afternoon, then, all was beauty, gayety and amiability. There were numerous addresses. A well-nigh interminable poem was read prophesying the dawn of fraternity throughout the world. A pageant was presented depicting the progress of peace among the nations; and the figures of France and Prussia rode side by side. Finally Mademoiselle Lafitte danced.

Ah, what a memory! What a triumph! I myself was present upon that occasion, messieurs, and I shall never forget the impression of that winged white figure, dancing in a green bower, while the day crumbled to rosy ashes overhead and the long purple shadows drifted down from heaven. As for the music that swept like a sweet breeze through the twilight, it was both beautiful and strange; it haunted our ears and gave marvelous accent to the dance of The Butterfly. One instinctively asked who the composer was; but none knew.

At the conclusion of the number Mademoiselle Lafitte received a tremendous ovation and was congratulated by the Emperor in person, who commanded that she be presented to him.

"You have expressed admirably the spirit of France, mademoiselle," said His Majesty; "for while touching your feet to the earth, you have contrived to give yourself wings!"

Mademoiselle Lafitte curtsied to the ground; then stood pale and beautiful before him.

"I thank Your Majesty most humbly," said the young dancer in a clear sweet voice; "but I cannot in good conscience claim the entire warmth of Your Majesty's approval. A share of it belongs to the obscure musician who made my success possible."

"Obscure!" repeated the Emperor, smiling. "Ah, well then; only tell us his name and we shall publish his genius abroad."

"Alas," replied the dancer simply; "I do not know his name. I only know that he lives somewhere in Paris and that he has in his possession a jeweled butterfly."

At that instant there was a stir in the group of courtiers standing about the Emperor's chair; then Roland de Valterre stepped forward.

"With Your Majesty's permission," he said, "I shall be most happy to disclose the identity of the person whom you seek. His incognito was assumed by chance; nor did he expect to carry it to the foot of the throne. I am the 'obscure musician'!" And, drawing from his breast pocket the jeweled butterfly, he held it up for all to see.

There was a murmur of voices, the inevitable exclamations of the curious, at this dénouement. All eyes turned toward Napoleon to observe how he would accept the situation. Napoleon himself, sensing the drama of the moment and rather enjoying the little mystery, rose gracefully from his seat and extended his hand to Mademoiselle Lafitte, who was regarding with wonder the handsome figure of the young nobleman.

"Mademoiselle," said the Emperor, "it is seldom that one finds romance outside of the theaters that one builds to house it. Permit me to present to you M. le Comte de Valterre."

In such manner, messieurs, did the small adventure end—and the larger adventure begin. For, with the Emperor himself joining their hands, was it not in accord with the best romantic conventions that these two young people should ratify that symbolic union by the sacred one of wedlock?

Mademoiselle Lafitte was not of Roland's *monde*, to be sure; but the young man was a democrat at heart and had no family to embarrass him. His wooing was of the briefness of flame. Within a week he had won the beautiful Gabrielle for his bride; and in the following fortnight they were married, to the satisfaction of all Paris, whose very street folk knew of this love match and, being incurably sentimental, heartily approved it.

As for Roland's composition, it was played in every salon in France, under the title of La Danse des Papillons, and enjoyed a national popularity—until that day when the trumpeting strains of La Marseillaise rolled over it like the wave of an onrushing sea.

The day after the wedding Roland and his bride set out for Château de Valterre, the ancient family seat, which at that time was one of the great houses of Lorraine. It stood upon a peak of the Vosges Mountains, its blue roof, gray walls and peaked round towers standing out boldly against the sky, making a landmark for the countryside.

For one glorious month, during which the earth bloomed about them and the heavens smiled overhead, the happy young couple enjoyed their *lune de miel*. By day they

roamed in the near-by forest, whose leafy aisles, filled with a sort of golden twilight, resembled the interior of a great cathedral; or else they rode through the flowering valley, yellow with mustard blossoms and stained red with poppy fields; or stopped in the little village that lay nestled under the mountain, with its gray church brooding over it like a hen mothering her chicks; or paid long calls at the house of Père Currie, the local priest, who had known Roland since his babyhood.

By night they returned to the château, as tired and contented as children, and warmed themselves at the fire Old Mathias had built; or, if the evening was mild, they dined on the terrace, which gave one of the most exquisite views in all France, whose beauty they did not see for looking into each other's eyes.

After dinner they would go into the grand salon, through the windows of which, opening on the east, showed the first scattering of stars; and Roland would seat himself at the piano, a massive instrument of carved ebony, and play for Gabrielle. And she, weary as she was, would fall to dancing out of sheer inability to resist, and would whirl and spin about the solemn old chamber until the vast crystal chandelier, hanging like a gigantic white pear from the gilded ceiling, would quiver with ecstasy and shake its pendants so that they gave off a silvery tinkling. And the portraits of Roland's ancestors, ensconced in their stiff frames, would gaze down with highborn amazement at such abandoned youthful raptures.

Finally the two would go hand in hand up the creaking wooden stairs to a room hung with stately red curtains, which Old Mathias kept filled with flowers, and would lie in a huge canopied bed that a king of France had once slept in; and would fall asleep at last, clasped in each other's arms. Thus they lived, for a brief time, an existence of the gods. Then ugly tidings began to fly about in the village under the mountain. The throne of Spain, vacant since the abdication of Isabella, had been offered, it was said, to a member of the reigning house of Prussia, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. This was a disturbance of the balance of power and a distinct threat against France! Therefore, the Government of Napoleon III must dispatch a protest to the King of Prussia, demanding that the latter should forbid the Hohenzollern candidature.

Soon came word that Prince Leopold had voluntarily abandoned his aspirations to the Spanish crown, and for a while it seemed that the affair had blown over. On the contrary it had roused all the latent antagonisms between the two peoples.

Then, too, Bismarck had decided long since that war was essential to the accomplishment of his plan for a united Germany. In France blazed up a feeling of profound mistrust of Prussia, whose ruling spirits already had disclosed that ambition for universal domination which fair words could not conceal; an ambition that forty-four years later was to plunge the world into a struggle for its very life.

Events moved rapidly to their tragic conclusion. The French ambassador requested the King of Prussia to issue a formal guaranty that the Hohenzollern candidature should not be revived. King William, who was at Ems, declined to do so, and on July thirteenth sent a telegram to Bismarck stating the facts.

The latter, with Von Moltke and Von Roon, was at dinner in Berlin when the telegram arrived. Promptly the Iron Chancellor perceived his opportunity to precipitate the deluge of blood that his policy demanded. Thereupon, with his own hand he altered the telegram in order to make it appear that King William had deliberately rebuffed Napoleon's ambassador.

"This," said Bismarck, "will be a red rag to the French bull."

He was right. When the telegram was made public Paris was furious. The order was given to mobilize. Crowds paraded the streets and the whole cry was: "*A Berlin!*"

M. Thiers, who ventured to protest against belligerent action, saying that it was supremely imprudent, was rebuked for his pacificism and had his windows broken by the crowd. On July 19, 1870, France declared war against Prussia. Bismarck's red rag had done its work.

To Roland de Valterre and his bride the news came like a bolt out of the blue. It was as though the heavens of their paradise had fallen; as though the earth of their Eden had crumbled under their feet. For one whole day they waited, clinging to each other, while their hands clasped unconsciously and their eyes filled with tears. When evening came Roland mounted his horse and descended into the village. There he read, upon the wall of the *mairie*, the notice that summoned all France to arms. He rode back up the hill with his head bowed upon his breast.

Gabrielle was waiting for him in the great salon, upon whose walls the portraits of ancient Comtes de Valterre gazed down sternly out of their tarnished gold frames. When she saw the look on Roland's face she uttered a moan and flung herself despairingly into his arms.

"It is true, then?" she cried.

"Yes," said Roland; and, taking her face in his hands, he looked at her long. "I must go," he said finally. "I do not believe in war; but I am a Frenchman and my country is in peril. There is nothing else to do."

Then he kissed her and she knew that their moon of honey was indeed at its end. Yet though her heart was breaking she did not show it, but contrived to meet his eyes with a courageous smile. They dined that last night in a sort of frozen pretense of good cheer, more like automatons than lovers. Afterward Roland called in Old Mathias and charged him with the honor and safety of his household.

"I go," he said, "to fight for France. Do you remain here and watch over that which is dear to me. Guard my house with your ability and integrity. Guard madame with your life!" To Gabrielle he said: "You will be quite safe here, for the Prussians will never be permitted to cross our frontier!"

The next morning, at daybreak, he rode away on a black horse, whose hoofbeats rang out sharp and clear on the old Roman highroad that ran straight as an arrow to the border of France. Once Roland looked back and saw Gabrielle standing in her white dress on the terrace, with her head held high and her hands crossed upon her breast.

Two days later he rejoined his former regiment, which was stationed at Wörth with the bulk of the French Army of the South. Shortly afterward he was appointed to the staff of Marshal MacMahon, with the rank of captain.

At this point in our story, messieurs, let history speak. On August sixth the German Third Army, commanded by the Prussian Crown Prince, attacked the French under MacMahon, defeating the latter. At the same time the French Northern Army had been worsted at Forbach; so our forces were everywhere in retreat. After a number of sanguinary battles the Northern Army, under Marshal Bazaine, fell back upon Metz, where it was strongly invested by the First and Second German armies.

MacMahon meanwhile had retreated on Châlons, whither he was pursued by the army of the Prussian Crown Prince, reënforced by that of the Crown Prince of Saxony. In the retreat across the Vosges Mountains Captain de Valterre passed within twenty kilometers of his own château, within twenty kilometers of his beloved—yet he could not go to her. He could only pray to God—and Old Mathias.

"Surely they will have had news of the retreat!" he thought again and again; but he could not rid his mind of dread forebodings and bitterly he reproached himself for not having sent Gabrielle to some point of safety. Within the space of a fortnight he had become a changed man. His youth had vanished forever. His face was that of one haunted by evil visions. Gray hairs were sprinkled in his hair and beard.

(Continued on Page 71)

Roland Would Seat Himself at the Piano, and She, Weary as She Was, Would Fall to Dancing Out of Sheer Inability to Resist

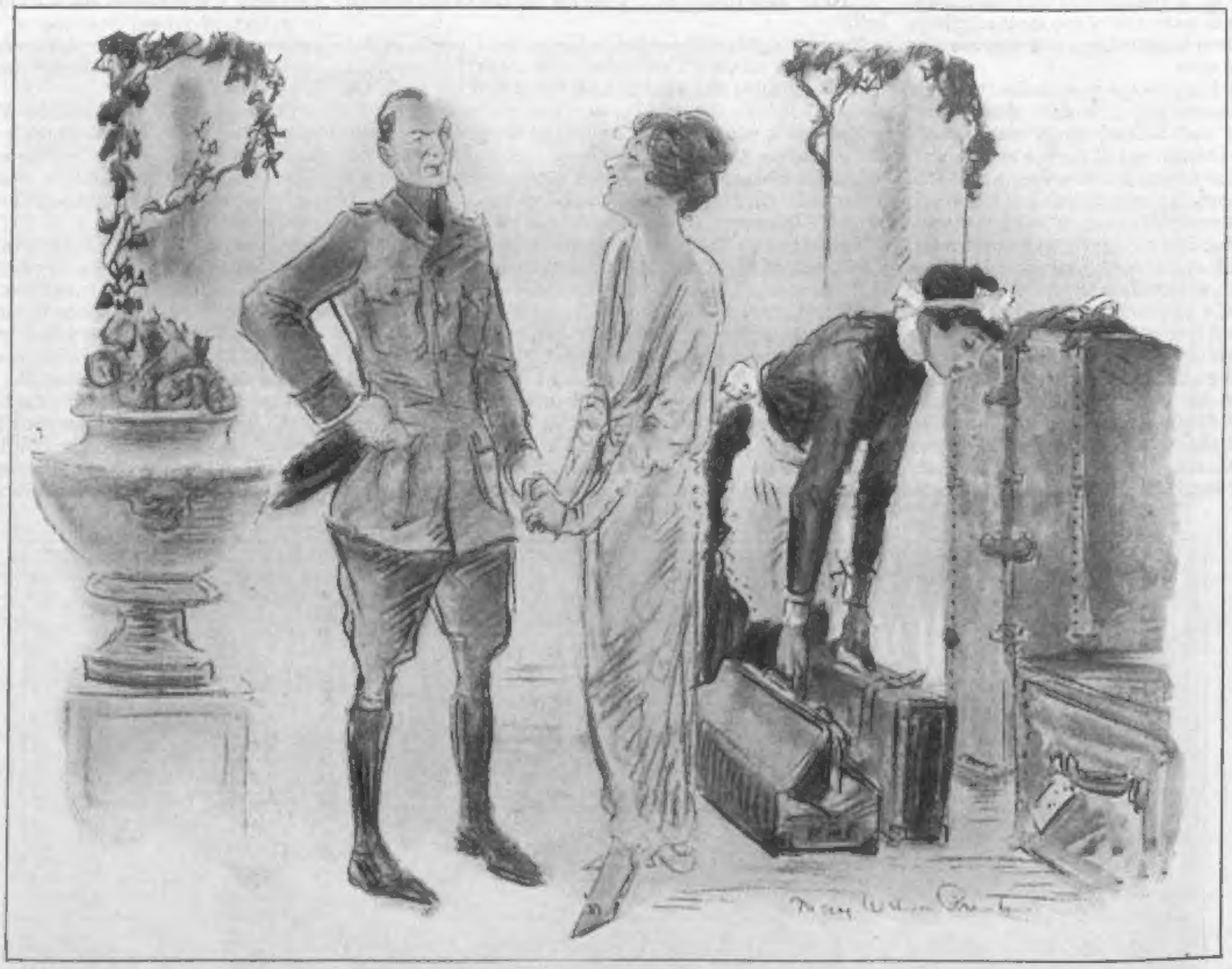
THOSE BEASTLY BOLSHEVIKI

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT IS a most lamentable fact that there are really no proper social distinctions in the Army. But painful as is the admission to outsiders that an organization to which one belongs has faults, the beastly truth must be faced that in the service the most amazing persons—many who would never be received anywhere that was anywhere—are in a position to give orders to those who would never receive them socially. The most impossible people—such as shoe clerks, office boys, and those formerly engaged in even more menial occupations—are now frequently able to issue actual commands to some of our best people. Really if this sort of thing isn't speedily put to an end the war will simply lose the interest of our set!

As ex-social secretary to dear Mrs. DeWynt—*the* Mrs. DeWynt—and so in a measure sharing the duties of her station, I consider it exigent upon me to make complaint of the matter, even though I have left her service very temporarily, going into that of our good country in this hour of need, and being now assistant at one of the home organizations of the Y. M. C. A. For my dear lady arranged through the senator, her husband, that I be appointed to a hut right in Longhampton, as we all felt that I would be of most value where I am best known, which of course is right here at home—the fact of my connection with the DeWynts being really a great asset to the Y. M. C. A. itself, and the consequent moral effect on our local young men no light consideration.



I Arrived at Mrs. Ted's, and Was Most Sweetly and Graciously Greeted by That Lady in Person

After having seen me from a distance or, as I may say, through the invisible yet so truly substantial wall of our social difference, the sight of me appearing daily at the hut wearing a simple uniform and talking quite freely with anyone without even an introduction must bear results. Indeed, it appeared quite plain to both my dear patroness and myself that in this way we, or at least I could do my bit in the truest fashion and by thus contributing to the morale of the fighting forces be in reality one of them, if you know what I mean. And the arrangement had the further advantage of allowing me to continue my residence at the DeWynt home.

"Allie!" said Mrs. DeWynt, after breaking the good news, which she had just extracted from the taciturn senator in her true womanly fashion—so gentle and pleading and yet so firmly persistent! "Allie, you might as well stay on here because heaven knows, with all the menservants volunteered or drafted or some such wretched thing, we won't be able to have many guests and we won't need the rooms. And you can lend a hand at training the women we have had to fill in with."

Of course, I hastened to accept her generous offer, and indeed the accommodations over at the hut were simply impossible. Absolutely no private baths, and not even a reading lamp at the bed head! So even though it involved learning to drive myself back and forth in one of the roadsters—a form of outdoor sports peculiarly difficult to me who am far from athletic, being of a distinctly intellectual type and from my childhood days in Boston having abhorred all such occupations as roller-skating, kite-flying and other boyish sports, still, despite the nervous strain incident to endeavoring to recollect which foot was upon the clutch and which upon the accelerator, still, I repeat, the advantage of remaining at the DeWynts' was obvious.

For quite aside from any mere material benefit which might accrue from the connection, there existed, and I trust will always continue to exist, an extraordinary *rapprochement* between my dear lady and myself. Not of course in any sentimental or, as I may put it, romantic sense. Indeed, I cannot imagine the vaguest possibility of such a thing arising, because of my strong loyalty to her impeccable social leadership, to the dear senator's political importance, and my own strict upbringing, which would of course forbid my ever raising my eyes to another man's wife! And furthermore, dear Mrs. DeWynt is not in the least my type, being what in a person of less social importance might be termed large, but which, owing to the dignity of her standing, wealth and influence, might better and still truthfully be called Amazonian; while I have candidly always had a weakness—carefully controlled, however—for the early British type—the red-gold, slender Boadicea type, such as Rossetti painted.

Nevertheless the bond between Mrs. DeWynt and myself is a close one—our ideals, our sense of the fitness of things, our respect for and realization of the importance of precedent and tradition, and our opinion on what constitutes good form being ever in the most perfect accord. I may further add that my respect for her judgment on whom to know and whom not to know and how to do it, is only equaled by her respect for my knowledge on the humbler but no less important subject of the details of how the chosen should be provided for adequately; and she has often said that no one—absolutely no one—can equal my taste and originality in the planning of a dinner table in every detail except the guests; and that even in this item my instinct for the proper seating amounts almost to genius. The term is her own, not mine.

And so taking the fact that the situation just described had been enduring on the above basis for more than two months it will not be difficult for anyone to realize what a shock it was to me to have the, as I may say, floor taken suddenly from under me both physically and metaphysically by Mrs. DeWynt's announcement that she was about to go on a prolonged trip, and that during her absence the house was to be closed and all the servants except the second gardener dismissed. This latter was an old man, quite incapable of valeting or in any way being of assistance to me, and was retained solely on account of a whim of the senator's, who had insisted upon planting some cabbages and other vulgar edibles in a conspicuous portion of the grounds, for the moral effect on the township, and who now ordered that they be not abandoned before their maturity, and that this ancient attendant be left to care for them and the small portion of lawn of which he permitted the upkeep.

This news was broken to me in the breakfast room—a little gem of Chippendale taken bodily from the English estate of one of our famous American barons who had met with reverses at a time when my dear lady happened to be abroad. I had always considered it a peculiarly cheerful room, despite the fact that it was dedicated to the least agreeable meal of the day, but on this occasion I realized that breakfast can, as it were, justify its worst reputation.

"These are wartimes, Allie," my dear lady observed with her usual farsighted wisdom. "And we must all make sacrifices. The senator feels that reëlections are not going to be so simple as usual this year and that we must make every effort to show people, even if they are not in our set, that we are at heart democratic and all that. Of course it will be frightfully trying for me to accompany him on these tiresome visits and they will probably involve meeting some impossible persons, but after all one need not go on knowing them after the war, need one? And I shall try to make the sacrifice in the spirit in which it is asked."

"The senator is a great servant to the state," I said. "And it is of course vital to the country's own welfare that it—she—it—retain him!"

"I would not imperil his position—of remaining of service—for the world!" cried Mrs. DeWynt in a tone which left no room for doubt of her sincerity. "I shall take only my personal maid and John's man, and what trunks will go on the second car, which can follow the limousine. The senator says everything must be as simple as possible!"

And there I was! Suddenly, as it were, homeless, and with the acutely uncomfortable prospect of the hut accommodations staring me in the face; a prospect made the more grim owing to the fact that since my joining the organization we had been put to a certain extent under army regulations, with the distasteful result that Barrows, our former chauffeur, was the person who issued my orders and granted my permissions—a situation embarrassing and distressing to both of us; though, curiously enough, rather less to Barrows than to myself. I confess that my dejection at the prospect was complete and the outlook hopeless. To ease my mind of the strain and to gain quiet in which to cope with the impending details regarding my luggage, the possibility of establishing my spirit lamp and hot-water bag, and the arrangements for valeting, I decided to take out the roadster that had been allotted to my use, and inhale a little ozone. And it was upon this excursion I encountered Mrs. Esmeralda.

Not as yet being completely efficient in the matter of driving I had chosen a little-frequented back road, and had just made one of those errors in judgment not uncommon in the amateur motorist which resulted in stalling the engine, when Mrs. Esmeralda made her appearance from the opposite direction, on horseback, her red head uncovered and one of those terrible silk handkerchiefs—a sort of native aboriginal garment from the West, I take them to be—most becomingly knotted about her throat. She was singing as she loped along—something about "Oh, bury me not on the lone prairi-e-e!" and was unattended save by that terribly crude dog of hers, Jeff, and, as always, appearing to enjoy life more tremendously than anyone else I have ever encountered.

To say that I was startled by meeting her is to put the fact mildly. I was amazed. To begin with, dear Mrs. DeWynt had dropped her utterly and for all time after the shocking and indelicate manner in which she had attempted to force our local branch of the Red Cross to adopt business methods. That she was Mrs. DeWynt's own niece had every weight with that just and open-minded lady, and the fact of her having married Lord Castlewing's cousin, Captain Tugwell, had also been duly considered; but in the end my dear patroness had said with Shakspere that the East and West can never meet in any true social sense, even though they are related; and simply allowed the young couple to drop from her life.

And though I could not but feel that Mrs. Esmeralda was always more to be pitied than blamed, owing to the fact of her uncouth upbringing on some remote ranch, still when my patroness allowed her own flesh and blood to drop I felt it incumbent upon me not to pursue the acquaintance further. Besides which, the young person despite her peculiarities had always a profoundly disturbing effect upon my, as I may call it, subconscious being, stirring some primitive element that had nothing whatsoever to do with good form. Therefore I had double reason for avoiding her, and I may state that had a bomb been at that instant precipitated from a Germanic aircraft into the road before me my astonishment would have been considerably less than that which Mrs. Esmeralda's advent occasioned.

To begin with, her appearance in Longhampton was in itself extraordinary. Under the circumstances she could hardly be stopping at the inn, and where else could she be? I braced myself for what shock she might, as I may say, spring, and greeted her in as near the proper fashion as the conditions permitted.

"My dear Mrs. Tugwell!" I exclaimed, extricating myself as best I could from the confusion into which my recent fruitless inspection of my motor had thrown me, and endeavoring to compose my hair and my manner simultaneously. "My dear Mrs. Tugwell, this is indeed a pleasurable surprise!"

"Why, Penny, you red Indian copper cent, if it isn't yourself!" she replied. "And all alone on a bucking roadster. Since when has this sporting instinct awakened in you?"

Having become somewhat accustomed to her, as I may almost term it, foreign dialect, I quickly interpreted her remark as referring to the car, about which her horse was prancing in a manner which seemed to me to render her position most insecure, but which caused her no uneasiness. Indeed, she moved as a part of him, if you know what I mean.

"I greatly fear my steed, as you term it, has lost its 'pep,' that its instinct for locomotion has departed!" I replied, determined to meet her badinage in a like fashion.

"Maybe I can fix it!" she said, dismounting and rather to my dismay tossing me her bridle, which I perforce accepted, though such close proximity to the horse, who eyed me with aversion, filled me with uneasiness. Somehow I have never felt able to trust horses. They fill me with that same vague uneasiness which laboring persons inspire in me—a sort of sense that they may inadvertently find out how strong they are and do some horrid and uncomfortable thing—if you know what I mean. But Esmeralda felt no such emotion regarding my roadster, which she was speedily inspecting with the deft assurance that characterized all her actions. Soon she turned a charmingly flushed face to me, and in a few rapid words explained the difficulty. Just what she meant I did not gather, as it had a rather indelicate sound—being concerned with my having stripped the gears, whatever that might be.

"No use!" she said. "You'll have to hoof it, Penny, and send out the commissary man or whoever it is rescues wrecked wagons in this part of the country. I'll walk along with you and get the news!"

And so it chanced that we entered upon what I may term a sylvan promenade, progressing along the secluded little byway in a leisurely fashion; an expedition which caused me great satisfaction—and during this Arcadian saunter Mrs. Esmeralda solved for me the riddle of her presence among us, having first elicited from me my own predicament and the situation at the DeWynt household.

"Me?" she said in answer to my query. "Why, I'm at the Ted Collinses', of course! You didn't realize there were any houses in your private town except the ones you go into all the time, did you, Penny? But the butcher has one; he doesn't sleep in the market, you know—that is, if you know there's anything so primitive as a market. I dare say the iceman lives some place, and there are a whole bunch of vulgarians who commute and keep the railroad in business because they haven't any limousines. And there's Mrs. Ted!"

Now this was really doing Mrs. Collins a gross injustice. Of course, she has always been a little different from the rest of us, knowing a good many Bohemians, literary and painting chaps and what not, all impossible, of course, but she has never tried to mix her crowds, being for all her oddness far too much one of us ever to drag any of us in when she had them at dinner or any uncomfortable thing like that, if you know what I mean. In short, no one could accuse Mrs. Ted of anything so trying as what I may call social altruism—trying to ring in undesirables.

But of course she would have Esmeralda with her—especially as she had always rather encouraged our young

"It is Not for Long That the Rich Shall Enjoy These Luxuries!" She Remarked in a Sepulchral Voice. "The People are Coming Into Their Own, Mr. Penny!"

Western relative's unfortunate naturalness, and a strong friendship had sprung up between them, based no doubt upon their mutual independence. Just of late we had not been seeing much of Mrs. Ted, owing to the fact of her being in one of her more Bohemian phases, and so of course we were uninformed of Esmeralda's impending visit. I ventured an inquiry as to who beside herself constituted the, as I may say, current house guests. To my amazement this innocent question evoked a cloud of care upon the erstwhile gay countenance of my companion.

"Penny!" said she, "there is the darnedest couple staying at Catherine's! You know I like that woman—no one could be a better pal—but I wish you could see those cowbirds she has at the house—Gregg Winterbox and Clair Cruller."

"You mean—Madame Clair Crillier!" I exclaimed. "Why, those people are—are radicals!"

"Whatever that may be!" agreed Mrs. Esmeralda heartily. "And it's as bad as you imply—even worse, in fact. This lady doughnut is really Mrs. Winterbox, only she's ashamed to admit it—and, come to consider the matter, I don't altogether blame her since I saw him. She says they don't believe in marriage, and to prove what hellions they are she keeps her own name."

"What perfectly rotten taste!" I exclaimed; and it will be easily understood how deeply I delighted in the fact of our for once meeting on, as I may call it, mutual grounds. "And he—he is the editor of that periodical which is at present interned or something, is he not?" I added.

"Search me!" replied my companion. "But I know one thing—it's mighty hard for a perfectly good American female to have to listen to their line of conversation without throwing the chinaware at 'em. And the worst of it is that Mrs. Ted just drinks in everything they say like a cosset lamb from a bottle!"

"Drink in!" I exclaimed. "Dear me, what sort of thing do people like that say?"

"I'd hate to tell you for fear some secret-service bird is listening in the bushes, Penny, and would run me in," she assured me solemnly. "But I'll tell you one thing for a fact," she added, and leaned over in a confidential manner: "They're Bolsheviks!"

The statement was of course an incredible one and bore all the hallmarks of some species of practical joke. I own I indulged in a mild expression of mirth. But to my amazement Mrs. Esmeralda did not join in my merriment. Instead she seized upon my forearm in the same capable manner in which she had grappled with my machine, and save for the small mole upon her left eyebrow which gave her a, as I may say, continuous expression of quizzical humor, her face was untowardly serious.

"Now look here!" she said, emphasizing her remark with a tightening of her grasp. "Look here, Penny, it's no joke. They are making a Bolshevik of Mrs. Ted!"

"Impossible!" I gasped. "Why, I have seen in the paper that Winterbox is a native of Wisconsin; and in an interview page of America's Great Feminine Minds, to which I most unfortunately made the error of sending a portrait of your dear aunt, who most justly reprimanded me for it, there appeared one of Madame Crillier with the statement that she was born in New Jersey! I doubt if they have a drop of Russian blood in them!"

"Neither has Catherine Collins!" snapped Mrs. Esmeralda. "But you don't have to be Russian to be a Bolshevik, Penny. You've only got to be a tireless talker!"

"This is serious!" I commented. "Really, Mrs. Ted has had quite enough fads. Her dinner to the pet parrots, for example—though of course the best people do that sort of thing. But Bolsheviks! Really!"

"Oh well, I don't know!" said Mrs. Esmeralda. "If it was other times pet parrots and Gregg Winterboxes might come to table in the same cage, for all of me, and I don't believe the difference between them would be noticed at that! But times are changed. And Mrs. Ted is an A1 person, only she isn't on to the fact herself. She just doesn't realize what bunk she's being handed. She's a regular tenderfoot among that gang!"

"How does your—your husband, the captain, take the situation?" I inquired calmly, though the term and reference were ever equally distressing to me. For I still believe that those two have not a taste in common except each other.

"The trouble is he's not with me!" she said slowly. "Had to go to Washington and help along the already too prosperous hotel business there. And I'm in the very dev—well, in a regular nettle bush of a fix. You haven't heard the worst. They are going to have a meeting at the house to-morrow!"

"A meeting!" I gasped, a flash of memory from bygone chemistry lessons coming to mind at the mere word, and evoking pictures of the results of high explosives carelessly handled. "A Bolshevik meeting! You will all be arrested or blown to atoms or some beastly thing!"

"I've tried to stop her!" Esmeralda replied in a melancholy tone. "I've reasoned with her—but it's like reasoning with a goldfish! Those terrible people have got her all unlike herself and I feel it's up to me to stand by her to the finish. If she's going to be lynched to-morrow—and I agree with you that it's more than likely—I'm going to be there to hear her dying message. She stood by me when Aunt Sally threw me down and I hadn't a friend in the world, and I simply can't throw her to the Bolsheviks without raising a hand to help her, even against her will. If only I could think of some way to convert her!"

She walked along in silence for a few moments, her red head bowed in thought, and so unlike herself, racked with this problem as she was, that my heart melted with pity, and I made one of those ridiculous offers which no one should ever make seriously and no one ever expects to be taken seriously, if you know what I mean.

"If there's anything I can do to help ——" I began. And before I had even completed this opening sentence her frank eyes were upon me. In another instant she had snapped me up and I was hopelessly involved.

"You can!" she said, wholly unexpectedly. "This is an unusual situation and these folks are beyond me. You come over and stay at the Collinses'. Come to-morrow before lunch. Even you will be better than nobody, Penny, because I guess you are some sort of an American, and any American is better than a Bolshevik or a doughnut"

"But my dear lady!" I began.

She fixed me with a curiously disconcerting stare.

"It's that or the Y. M. C. A.," she said slowly. "And even if you turn out to be no moral support to me, my having to be one for you will be a help—and the sight of a uniform of any kind that has stripes going up and down instead of round and round ought to be a good thing for that household just now!"

I submitted as soon as I saw I was really needed. And of course the Collinses live quite as charmingly as the DeWynts, though on a somewhat lesser scale. Before we emerged from that fateful walk down the lane I had given my word to move over next forenoon and help in every possible way to bring Mrs. Ted back to the, as I may say, flock.

I don't feel that Mrs. Esmeralda fully appreciated the tremendous sacrifice I was making for her. The situation was a dangerous one, and despite the fact that the secret service and the local police force had both been informed of the impending affair, at Mrs. Esmeralda's insistence, and had promised to attend, nevertheless when I learned that no less than three hundred of the terrible Russian fraternity—if it can so be called, as its personnel numbers both sexes—were to be present I experienced the strongest disinclination to attend. But somehow one's word given to

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There Was, I am Thankful to Relate, Nobody Who Could by Any Chance be Mistaken for One of Us

HIS FACE

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

"When Will American Cease to Reduce Everything to Terms of Machinery?" Mrs. Platt Was Beseeching the Thought Waves Round Her

IT WAS last Tuesday night when we were dodging a dull game of bridge in the trophy room of the Lewisburg Country Club that I questioned Newton H. Farley, now owner of the Inspector, on the subject of Leonard Eustace Platt. Why had the perfect symmetry of that face become a byword and a mock in the town where once our Leonard had left his face-prints on the sands of time?

"Lovely Leonard, you mean?" asked Newt, dusting his cigar and smiling a greasy smile at the mention of the man in whose fortunes he took so peculiar a part. "I never noticed that Len's face queered him so much with the girls—the flappers."

"That never got a man anywhere, outside the motion-picture business," I pointed out. "To be a success a man must be passed by a jury of males."

Then I voiced my reflection to the effect that many a Handsome Harry has been acclaimed by his peers.

"But never a Lovely Leonard," said the ex-rough-and-tumble champion. "When you call a man handsome it's one thing; when you call him lovely it's another."

"And when you call him pretty?"

"We were talking about men, I think."

Duly silenced I permitted the municipal sage to philosophize briefly on the topic of the human face.

"I never got much of anywhere on mine," he croaked, "except once when my brother pushed me off a bobsled onto a slippery slide. I traveled nearly a mile then on my left eyebrow. But the human face, all together, can be a pretty unfair proposition. Nature hooks it on in front of your ears the day you are born, and it just naturally grows there. Lots of times it's a grand bonanza. Lots of times it ain't."

Newt Farley reflected before he resumed:

"I often wonder why the town—the male portion of it—started hammering Len Platt so early. But what are you going to do with a man whose soul is all lined with rose velours?"

"Men will admire Apollo, but they won't stand for Narcissus," I pointed out.

As though to reward my flash of intelligence the hulking philosopher, enfolding his knees in the fists whose quick-hitting qualities had once caused his state to marvel, went with enormous candor into the case of Lovely Leonard. Not that he told me anything new. I had sleuthed out most of the details long ere then; but it was old Newt's point of view.

And the fact that he had been so hopelessly, grouchily, magnanimously in love with Effie Garner added tang to his analysis.

From the day of his birth, when unfair Nature hung a perfect mask of loveliness in front of his ears, as Newt doubtless would have put it, Leonard Eustace Platt was foredestined for spoiling. It was his mother who began it; and had you known that lady you would have seen why. She, too, was beautiful. If you can imagine Praxiteles having leased a studio at the rear of a confectionery store and having modeled her classically in some pinkish mousse or nougat you will get a picture of Mrs. Platt. Temperamentally addicted to fad religions, intellectual sugar had always been her soul stimulant; with a gentle insistence she had fed her family on it; and an overdose of it, they say, killed her poor husband before his time.

It is a legend in Lewisburg that when Leonard Eustace, a posthumous child, was first shown to his mother she smiled faintly and sighed, "He is my Thought!"

And you've got to admit that this was a dubious start for a young American, normally destined to play marbles and duck on a rock with the rest-destroying brats of his neighborhood.

At the time of Leonard's birth Newton H. Farley was a boy of fourteen, wearing a shabby uniform in a local telegraph office; therefore he heard no echoes of the oh's and ah's of praise floating up from Bolingbroke Square, the fashionable quarter wherein Leonard Eustace Platt first glimpsed the day. Little Effie Garner was also indifferent to that startling event, for Effie was not born until a year later.

Mrs. Platt's plans for her Leonard were as definite as they were terrifying. Directly before his birth she had been reading a volume entitled Rhythm, the Heart of Beauty; and while the nurse and doctor were quarreling over the matter of swaddling clothes the mother lay among her pillows and decided that hers was to be a rhythmic child.

"My Thought" she continued to call him, despite the fact that he developed the voice of a tomcat during his first six weeks. Mrs. Platt heard rhythm in his yells, saw vibrations in the mechanical twitching of his arms and legs. After the boiled-beet red of early infancy had paled to a waxen pink it is only fair to say that, as babies go, Leonard was certainly good to look at.

The Rev. Mr. Hurlbut, rector of St. Cuthbert's fashionable chapel, first saw the child's professional possibilities and begged Mrs. Platt—it didn't require much begging—to enter Leonard for the exclusive Agnew's Guild Baby Show. After he had taken first prize it was the Lewisburg Express, I believe, that published his picture, showing the prodigy nude in a white washbasin and playing with a cake of soap. Ambition now raged in the mother's breast and she began devouring rhythm books, a library at a time.

She discovered a method of child culture known as the Lotus Bath; the babe of course had no defense against it. It was a simple process, consisting in placing the infant, lightly draped, upon a snow-white pillow facing a northern light. While the Lotus thus reclined, kicking pink heels, Mrs. Platt would go into the Silence and draw vibrations from Krishna or the Baha or whatever spook happened to be at home at that time. Certainly the treatment did Len no harm—save once during the Silence when he squirmed off his pillow into a jardinière—and some say he was improved by it. It is a matter of history that in his second year his picture was sought by the editor of a domestic magazine, who offered a thousand dollars as a prize for the most beautiful baby in America.

Six months later the prize was awarded and a picture of little Leonard Eustace Platt in the attitude of the Lotus Bath was published and delivered to every right-living doorstep in America. Mrs. Platt became unbearable. As a retaliative measure Lewisburg began calling her son Lovely Leonard, hinting that already they were becoming a trifle sick of perfection.

Possibly maternal jealousy mixed itself in the prevailing sentiment. A few well-wishers tried to touch Mrs. Platt's sense of humor; which was a thankless task, like trying to catch a fog in a fishnet. She regarded satire as a spiritually destructive force. It was about that time that she learned from a resident mahatma that her child vibrated best to blue. Hence the shade in which he appeared from then on.

Up to his sixth year Leonard made no struggle against her gentle atrocities. Why should he? Naturally docile, he adored the mother who was too kind to him always; and who else was there close enough to tell him that there were things in life more desirable than to be considered beautiful, graceful and altogether surpassing? When horrid freckled boys called him Sweetheart and shied things as he passed he merely put it down as unpleasant evidence that most boys are imperfect beings who have never been properly lotus-bathed, silenced or vibrated. He wore long golden ringlets and costumes that were distinctly Fauntleroyish. But it took a spring day and a most unusual taunt to plant a seed of doubt in his mind.

He was playing alone in his side yard; it was a game his mother had taught him, a game of intellectual solitaire wherein you were supposed to say to yourself nine times "I am happy, happy, happy!" and lo! you were happy. In the midst of his counting a little girl with irritating gray eyes and a pink ribbon rather crooked at the top of her wind-blown auburn hair popped suddenly up from behind the Garner fence and shrieked "Sweetheart!" in the voice of a badly reared parrakeet.

"Who's a sweetheart?" asked Lovely Leonard, reverting suddenly to Nature.

"Sweetheart, golden locks,
Fraidy, fraidy scaredcat!
Take your time,
Stand a d mr,
Go and get your hair cut!"

She squawked this remarkable nursery composition in a low conversational monotone, keeping her large irritating gray eyes glued to the silken cascade falling over Leonard's spotless collar.

"My mother doesn't want me to get my hair cut," responded Mrs. Platt's perfect son with dignity.

"Oo! I'm only a girl, and I'm not afraid of my mother."

"You don't get your hair cut," Leonard reminded her with a keenness beyond his years.

"Girls don't," the Garner brat informed him over the fence. "But you're a boy and you ought to be ashamed."

This was the first time the responsibilities of his sex had ever been called to his attention. He blushed and tried to resume the happiness game, but the pink ribbon persistently

bobbing over the fence above those staring gray eyes distracted his attention, annoyed and yet charmed him.

"You're too pretty for a boy," said she; "but you'd be good looking if you had a haircut."

His mother had warned him that perfect souls disdain rude retorts, so Leonard remained crowded against the side of his house, perfectly speechless. Presently a voice across the fence called, "Effie, what are you doing?"

"Nothing, mamma," meekly responded Little-Girl-Not-Afraid-of-Her-Mother, getting rapidly down.

"Sweetheart, golden locks,
Fraidy, fraidy scarecat!
Take your time,
Steal a dime,
Go and get your hair cut!"

Leonard ran into the house and proceeded to jimmy his toy bank with a can opener. For some time he had been gathering pennies, under his mother's management, for the purpose of aiding an uplifting charity known as The Sun Joy Children. As the small change clattered out and he scraped it into his little breeches pocket the taste of crime was sweet in his mouth.

"Where is my Lotus going?" inquired his mother, peering above the limp-covered book she was reading.

"Nowhere," lied the amateur in sin.

And he had no sooner escaped than he ran amuck in the direction of a barber's pole, which he remembered as standing at the corner of an alley two blocks away.

The barbers were all colored men, so it proved, and the biggest and blackest showed a mouthful of gold and ivory as he inquired, "Shave or haircut?"

"Haircut, I think," replied the perfect child breathlessly as he poured his thirty-nine cents into the pinkish side of the great black paw.

"Lawdy, lawdy!" yipped a little mulatto who sat in a corner languidly honing a razor. "Mis' Platt done change huh 'ligion sho' nuff."

"Buddy," asked the big black one with kindly suspicion, "did yo' maw send yu?"

"She did," replied the lost Lotus, "and she wants it all cut off, close to the scalp."

The instructions seemed definite enough, and Delilah never did a finer, closer job than did this Ethiop whose shears left Leonard smooth-topped as a little convict. When it was over the barber wrapped the fallen curls in a sheet from the Inspector and presented the bundle to his strangely altered customer.

"Yo' maw might like 'em to stuff a pilla," he informed the child, who took the package as far as a convenient alley and tossed it behind a pile of boxes. Then he ran home, fear at his heels.

He found his mother in the same chair, her Grecian nose buried, a few pages farther on, behind the covers of the same book. She looked up slowly, smilingly; but when her dream-filled eyes at last took in the details of her darling's literally diminished head he saw in her face that which he had never before suspected, hoped never again to see there. The mouth, the chin, the brow, the eyes, which had always beamed like a serene if somewhat mawkish bust of Pallas, were suddenly twisted to the semblance of a Gorgon's head, vengeful, tortured, furious.

"Leonard Eustace Platt!" she screamed, "what have you done with your hair?"

"I threw it away," he announced, defiant for his little moment.

"Threw it away! Threw your treasure away!" She stood there panting, clutching at his shoulders. "What evil Thought is this? Who cut your hair?"

"A barber." He was now beginning to whimper.

"What barber?"

"A colored one. I don't know his name. A big black one."

"Who gave you that malign Thought?"

"Effie Garner. She called me a sweetheart and told me to get a haircut so I wouldn't be a girl."

"My little blasted flower!" she cried, clutching him close; and he was horrified to see that she, too, was beginning to weep. "A discord has broken our harmony. You have strayed into an evil plane. You have vibrated away from the Sun Thought.

"Go to your room at once and repeat 'I am happy' twenty-six times."

He lingered a moment, choking and wild to explain to the being he adored how a human impulse had impelled him.

"Go!" was all she said.

He went.

Mrs. Platt must have seen Mrs. Garner about it that very afternoon, for Effie was brought round for the purpose of apologizing.

"I'm sorry," parroted the Garner brat, holding her mother's hand and gazing with intense solemnity, her wild eyes focused on the hairless scalp. But when the conspiratorial mothers had withdrawn for a moment and the children stood staring at each other on the Platt front porch, Effie went into particulars.

"I'm not really sorry," she told him in her monotonous drawl. "My mamma told me to say I was sorry because your mamma is peculiar and would get mad."

Her gray eyes burned into his hairless poll until he all but withered away.

"You look like a picked chicken," she at last proclaimed. "But you look a lot better than you did."

From that day on Mrs. Platt proceeded to break his spirit with increased doses of spiritual sugar. If Leonard played with Effie Garner it was under his mother's strict chaperonage, and never for a long time at a stretch. The earnest lady often planned with Mrs. Garner that her daughter too become a Lotus, but it gave Leonard a furtive delight to see that she still capered upon the low and sordid plane of her choice.

A little later in his career Mrs. Platt discovered that her Leonard had a voice; therefore she lost no time in choosing for him a suitably esoteric vocal instructor, a maiden lady who specialized in East Indian threnodies and taught his somewhat throaty treble to chant mysticism to the accompaniment of an obese Florentine lute of medieval design.

This new talent got him in deep among the sisters of the cult. Mrs. Platt had a passion for masques and pageants, which she wrote herself and staged in her ballroom. Lovely Leonard of course held center stage in most of these high-sounding affairs, now appearing in smallclothes as Romeo, now in sheeted robes as the youthful Phidias. The boys of his own age looked upon him merely as a harmless unfortunate; but it was about the time when his shaky treble had changed to a mellow barytone that his eligible contemporaries among the males of Lewisburg began to notice a disconcerting something about Len which to a certain extent justified his peculiar upbringing.

He was making a decided hit with the girls. It seemed incredible, but it was true. Not only was he followed by those of the upper-flapper period but by a few romantically verging on spinsterhood. At the age of nineteen he had developed the head of a Greek god and his art of whanging upon obscure musical instruments under the shadow of moonlit verandas gave him an inordinate advantage over merely muscular heroes. It was another maddening instance of feminine caprice. His mother didn't allow him to go to dances because she regarded ragtime as a foul poison. But to sit discreetly apart and see her Leonard in the dim distance surrounded by fluffy skirts, girlish faces upturned like lovely night flowers, to hear the delicate strum-strumming of his Italian lute while some modulated soprano would implore, "Oh, Len, please sing, Mona, Mona, Twine Thy Starry Hair!"—this to her was rapture. For what greater tribute could there be to her tutelage than that her Lotus drew to him all the blossoms of the night?

During the interval Newt Farley had developed into a full-grown man, whose grouchy good nature, common sense and downright ability got him easily beyond the snob-built barrier of local society; and as he had just fallen into the job of Sunday, sporting, society and religious editor, he was very often at the country club in both professional and amateur capacity. He was no ladies' man in the generally accepted sense of the word. There were plenty of women who would have asked anything in the world of Newt Farley, but there was none who cared to suffer in his behalf. Which is as much as to say that Newt was a born uncle rather than a born lover.

His Art of Whanging Upon Obscure Musical Instruments Under the Shadow of Moonlit Verandas Gave Him an Inordinate Advantage Over Merely Muscular Heroes

How he ever got his eye on little Effie Garner the angels alone can tell. Her sensible mind and her free way of looking at things—aside from her abundant power to please the eye—would naturally have attracted him; but Effie was years younger than he and had a puppyish love for young society. Old Cassius Garner would have liked to see his daughter and Newt strike a bargain. He was one of your Lewisburgers who believed that the sun of wisdom rose upon the jingle of Newt's alarm clock.

Lovely Leonard, who had reached the voting age by now, had begun confining his genius to his own neighborhood. In short, he had taken to playing his Florentine lute until a late hour on Effie Garner's veranda. Every sensible girl has a soft spot in her head somewhere, Lewisburg declared, and wondered how Mrs. Platt would take it.

She took it by packing Len's bags for him and leading him, somewhat belated though he was, to college; and during the interval of peace on the Garner front porch Newt Farley was selfish enough male to see an advantage. It seems that Newt had got himself an automobile, a chimera of an automobile, which had been assembled from two wrecks. As it was, in its present incarnation, Newt had won it at the races, and he was often forced to the conclusion as he wrestled with the mechanical monster that it were a far, far better thing if his horse had come in last. The union of a low-powered engine—once attached to a repair car in the service of the telephone company—with a loose-fitting four-seated tonneau designed in the period when individual seats were vogue, comprised this strange hybrid, which, because of the smoke screen that followed wherever it went, Newt had christened Elijah's Chariot—'Lije for short.

Thus mounted he would come snorting up to the Garner lawn during those few blissful weeks of Leonard's absence. Effie refused to ride in 'Lije, not because 'Lije was unfashionable but because he was unsafe. She relished her hours with Newt; she didn't call him uncle, but she implied as much. And yet fond foolish Lewisburg began backing their favorite against Leonard, because it was the common wish that the Lovely One would get his comeuppance.

There is no telling what might have happened had Mrs. Platt not imposed another theory upon her son's hopeless case.

Something he wrote her during his first fortnight away started her packing for the college town to which she had consigned him. She came unannounced upon the campus, to find that her Lotus was neither in his classroom nor in his dormitory; he was out practicing with something they called "the scrub." This, she hoped, referred to an exercise in personal cleanliness until, following directions, she came upon an open field and there recognized Leonard among many others standing begrimed and sweaty in a peculiar pair of quilted breeches. The hand he gave her was actually dirty; there was a scratch on his beautifully modeled chin!

That very night Mrs. Platt returned to Lewisburg convoying her son.

"If you must have exercise," his mother cooed firmly, "there is a professor of Greek dancing who has just come to town."

The professor proved to be a somewhat weather-beaten Pole named Kranski, who set to work earnestly to introduce an Anacreontic note into Leonard's life. The young man, bereft of his birthright, yet felt a certain stimulation in the antics, which flexed his every muscle and set the blood rioting in his veins. Kranski offered to teach him Greek wrestling too; and after a few graceful but sinew-straining bouts on the mat Lovely Leonard began to realize that there were Spartans as well as Ionians among the Hellenes. Mrs. Platt was never so happy. She loved so dearly to see her son in his sandals and muslin tunic that she sent all the way to Chicago for an art photographer.

Newt Farley visited the Garner porch just once after Len's return. The picture lingered. Effie, her eyes half closed, was leaning back in a white enameled chair, and on a crimson pillow at her feet sat Lovely Leonard, the neck of his medieval lute pressed romantically against his left shoulder. They were two beautiful, dream-bound young faces as the hopeless adorer caught them there at a glimpse; the mellow barytone was singing languidly in Italian. And in the bitterness of the moment poor Newt hated himself for what he wasn't; hated himself for the face that peevish Nature had hung in front of his ears.

Newt didn't stay long on that occasion. In his capacity of uncle-at-large he had a moment of fair vision in which he saw how sensible, independent Effie Garner had fallen for this decorative simpleton. Then Newt wandered away and cranked up 'Lije. His only active protest was to stay up very late that night and to finish the evening by thrashing a large bartender, thus maintaining his reputation as the state's unchallenged champion among short-order trouble-seekers.

■

IT WAS something more than three years later when Mr. Cassius Garner, a little man of plutocratic appearance, who wore a white line in the V of his waistcoat and a violet cravat to match the delicate veining in his nose, called at the Inspector office on astonishing business. It was his always admired friend Newt Farley whom he wanted to see, and after the able Sunday editor had moved a file of New York supplements and a broken typewriter from the only extra chair in his compartment the visitor seated himself and began unburdening his mind.

"Newt, I'm going to be as candid with you as I would be with the family physician—more so, because I haven't got much faith in Doc Malloy."

"Shoot!" Newt had an intimation that the visit concerned Effie in some way.

"Well, to put it plain—that Platt boy has been fooling round long enough. I've been staving him off with the excuse that Effie's still a baby. But that won't go any more. He's got my womenfolks hypnotized. Now he's threatening to teach my wife Greek dancing—at her age. And Effie—she swears I've got to consent or she'll elope."

"I see." The pain came back, just for a moment.

"Now, Newt, you know as well as I do that Len Platt doesn't come up to the scratch."

"Nobody does," said the philosopher, with no intent to seem unkind.

"But he hasn't got any backbone! He wouldn't know real life if it hit him in his beautiful face. Women have spoiled him until he smells like a sachet bag. No! I won't have any professional beauty for my son-in-law."

"What's the idea? Want me to wreck his beauty?" grinned Newt, not overlooking the humor in Effie's father's coming to him for such advice.

"Effie wouldn't look at him twice if his face was spoiled," glared the old gentleman apoplectically. "But we can't get away with any coarse work like that. It's sort of peculiar my coming to you this way ——"

"Nothing's peculiar," pronounced the sage.

"I need advice. The womenfolks are keen for the match. You're the only man I can tell my middle name to without its getting all over town. I've come to you because I think you can put almost anything over."

"Thanks," he dryly acknowledged. "What's wanted?"

"I want you to make Effie sick of Lovely Leonard. It'll be the greatest kindness you can do her, because if once she gets her eyes open and has time to wake up she'll bless the day she lost him."

"You don't care what I do?" asked Newt, feeling like a garroter taking his morning orders.

"Don't care what you do. You've got a newspaper under your thumb and can lick anything that walks."

"If you want him kicked out do it yourself."

"Yes—and make Effie think she's being persecuted by her parent! That would be worse than hiring a hack and driving 'em to a justice of the peace."

"Give me time to think."

The Sunday editor's face grew serious. If it got round that he was plotting to oust the resident Apollo the gossips would be quick to say that Farley was playing foul.

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"Let That Arm Alone!" Newt Farley Was Demanding From His Grassy Couch

BILGE AND MA GET A SUB

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

"IT'S a matter of luck," declared Ma.

"Fool luck at that!"

"It's a matter of brains and initiative," argued Bilge stoutly.

"How are you goin' to maintain that," retorted Ma, "when the Judson hain't sighted a healthy oil slick even in two months, and the McDonald got two subs in two weeks? Don't you allow 'at Captain Bill has got as much brains and initiative as that three-striper nicknamed Fuzzy who skippers the McDonald? Ain't the Judson a better boat than the McDonald? Ain't she got a better crew?"

"She's got you, Ma," admitted Bilge with a mischievous wink at Dyckman; "and that's sure one big advantage."

"And she's got you, Bilge; and that shore is one mighty big handicap. It's a matter o' luck, I tell you, and you're the Jonah. Why don't you get yourself transferred or picked for one of these nucleus crews that's goin' home all the time for new boats? 'Captain Bill's dyin' to git shed of you, and he just naturally ain't got the heart to tell you so."

"How do you reckon that he's dying to get rid of me?" cross-examined Bilge.

"Well, wasn't you at the throttle when we salted up that last time?"

"And I suppose, you durn deck washer, you think it was the man at the throttle's fault when that tube in the condenser splits and we salt up, hey?" retorted Bilge scornfully. "That's just about the level of your intelligence, ain't it now?"

"I'm not talkin' about intelligence," responded Ma. "I just naturally admit that I ain't got none or I wouldn't never 'a' sailed on a destroyer in these here pirate-infested European waters with a man like you in the engine room. Why say, Bilge, if we was to sight a submarine—if we was to get a real good chance to just naturally back right up and drop an ash can on one, and you was the only man on board that could drop the can, why, we couldn't find you nowheres round. You'd be off up in the fo'castle head asleep, or playin' with your pet rat, or figurin' out one of them wonderful schemes of yourn for puttin' salt on the tail of a submarine and catchin' him in your mother's apron."

"A submarine could be caught, with a little ingenooity—that's what I argue," persisted Bilge, catching at the thread of some past discussion. "I say that a submarine is the most helpless fish that floats in the sea, and that if you went at 'em right you could take 'em practically with your bare hands."

So two of Uncle Samuel's fighting men abroad wrangled and jangled like sweet bells out of tune. Ma was a boson's mate, Texas born and navy trained. Bilge was a machinist's mate with red hair, freckles, and a heart of gold in which dwelt unquenchable optimism. Ma was wiry, black of hair and eye, stout of spirit and patient in tribulation, benignant of countenance and endowed with some note of character or disposition that earned for him among the enlisted men of the crew that strange maternal cognomen by which he was hailed exclusively on the Judson, but which his mates employed always with a mixture of reverence and affection that stamped the Texan as a young man of rare moral worth.

The two men were quite inseparable. They loved each other with strong men's love, and they expressed this love in clumsy stabs of what each fondly supposed to be wit. They plied each other with sarcasms; they assailed each other's characters, judgments, reputation and ancestries. Yet if any man in Ma's presence had reflected on Bilge he would have had to fight; while if any man in Bilge's presence had breathed calumny against the sacred name of Ma he, too, would have had to battle for the right to maintain his front teeth in the place, position and order to which Nature had assigned them.

"And I allow then," resumed Ma, "that if the chance ever comes for you to git a submarine you'll just naturally jump in and pitch him out, the way we-all pitch out a catfish down in my country when the streams git dry."

"I never said nothin' like it," maintained Bilge stubbornly. "But I got my idea. I said they was helpless and they could be gathered in alive."

Ma relapsed into an amused silence and the measured puffing of his pipe, while he contemplated his friend with an air of affectionate indulgence. Bilge finding himself no longer opposed turned after a concluding grunt to fumble in his locker for pencil and paper, after finding which he sat upon the locker, with his ditty box in his lap for a writing table, and bent himself to the development of a poetic theme which had been running through his head all day and had to do with setting forth the spirit and prowess of the enlisted men of the destroyer flotilla.

For a time something approaching silence reigned in the fo'castle where the recent debate had taken place. Men crouched or lounged about on their sea chests, reading, writing or playing cards—with frequent muttered ejaculations—or they pulled down their swinging bunks of wire and crawled creakingly into them to sink to slumber.

"Here!" proclaimed Bilge, after mayhap half an hour of tongue-biting labor. "Lamp these lines, will you?" And he lifted a soiled sheet of paper and began to declaim:

Ho, we fight with our hands and we fight with our feet,
We fight with our heads and our hearts;
Ho, we slam the Hun and we slam him neat
With a bomb in his innard parts.

"Durned good, Bilge!" vouchsafed Ma. "Who-all did you copy that off of?"

"I didn't copy it," protested Bilge. "Got her up myself. Ain't she some sweet little ditty, though? Now if I could get a tune to her we could sing it. How was one of those marching tunes ——"

"But say!" Ma broke in to resume the thread of the old argument. "'With a bomb in their innard parts.' That ain't takin' 'em alive, you know, old red-top."

Bilge paused, sucking his stub of a pencil and frowning at the alleged inconsistent line.

"But, friend of my heart," he retorted presently, "we'd bomb 'em after we took 'em, wouldn't we? You would never do nothing to one of these *unterwasser* pirates but bomb him, would you?"

"I wouldn't—no!" responded Ma decisively.

"You bet it's good!" admitted Bilge modestly as he hummed over the lines.

"George Cohan got twenty-five thousand for Over There," suggested Ma dryly, as he noted the care with which Bilge deposited his effusion in his ditty box and then inserted the ditty box in the sea chest.

"This is prob'ly too good poetry to make a popular song," conceded Bilge, not noting the subtle poison of mockery in Ma's remark; "but the gobs in the flotilla will all be hummin' it in a week—just as soon as I find the right tune to it."

Bilge pulled down his sleeping apparatus from its moorings overhead and rolled into it to blissful slumber, knowing with his last waking moment that delicious glow which pervades the tissues of the creative artist in the hour of glorious consummation.

But while Bilge and Ma and their comrades slumbered Captain Bill and Captain Fuzzy forgathered in a corner of the Royal Yacht Club with other destroyer captains, and consumed much British good cheer as they recounted their joys, their hopes and their hard luck. Captain Fuzzy of them all was in most exultant mood, for the fishing had been poor of late with his companions.

"I'll bet you, Bill," he said—this Captain Fuzzy of the McDonald, who had got two submarines in two weeks, to Captain Bill of the Judson, who had not seen a live oil slick in six—"I'll bet you five pounds the McDonald gets her third sub before you get the first."

"Oh, oh! The swank of him!" jeered the crowd.

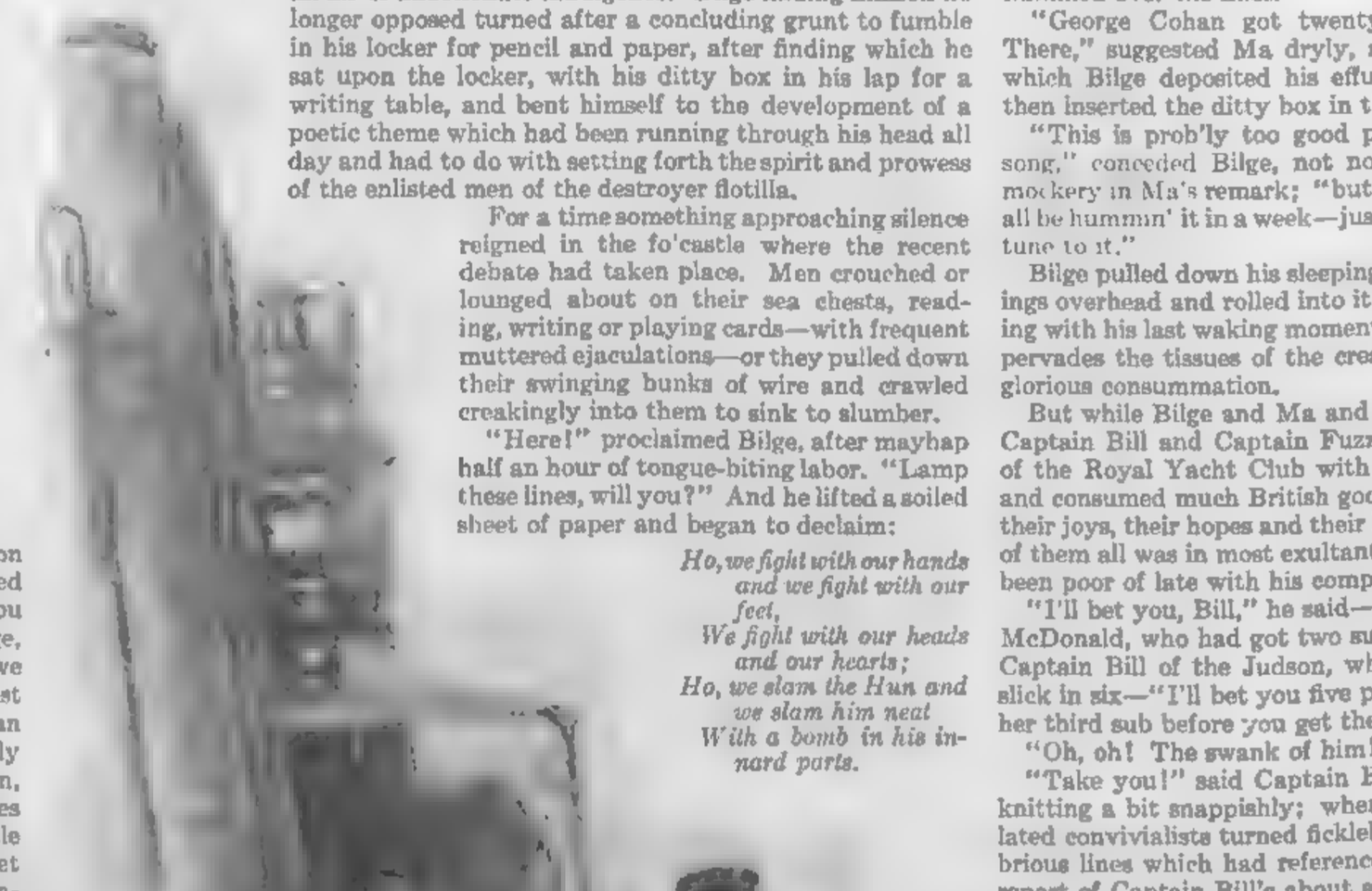
"Take you!" said Captain Bill, his smooth hard jaws knitting a bit snappishly; whereupon the slightly stimulated convivialists turned ficklely on him with some lugubrious lines which had reference to an exceedingly weird report of Captain Bill's about a supposed encounter with a supposed submersible of the Kaiser's back in the early days of the war—meterless rimes which began with reciting that:

Last night over by Aberdeen
I saw a German submarine;
The funniest sight I ever seen
Was Old Bill Bradshaw's submarine!

There were other stanzas, but they were in kind, and the composition was so bad that nobody had the ill taste to finish it; so they lifted their grape-juice glasses and pledged a health to Captains Bill and Fuzzy and all other good three-stripers who took the sea in the morning to do battle with the elements and the Hun.

Five o'clock next morning found the officers of the Judson gathering in the wardroom for a waking cup of coffee and a staying slice of toast. Darkness prevailed outside and uncertainty within; for though the captain knew the hour of his sailing, which was approximately at daylight, he knew not the purport thereof, whether for convoy duty, for patrol work or for something special and more directly promising. Not knowing, he could imagine and he could hope, which he did, with that wager with Captain Fuzzy in his mind and a certain delicious sense of expectancy tickling all his nerves.

He was a square-rigged figure of a man, was Captain Bill, with square shoulders and square jaw, but not a square head. He did not look so trim as, for instance, a battleship or cruiser captain. The lower half of him was clothed in khaki trousers, and on his feet were huge storm



The Torpedo Men Leaped to Their Places in the Saddle and With Tubes Swung Out Sat Like Jockeys Awaiting the Fall of the Starter's Flag

boots. The upper half of him did indeed include the regulation fatigue blouse of the officer; but where it was buttoned tight at the throat the points and a bit of the rim of a khaki shirt collar projected, lending a note of picturesque untidiness, as indicating that the captain was dressed for work rather than parade, for comfort rather than for sweet appearance's sake. This same rough-and-ready look was manifested by other members of his staff who sat about him at the wardroom table, all with sleep still in their eyes—excepting only the man who had been on watch—and each in his costume revealing some reckless but practical departure from the regulations.

A messenger appeared, saluted and mumbled something to McMaster, the ordnance officer—who was an abrupt sort of personality known to the crew as Shotgun—something about a torpedo director having been put on upside down.

"Well, blankety-blank-blank!" exclaimed Shotgun, his rasping voice of anger breaking the silence rudely, and taking little account, it would seem, of the respect due the man who captained the destroyer and headed the table.

But the captain was quite unruffled. He joined in the smile that went round the table over the petulance of McMaster, who, scowling, left his coffee and toast to go aft and let his voice be heard, bellowing and barking amid a lot of scurrying seamen who were busy with the lashing and unlashing, the securing and unsecuring, the thousand and one things that human hands are required to do about the deck fixtures and fighting equipment of a ship of war when she makes ready for the sea.

With McMaster's voice still echoing another messenger entered and handed a white slip of paper to the captain. It read:

"From "To
"U. S. S. JUDSON
"Proceed QXY. On reaching 116 report. Urgent."

QXY was a definite area in the sea outside; 116 was a very definite spot in that area. Urgent meant that the Judson was not to pause to gather any daisies on the way to 116, but get there.

Captain Bradshaw read the message without comment and passed it to Kirk, executive and navigator. While he scanned it Eddy, the chief engineer, entered, the only man on the ship who had been too busy with preparations to get under way, to sit down and receive fortification for his duties at the hand of the Filipino mess boy.

"Permission to turn the engines over?" the chief inquired.

"Yes," nodded the captain.

The chief engineer went out. One by one the other officers rose and slipped away, each to his duties, while McMaster came back to his unfinished plate.

The entry of the ordnance officer was followed by another messenger and another message, indicating that the intelligence station upon the hill, where dwelt the man with the wide gold band upon his arm and the far-reaching brain that controlled all this splendid organization, was fairly busy this morning. The message said:

"From "To
"U. S. S. JUDSON
"On reaching 116 QXY establish communication with SRNV. Urgent."

SRNV was Captain Fuzzy's ship, the McDonald.

"Hell's bells!" ejaculated Captain Bill. "They sent her out ahead of us. Did Fuzzy know something, I wonder, when he bet me that five pounds?"

It was perhaps ten minutes after this, and the captain with his second cigarette in his lips was in the chart room, where Kirk was straddling a pair of compasses across a chart to the QXY area and locating therein the exact spot 116, that a third message was brought in:

"SRNV asking what time you can be at 116. Urgent."

"That's three times now they've snapped that word 'urgent' at us," remarked the captain. "Sounds like something doing out there."

"Yes," said Kirk, turning from his chart to a hopeful contemplation of the message, while the captain stepping outside pattered lightly upward to the bridge.

The bridge of an American destroyer to-day has been hooded and closed in with a sheet-steel structure to give weather protection to the instruments and occupants thereof, with the result that it is less like a bridge and more like an elevated oblong coop, with an octagonal side to the front and a semicircular slot at the eaves through which observation is obtained.

The bridge was now thickly populated. A quartermaster was at the wheel, a yeoman was at the engine-room annunciator, a bunting tosser was at the signal locker, and three or four sailors with binoculars or telescopes were ready for lookout duty, while a lieutenant and a surplus ensign or two were also at hand, binocular-armed but ready for any service that might be required of them. The captain, hands in pockets, cap slightly to starboard, cigarette holder in mouth, the corners of that khaki shirt collar projecting grotesquely, walked to and fro with an eye over the fo'castle head to where the anchor chain was coming in from the buoy.

"They'll See Him and Get Under Quick's They Can," Opined Ma. "But They'll Take a Shot at Us Before They Duck"

"All clear, sir," called the voice of the boson's mate.

The captain's own hand pulled the whistle cord, and the ship stirred and shook herself as side lines were cast off. The skipper now stood alert, watching keenly the first slow drift of his boat, calculating the force of the tide and holding a quiet and entirely one-sided conversation with the yeoman whose hands were on the annunciator.

"Full speed astern—starboard full ahead—starboard stop—port one-third ahead—port stop—starboard two-thirds astern."

So jockeying and dancing the Judson wormed out of her stall, waltzed clear of her stable mates, nosed round the mother ship, and headed for the line of buoys that marked a circuitous passage to the open sea.

The harbor entrance was gained and left behind; breakfast came and was devoured, the captain taking his in the chart room; messages were sent and messages were received; SRNV reported her hands full and sliced off a distinct patch of the sea for the Judson. It was in this patch of sea as the radio presently reported that the exciting thing had happened, and the captain's eye glinted eagerly as he read the word, after which he gave certain necessary instructions to the engine room and to the wheel.

Eight o'clock came, bringing with it Bilge's relief, so that the machinist's mate clambered up the iron ladder from the engine room and sat upon the hatch to look about and get a bite of the outside air. Bilge was clad in dungarees and an undershirt, armless and exceeding thin. His freckles were ambushed beneath a coat of grease and grime, while even the pristine redness of his luxuriant hair appeared to have been somewhat subdued by contacts below stairs as if he had used it for a mop.

They were in the midst of waters. No land was in sight. The sea was choppy gray, gray as the wing of a gull, and it stretched about them interminably. Through it without a jar or a bound, with scarcely a quiver, the Judson slipped like a long mottled green mackerel, making thirty knots, which for the Judson was emergency speed.

The machinist's mate looked up inquiringly at the bridge with an air of importance and responsibility. It was he who had lifted her along turn by turn to this thirty knots. Did they know it? Did they appreciate it up there?

Now to be rigidly truthful, of course this was merely Bilge's point of view. It really wasn't he who had done this. It was some boys in a red-hot boiler room, entered through doubled seal-tight doors which maintained the air at a pressure of four atmospheres, who kept the flames going, not with the labor of shoveled coal but by the skillful manipulation of two sets of valves, one of which dribbled crude oil and the other of which admitted sprays of compressed air that vaporized the oil and carried it in the form of a cloud of fuel to the fire boxes. But besides the fire boys there were the water boys who nursed the big condenser, and there were the oilers and the machinists, and all the rest of the score of men on watch at one post or another down there in the intestines of the ship, each of whom had done his part in the manufacture of all this power.

But it was Bilge who had stood at the throttle and given the steam to the turbines; Bilge who had stood at the speaking tube and answered the questions of the bridge and told it what the engines were doing; so now, with the feel of a commander in his heart, he had turned the throttle over to his successor, knowing that under his coaxing hand the propellers were getting every turn that was in the power, and the total of those turns figured seven revolutions under thirty knots; so Bilge called it thirty knots and done, and had come creeping up the ladder to look about him and watch the gray seas slipping by as if the Judson were standing still and all the whole wide ocean racing to get past it.

As Bilge took his seat on the sharp edge of the engine-room hatch his friend the boson's mate sauntered over. Ma had just been watching the carpenter's mate attaching a set of nice new brass figures to the prow of the motor dory. This number was, we will say, 198, and that, we will say, was the identification number of the Judson, with which brand her small service boats were also labeled. Yet while these new and more highly ornamental numbers had been going on the prow of the dory it was nevertheless a matter of fact that the carpenter's mate as he drilled his holes in the wood was not thinking of what he was doing. When he drove home the screws and countersunk them neatly just to the level of the surface of the plate he was doing it mechanically.

Ma, the boson's mate, who watched him do the job, watched mechanically, and as much as anything else just to rest his eyes from continually staring off there into the greasy haze that lay ahead of them, and into which the Judson was rushing with every turn of her screws. It was on the adventure just ahead that every mind in the ship was set. There was nothing posted on the bulletin board but everybody knew. The radio room was aft. In it an ensign and three enlisted men hovered over the instruments. From it messengers came and went. Who told? Nobody—exactly. Who whispered or leaked? Nobody—exactly. Yet from end to end the ship knew. It was its business to know.

It had not been necessary to waken the men of the eight-to-twelve watch. They were roused and ready, waiting to take their stations. Nor did the men they relieved bolt a hasty breakfast and fling into their bunks like exhausted sodden things.

Instead they moved out upon the fo'castle or found places to sit on hatches or places to lean against guns or torpedo tubes, and plastered their eyes ahead, with occasional inquiring looks upward to the bridge.

There Captain Bill was in high spirits. His nerves were strung like a bow. He had waited long for his chance. To-day—in an hour—in fifteen minutes—in that undefined patch of gray haze ahead his chance was waiting for him.

To Bilge, too, a mere cog in this thrillingly efficient machine, it seemed that his chance was coming. It was for this he had enlisted, for this he had eaten the bread of humble obedience to another man's orders, for this he had worked slavishly days on end, for this he had fought the storms and the ennui and the heartburnings of homesickness; for this he had taken the back talk of chief petty officers, had penned himself up in the narrow bowels of a destroyer and endured all that the enlisted man feels he has to endure—that his country might win, that humanity might win, and the savage Hun be beaten.

The deck rose and fell gently to the long rhythm of the Judson's forward leap. Bilge bent his knees slightly, and felt that the wings of his spirit rose and fell, majestic and strong. It was a great moment—a great thrill that was coming.

"Be on top of her soon now, eh?" he said to Ma.

"Yeh! I reckon so," conceded Ma, expectant but unexcited. "Yeh! I reckon we will."

But there was no badinage, no idle speech. Men held their tongues and waited. And now they were there!

Wreckage floated past—an overturned boat, a chicken coop, the shattered half of a gangplank, barrels, rafts, boxes, boards, and an indescribable jumble of the things a ship contains which float off when she slips beneath the waves. The sea was filled with wreckage. This was the very water and these were the silent witnesses when, a scant three hours before, while the Judson's wardroom was at its coffee, men had fought for life amid the broken members of their torpedoed boat. Even now it seemed that their dumb lips pleaded for punishment for their treacherous and cruel enemy. And already, too, the avengers were gathering.

An airplane circled overhead, with the bold insignia of Britain upon her wide wings. A dirigible balloon floated in the lower atmosphere, peering deep for any sign of that dark moving shadow which would hint the presence of the submarine. Bilge and Ma were gaping at the sights about them when general quarters was sounded with one long discordant shriek of the whistle.

Instantly there was a vast hurry and scuttle from end to end of the boat. Men went flying to their stations. McMaster was running for the after bridge and more immediate control of his depth charges. Ensign Trigg charged along the deck, fighting like a football player for his way through jostling groups of men who were crowding about guns and torpedo tubes. Gunners were swiftly spinning controlling wheels as their weapons were ranged or pointed, and the torpedo men leaped to their places in the saddle and with tubes swung out sat like jockeys awaiting the fall of the starter's flag.

Ma's battle station was the starboard waist gun.

"What's it?" demanded Bilge of the charging ensign. In such moments of excitement distinctions of rank are sometimes forgotten, even by ensigns, and the single-striper was more human than he was official anyway.

"Submarine broaching dead ahead!" he called back.

"G-r-r-r-r!"

There rose from all the assembled crews a guttural roar of thirst for vengeance, mixed with exultation that at last the time had come to gratify it. Bilge, whose battle station when not on watch was loose proximity to the engine-room companion, leaned out on a boat davit and set his eyes ahead. Once in a while he discerned a black speck rising and falling on the waves.

"Well, why don't they shoot?" he demanded impatiently.

The bow gun and the starboard waist gun were already trained upon it. Lieutenant Cherry from the crow's nest kept calling down the range.

"Set sir! Set!" reported Dickey Dorgan through his speaking tube, and was praying for the order to fire.

But no order came, and presently word was passed down from the bridge: "It's a lifeboat."

A groan went up from gun and torpedo crews, seasoned with curses of baffled rage; and then curiously all studied the boat which the Judson was rapidly overhauling. As it careened on the slope of a wave when they passed, something huddled in the bottom—awash, for both ends of the craft were splintered as if by shell fire. The Judson turned and came back to windward, slowing as she did so for the launching of a boat.

"Man the whale and lower away!" ordered the captain.

This was the boson's mate's job naturally, and Ma with six men at the oars went down the falls, standing as proudly in the stern as ever an admiral on quarter-deck. As the boat cast off the Judson began immediately to take on speed, which was prudent, for a stopped or slow-moving destroyer makes an inviting target for a torpedo; and again wreckage began to flow past, each piece of it curiously scanned by everybody on the ship. Prominent in this stream just now was a huge hatch cover, and upon it lay a coil of rope as it had evidently lain before the hatch cover floated free. Upon this the keen eyes of Bilge discovered something white, a tiny shivering mass that hugged cautiously the rope coil in the center of the floating rectangle.

"A dog!" somebody shouted.

"A pup!" amended a voice from the bridge; and pup it was, a tiny wire-haired fox terrier, bewildered, cold, water-soaked and feeling no doubt very much abused to be left thus lonely and abandoned in the midst of this waste of waters. He watched so intently and apprehensively the encroachment of the waves as from time to time they threatened his position in the center that the weirdly decorated body of the Judson was almost over him before he noticed its presence, with a line of human beings along its side which his brief life had taught him to recognize as kin, gazing at him sympathetically from deck and bridge.

Up to this moment the pup had cowered timidly, but with the knowledge that he was under observation an instant consciousness of the blood of a royal fighting line within him seemed to assert itself. He stood stiffly on his small legs, his aristocratic stub of a tail was lifted, and his ears, black like spots of camouflage against his white body, went up, and he posed bravely as though none should see him exhibit other than a stout defiance to his fate. He barked a greeting at them excitedly in a hoarse little voice, which told the story of a cold and chilling vigil and the despair which had all but settled in his heart.

While the ship passed he advanced bravely to the edge of his raft and lifted up his face and then his voice in eager yapping little cries, as of cordial hail and stout farewell to fellow voyagers on a vast and watery sea. There was no whimper of fear in the voice, but there was infinite appeal in it—the appeal of high stout courage, the cry of comrade to comrade across the waters, and the modest expression of a yearning not to be abandoned if rescue were perfectly convenient.

"Permission to get the pup, sir?" said a husky voice; and the captain, watching from the bridge, looked round to see that Bilge in his dungarees had come rushing up the ladder.

Now the captain of a destroyer is inevitably a young man. No other kind will do—a young man with tireless muscles, with eager enthusiasms, with ready sympathies, who acts like a flash and does his repenting, if repenting is necessary, well and after the act. Neither, upon a destroyer, is there that insistence upon the refinements of formality which obtains in larger battle craft. There is discipline, the absolute mastery of the man on the bridge, and the swift and instinctive obedience of every man below him; but what might be called the frills and fringes of the disciplinary establishment are sometimes lacking.

In coming unbidden to the bridge upon a purely personal quest Bilge Kennedy, machinist's mate, had transgressed, but in revealing how ready and how sincere was the sympathy that dwelt within him for the small and dumb and helpless he had justified his coming.

"Yes," said Captain Bill, short and gruff, to mask the feeling of softness that was in his heart.

It had not occurred to him just how Bilge was meaning to get the pup. He did not particularly consider. That a ship at sea in the midst of wreckage and perhaps of human flotsam should stop to rescue a puny little dog, thereby exposing to possible submarine attack a healthy unit in Uncle Sam's destroyer flotilla, was quite absurd. It was contrary to the rules of war and the tenets of strategy made and provided. The captain instantly swept his eye away to the larger concerns of the moment—to the fields of possible enemy action, to the whaleboat making a rhythmic-oared progress toward the water-logged craft, and then off to where the dirigible swung in the air and made signals from time to time, which the bunting tosser was reading and calling off as he got them.

Bilge, however, running aft along the deck, was somehow shedding his shoes as he ran, and a cheer broke from the men on the after bridge and about the depth-charge racks when he went overboard with a splash and began to swim with long expert strokes toward the hatch cover.

The pup seemed to understand the maneuver at once. He again moved close to the edge of his small craft, and his eyes watched intently that dark spot upon the water where Bilge made progress toward him. Sometimes the long swells let the swimming machinist's mate down into a cradle where he was out of sight, and sometimes they lifted him high on a crest where the little dog caught sight of him again and yapped an eager cry of encouragement and welcome. The men on the deck of the Judson shouted joyously as they saw Bilge make the hatch cover and the little dog caper excitedly about his arms and head.

"I would disrate him for that!" scowled the exec.

"Tut, tut!" chided the captain with a sort of gulp in his throat. "Gad! It's a wonderful spirit, that; that will jump overboard in the middle of the Irish Sea for a wet forlorn little pup. What chance has Germany got against men like that? None at all, I tell you!"

But just then the men in the dirigible balloon seemed to get very excited about something.

(Continued on Page 74)

More Precious Than Rubies

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

IV

AFTER Cecil Caldecott had left his office in charge of his new secretary, Alvin Cochrane, he took the Subway at Fulton Street, rode in the express to Fourteenth Street, got off, took the local to Eighteenth, let three trains go by and took the fourth.

He left at Thirty-third Street and walked into the Vanderbilt. He took the elevator to the eighth floor and walked down to the Della Robbia Room, went out into the street and took a taxi to the Pennsylvania Station. He called a porter, gave him two parcel-room checks, and when the man brought him the valises took the train for Philadelphia. At Philadelphia he bought the drawing-room to Chicago and sent two telegrams—one to Robert Turner, in Indianapolis, and the other to W. W. Kent, in Cleveland. The first read as follows:

Meet me at Blackthorn Hotel, Chicago, Sunday night after eight, or Monday morning after eight. Will pay traveling expenses both ways and all hotel bills. Fifteen minutes will suffice to let you know whether you are the man I want or not.

C. SQUARE.

The telegram to Kent made the appointment for Wednesday night.

He arrived at Chicago a little before seven on Sunday evening and drove to the Blackthorn Hotel. There he registered as Charles Collins, Quadratic, Pa.

"I'd like my regular room on the eighth floor, south side," he said to the clerk. "Don't remember the number. You said it was the choicest, and I believed you and was much pleased both times I had it."

"Certainly, Mr. Collins! Certainly!" said the clerk, who had taken one brief glance at the name, reading it upside down as all hotel clerks do.

"Heavens, don't you ever forget a name?" asked Caldecott admiringly.

He never before had stopped at this hotel, but the clerk, Bradford Richards, retorted reproachfully: "You don't forget your friends' names, do you?"

"No."

"Well, we don't either, in this hotel. I think you had 844."

"Yes, yes! I remember now," cried Collins-Caldecott.

"Front! Here! Eight-forty-four. Mr. Collins, if for any reason you don't like the old room this time let me know, sir."

Caldecott followed the bell hop. Once in 844 the boy officiously began to open the windows, lighted the light in the bathroom, looked about him fiercely, mutely scolding the unseen chambermaids, quite unnecessarily remarked, "I think you'll find everything all right, sir," and then, quite necessarily, began to unstrap Caldecott's valises.

"I wish you'd tell Mr.—er —— You know, the clerk I spoke to."

"You mean Mr. Richards?"

"Yes. Tell him to —— Never mind, I'll tell him myself. Here!" And he gave the boy a quarter.

"Thank you very much, sir," said the boy. The hotel prided itself on the civility of its employees.

Caldecott washed and changed his clothes quickly. Then he went downstairs.

When he saw Richards disengaged he approached and remarked: "Oh, I say, Mr. Richards."

"Yes, sir!" And Richards turned to him with the smile that had made the Blackthorn famous in forty-eight states.

"I expect two young men to come to-night or to-morrow. They are answering an ad that I put in, signed C. Square, on account of my initials being C. C. I didn't want to use my own name, as I did not want to give away my business, of course. So if they should ask for C. Square will you arrange it so I may be notified?"

"Certainly, Mr. Collins."

Caldecott, who had dined on the train, went back to his room. At nine-ten the telephone rang. He answered it.

"Yes?"

"For Example, Suppose We Got a Tip That a Good-Looking Letter Carrier Named Elmer, of Dorset, Vermont, Was Going to Detroit, and That by a Series of Sensational Inventions He Would Become a Billionaire in Five Months"

"Mr. Robert Turner to see Mr. Collins."

"Send him up, please."

Caldecott resumed his seat with his back to the light. He drew from his pocket a small memorandum book on which he had written "Robert Turner, first choice; W. W. Kent, second."

"Good!" he muttered and waited. Presently there was a knock at the door and he yelled "Come in!"

A young man entered. He was dark but red-cheeked, with smooth black hair and big bright brown eyes that seemed to have but two expressions. One was admiring surprise at everything, so that all the world in general and in particular the person before him were simply wonderful! And the other, one of laughter—the world and the person before him were the funniest ever! Of course being concerned only with life and the world he gave out an impression that kindliness came easy to him because of his excellent health. He proved it by his red cheeks, glistening teeth and bright unjaundiced eyes. His lips were mobile, sensitive; born smilers, as it were. He was one of those chaps who seem effeminate only when you describe them, not when you look at them. His chin and his shoulders were square and showed strength. All of him denoted virility.

"Good evening, Mr. Collins," said the young man, and smiled. There was that about his manner which said, really quite plainly: "I believe you are going to do a lot for me and I am going to be very grateful. Here's to our friendship!"

But Caldecott looked at him sneeringly, and said with a cutting coldness: "You come in smiling like a fool, thinking that everybody's another and never doubting you are going to get away with it. Do you think you are a lady-killer and I am Maud, the Winsome Waitress? You are wasting my time, Turner. Of course, I'll pay your expenses, but the next time you put anybody to the trouble of ——"

"There won't be any next time." Turner drew in a deep breath and went on: "I am itching to lick the daylights out of you, but I can see that would not be wise, because I haven't enough money to pay the fine. I feel quite proud of my self-control, but I'd be much obliged if you would not say anything more to me. I—I might not be so wise!"

Young Turner's face had gone white and the nostrils had contracted, giving him a curious animal look rather than the fighting face. It was plain that he would fight till he won—or died.

"Sit down, my boy, won't you? I am glad you came. I had a feeling you would be up to your letter. Have you dined?"

"Huh?"

Turner looked at Caldecott in amazement and saw nothing but sincerity and amiability. Then comprehension came into his eyes and he smiled—a congratulatory smile.

"I wanted to see," explained Caldecott pleasantly, "how you would react to my words."

"Did I register ——"

"I said react, not register. You were you. There will be no trouble about your registering. Just remember that your work will be not to be a movie actor but a young man who does not know he is being photographed. I think you can do that best by acting that you are not acting. I can promise you right now that you will be famous, rich, and withal contented, if you will forget everything else and remember only to whose help and to whose brain you owe fame and fortune and always take his advice. It is not enough to have people say 'He makes a thousand a week!' or to hear them murmur 'There goes Turner!' when you enter a restaurant. But to know that you are using brains instead of capitalizing a smile or a hard look and a long upper lip, to make an artistic reputation and not goo-goo eyes—that is what will enable you to enjoy your fortune and to put up with your fame; and, later on, to bear the triumphs of your successor. Do you find this subtle?"

"No; a little vague."

"Suppose we assume that we've known each other a long, long time—so long that you like me as much as I like you. And suppose you take a chance on friendship and believe me and be my friend. If you do this we can chat much more comfortably and arrive much quicker."

Robert Turner looked steadily at Caldecott. Then he said "I'll take a chance," and held out his hand.

"Good! By the way, how did you find me?"

"I looked at the register. It was not much of a stunt after I saw Charles Collins, Quadratic, Pa. I just asked the clerk where I could find a Postal Guide. Then I knew, and began to have hopes of you."

"How is that?"

"Of course there was no such town in the book, and I decided you could not be a cheap crook, whatever else you were." Turner smiled forgivingly in advance.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"No."

"Good. Were you ever the smartest boy in school?"

"Well, the teacher didn't think so."

"Were you extra good at mathematics?"

"Not extra."

"Look here, Bob; will you promise not to think of the answers that you think I ought to hear from you, but just answer as you really feel? No matter what your reply may be I shan't think you are an ass or a liar—or juvenile."

"Shoot!"

"Then tell me, honest Injun, how were you on wishing?"

"Wishing?"

"Yes, when you were a kid."

"I see! Well ——" He paused.

"Remember we are old friends."

"I used to do a lot of it; by the hour!"

"When did you stop?"

"I'll tell you what happened. I got a hustle on after I was fifteen, and I wished but I also worked. Before that I just wished."

"And do you still do it? Friends!"

"N-no. Of course, I wish, but I do it like a chap goes to the theater, as a recreation. I don't forget that it is a pleasure and that I have to pay for it afterward by hustling."

"What did you chiefly wish?"

"Oh, everything! I wished I might be Number One in everything."

"Did you wish for people?"

"Well, I'll own up that one of my chief wishes was that everybody I spoke the truth to would believe me."

"You mean that people who do not know you might take you at your own valuation?"

"If you put it that way, yes."

"How would you put it then?"

"The same way now." And Turner smiled ruefully.

"Well, Robert, if you wish it hard enough it will come true."

"Do you guarantee it?"

"I'll do more than that. I'll bet you five thousand dollars against fifty cents that it will. That is, you must believe it with all your might; and then what will happen is that you won't have any trouble in fooling the public."

"But I don't wish to fool anybody."

"You'll have to. You are not anything you think you are. Nobody is, at your age. You can't be Napoleon to-day and Shelley to-morrow and Richard Mansfield on Monday and Benjamin Franklin on Tuesday."

Robert Turner laughed approvingly. Then he said eagerly: "Mr. C. Square, I'll do business with you and leave the salary to you to fix at your own sweet will. What do you wish me to do first?"

"I wish you to bear the cruel blow like a Christian. Your poor uncle is dead!"

"Heavens!" And Bob registered overwhelming but gentlemanly sorrow, followed by resignation.

"And he has left you his entire fortune."

Robert Turner shook his head again and again, a boy expressing regret for hitting the lady with the half-sucked half orange aimed at a beloved comrade. He said slowly: "Poor—Uncle—Tim! And I wasn't at his bedside when he died in ——" He paused and looked at Caldecott inquiringly.

"Butte, Montana."

"In Butte, Montana," pursued Robert in the same slow melancholy monotone. "Was he hanged by capitalists or shot by the I. W. W.?"

"He died," explained Caldecott impressively, "of riches—of riches he did not know he did not really wish."

"Poor uncle!" said the nephew regretfully, tapping his own forehead.

"No, he was sane enough, but the riches came too suddenly and too late. He had withstood the rigors of the Montana winters and the killing summers of the desert, the dreadful hardships of a prospector's life for forty years ——"

"Year, forty year," interrupted Turner. "People always use the singular when they speak of any human being who does something tough for more than nine years."

Caldecott nodded acquiescence and went on:

"For forty year he braved storms and endured hardships, buoyed by the hope of striking it rich.

"Being a practical man he did not dream beyond that. He did not dramatize his spending! 'Time enough, he thought, to do that when the smelter's checks began to come in. And so when he struck it rich he died!"

"Poor Uncle Tim! And what did the picturesque Western coroner say?"

"He decided that the deceased came to his death from a streak of hard luck, since he had unspent money in his clothes. The truth of course was that your uncle no longer was buoyed by the hope of striking it rich some day. He ceased to hope when he didn't have to; so he ceased to live when he didn't have to. He left all his money to his only nephew ——"

"His favorite nephew!" interjected the heir, who had cousins.

"Robert Turner," finished Caldecott.

"Is the legacy large enough to prove fatal to the nephew?"

"No, because Robert is a careful youngster, very wise ——"

"But not so wise as C. Square, Esquire!" murmured Robert admiringly.

"Moreover, wisdom fits into the plan of Robert's best friend. Listen carefully. You are going to Butte. The local papers will print obituaries of your uncle in a day or two and the news will be flashed to the East. Then the will is read. More news flashing. The nephew goes to Butte; more ditto ditto. Then he advertises for other heirs. Has any sole heir ever done that? Well, more work for the reporters.

"Then he hears that in his fiery youth the uncle lived among the Indians at the Lame-Cow Reservation. So the nephew goes thither and announces that he isn't going to take any money that may belong to any half-Indian cousin of his. About that time I expect an Associated Press man to be permanently detailed to cover the nephew; also the pictures of 645 Indians claiming to be the only surviving child of the late ——"

"Grando!" burst from Robert Turner.

"Less for the screen than for the Sunday supplements in the East, because presently the nephew goes to New York—young, handsome, single, rich, typically Western, chivalrous, who can deny beauty in distress nothing ——"

"Say ——" began R. Turner uneasily.

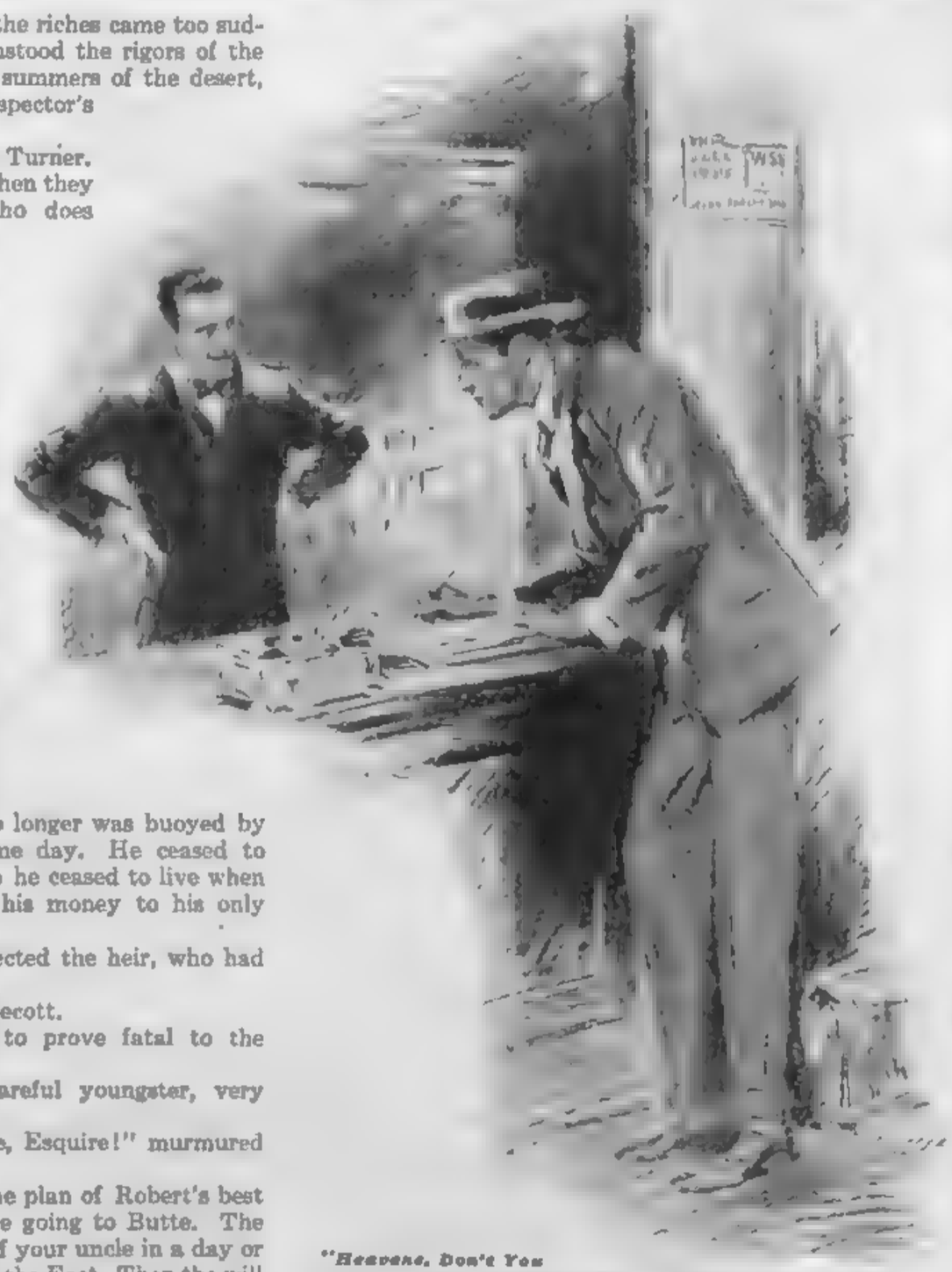
"Wait," said Caldecott soothingly. "Of course his arrival in New York is widely heralded in advance and a mob, duly provided for, will meet you at Grand Central Station. Mobs in New York always mean annoyance to commuters, and annoyance to anybody anywhere in the United States always means reporters. The Butte papers had you paving café floors with gold eagles. You do not believe in banks so you get your returns from the smelters in legal tender; and as your late uncle's mine is shipping eighty thousand dollars a week you won't see why you should not spend it regularly. This earns you the name of Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner."

"Great!"

"When you get to New York you are annoyed at the crowd; you go to the Ritz-Carlton; plain parlor, bedroom and bath; no imperial suite. And when you are led into the Great White Way you don't booze, because you dislike Bright's disease; and you tip fifteen per cent of the bills; and you don't overeat, because you have no use for stomach aches. And you tell the vampires that they are not artistic. You will thus be the only Coal-Oil Johnny who ever landed in New York who refuses to be played for a sucker by the con men or the Tenderloin sirens or the brace-game philanthropists or the high-toned Wall Street bunch. You thus become the one great disappointment in all history. Sunday specials! See?"

"Yes," said the young man sadly, "I see! Darned clever. I understand how you are going to account for my wealth and at the same time for my modest expenditures."

"Look here, Turner, you are not in this business to have fun or drink yourself to death. You are in it to make money for me, because in that way you will make money for yourself. Have you absorbed that?"



"Heavens, Don't You Ever Forget a Name?" Asked Caldecott Admiringly

"Yes."

"You become one of the sights of the metropolis and therefore a national character. Then you go one night to see a performance of a musical comedy and you fall in love with one of the nasal stars. After that, every night and matinée you send flowers. This you do so regularly that the florist inserts his advertisement in the theater program. Of course, you dicker for a low rate on your supply—— "

"Even in flowers, when I am in love?" protested Robert Turner.

"You must play true to type," said Caldecott slowly; "otherwise the newspapers will not believe in you. At all events you soon write her a polite note proposing marriage. And she refuses you ——"

"She couldn't," interrupted Robert Turner with conviction.

"She must," insisted Caldecott.

"But by marrying Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner she becomes Five-Thousand-a-Day Flossie. She would never refuse."

"Oh, yes," said Caldecott confidently.

"Sir, you may be older than I, but I tell you ——"

"Listen to me," said Caldecott impatiently. "You propose, and before she falls on your ten-thousand-a-day neck you warn her: 'If you refuse me I swear I'll propose to you every day, Sundays included, in private and public, so that everybody from Forty-second Street to Golden Gate Park will know that a millionaire is proposing to you daily, and proposes to propose until you get tired of saying no. It will mean disgusting publicity and I hate it as much as you do, but some day you will marry me, and then we will go to my ranch in Montana, where we can live like the early Christians and sleep soundly at night, because of the silence there under the friendly stars in the shadow of the everlasting hills. Of course, the winters will be a little lonesome, but we could always go to Butte for a couple of days at Christmas and ——"

"You win!" shouted Robert Turner.

Caldecott went to the telephone and asked for the room clerk.

"Collins speaking. I have Room 844. Is either 846 or 842 occupied? I find I'd like to have you give it to my friend, Mr. Robert Turner."

There was a pause. Then Caldecott said: "Which? Eight-four-two? Mr. Turner will be down directly to register. It's to be charged to me. Thank you."

He turned to young Mr. Turner and said: "To-day you are not worth fifty dollars a week to anybody. What I'm after is to make you a character in the eyes of the public. It will take money and brains—my money and my brains, not yours. After I make you a public character the crowd will pay to see you. But they will want to see you before you have ever been on the screen, because of what they will have read about you in the newspapers. It will be up to you to hold their interest on the screen after I've stopped doing publicity work for you. Go downstairs and register and get key to 842 and I'll go and send the telegram to Butte."

Mr. Caldecott showed young Turner a message he had prepared in advance:

Kill uncle at once. Nephew starts for Butte in a couple of days. Mailing full instructions. C. C.

This telegram he sent to his friend and customer, the leading jeweler of the famous copper city. He also telegraphed to W. W. Kent not to come.

They went down, and presently returned to Room 844, where Caldecott talked and the young man listened and took copious notes.

AT NINE o'clock the next morning Caldecott left Turner at the breakfast table, saying: "I'll be back as soon as I can. I wish you'd wait for me in the lobby or in your room."

"Mr. Collins," Turner assured him with a cheerful earnestness, "I wouldn't not wait for worlds!"

Caldecott walked briskly to the Film Exchange Building, learned from the directory that the editorial rooms of the Screen Art Magazine were 888 to 896, entered the elevator, and said "Eighth floor, please," so politely that everyone in the car stared.

He got out at the eighth floor, entered the office of the magazine and took off his hat before speaking to the young lady who sat at a flat-top desk addressing envelopes.

"Mr. Coggswell, please."

She nodded and handed him a pad on which to write his name and state the nature of his business.

But Caldecott waved it away and said: "Please say a subscriber and advertiser wishes to ask him one question. It will take"—he pulled out his watch, made his lips move soundlessly and finished—"exactly four seconds. Tell him I timed myself."

The young lady smiled uncertainly because the stranger was not smiling and yet did not look exactly serious. She disappeared and returned presently with a flushed face.

"This way, sir."

"Why was he angry?" asked Caldecott.

"He isn't through with his mail," she sneered.

"I'll avenge you, sis," he promised; "although I must admit that anger is becoming to you. It gives you a charming color."

He looked at her so seriously that she checked a smile and stammered "Th-thank you!" as he entered the editorial rooms.

"Mr. Coggswell?" asked Caldecott.

The editor nodded. He was a short, stout, dark-complexioned man, with a face that had something prematurely mastiffian about it. You felt certain that twenty years later his head would exactly resemble that of a mastiff in repose, because he surely would be thrice as fat as now. In his later life repose would be his long suit.

Caldecott bowed politely as though acknowledging the introduction. Coggswell looked at his visitor with regular editorial eyes—impersonally hostile. Brown and bulgy they were, with glints that suggested an oil-and-water combination of a sneer and a laugh.

"Can you undertake," asked Caldecott, "to give me the benefit of your knowledge and experience, such as you give your readers gratis in your answers to their questions, and charge me a fee precisely as if you were a lawyer or a physician?"

"We are here to help our subscribers and ——"

"And I'm here to help my fellow men. But I want advice, good advice, paid advice. I'm the man who put the C. Square ad in your current issue."

Caldecott took the page, which he had torn from the magazine, and held it before the editor.

"Oh, yes," Mr. Coggswell spoke pleasantly. "I have read your editorials with much interest. I have agreed with your criticisms and with your conclusions in every instance. In every instance!" Caldecott repeated the phrase, frowning as though ready to fight if he encountered incredulity or base suspicions. He had read one issue, but assumed that the editor would run true to form.

Coggswell did. He nodded gratefully. Perhaps he felt that this was not enough in the face of Caldecott's suspicion-dispelling frown, for he murmured meekly: "Thank you!"

"I am going into the photoplay business, not so much to lose money, as you think, but to prove certain theories that I have evolved from reading your articles. I don't know anything about photoplays or the movie business, but I am willing to gamble that you are right. So I came to you not to be dissuaded from undertaking the experiment, but to ask you to recommend or find for me a first-class camera man and a good director. I don't want any world celebrities. I want men who know what's what that you think you can recommend. I know you are not going to steer me against any geniuses ——"

"Certainly not!" interrupted Coggswell with an indignation intended to reassure his visitor.

"But chaps with the kind of common sense you preach in your editorials. I don't know who writes them, but they hit me exactly right and ——"

"I write every line that is printed in the editorial pages, and also the column 'Why, Oh, Why?'"

"It's worth millions!"

"Four dollars a year takes it into any yearning home," modestly remarked Coggswell.

"Plain gumption and knowledge of their trade—that is all I ask.

"I shall not butt in, but I don't want any photographer who thinks he also is competent to write essays on the Japanese peril, the nuptial rites of the inhabitants of Mars or the divorce evil."

"You begin well," said Coggswell.

"So you get me the men. Get them quickly and let me know how much I owe you. I don't want to know them or to see them. I'll engage them on your say-so. I prefer to pay you for doing all the thinking and the picking. All I must insist upon is that they be money-honest, because I'm going to trust them. You fix their salaries. I shall put it up to them to make good. If they fail I shall not blame you. Your interest lies in their making good, but you cannot guarantee that."

"Er—er—I didn't get the name."

"Collins."

"Mr. Collins, you have given me a difficult job."

"If it is difficult for you what would it be for me, a rank outsider?" And Caldecott chuckled.

"I see your point. I'll have to think this over."

"Think it over by all means; but let me see the men to-morrow."

"I can't promise, but—yes I can! I have them! Suppose you call again this afternoon at four."

"I'm at the Blackthorn. Charles Collins; Room 844. Suppose you dine with me and bring the men with you or tell them to come later. I usually dine between six-thirty and seven."

"I'll be there with them sometime between six-thirty and seven," promised Coggswell, in a voice that somehow suggested a crimp.

"In the meantime"—Caldecott pulled a wad of bills—"let me ——"

"No, no! Nothing!"

"Oh, nonsense! I insist ——"

"No; and besides I haven't got the men yet."

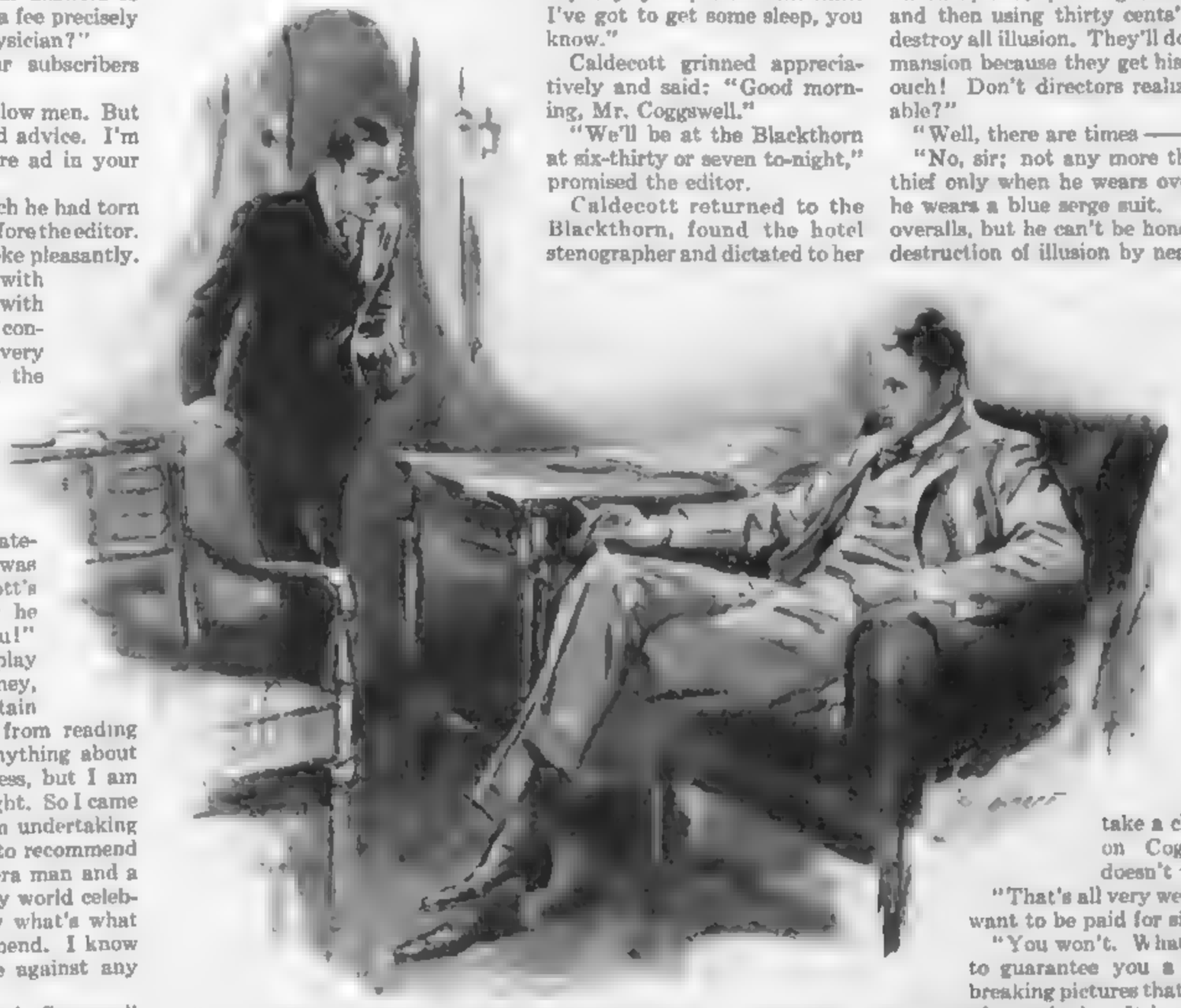
"My dear sir, if you let me pay you now you would never rest until you found exactly the right men for me. You would feel like a swindler unless you did. You are protecting yourself. Pretty wise, I call it."

Coggswell smiled modestly, but he admitted it reluctantly. He said, "I've lived pretty close to forty years and kept my eyes open half the time. I've got to get some sleep, you know."

Caldecott grinned appreciatively and said: "Good morning, Mr. Coggswell."

"We'll be at the Blackthorn at six-thirty or seven to-night," promised the editor.

Caldecott returned to the Blackthorn, found the hotel stenographer and dictated to her direct on the machine a long letter to his Butte associate. It contained full instructions regarding what he, Caldecott, wished done in Butte and later in New York. He mailed the letter, found Turner, lunched with him, took him for a long automobile ride, returned to the hotel at six sharp and waited for Coggswell.



"I am Itching to Lick the Daylights Out of You, But I Can See That Would Not be Wise, Because I Haven't Enough Money to Pay the Fine"

The editor kept his promise. At six-twenty-nine he appeared, accompanied by two young men.

"Mr. Collins, Mr. John Fanning, the camera king."

"Delighted!"

"And Mr. Walter Townsend, the only director who can direct without throwing millions into a sewer."

Caldecott shook hands warmly and said: "If Coggswell says that of you to your face what will he say when you are not here, Mr. Townsend?"

They went into the grillroom and ordered dinner. Over the coffee Caldecott talked business.

"Gentlemen, I know nothing about the business in which you are experts, and I don't care to learn. All I wish to do is to find out if certain things can be done that Mr. Coggswell in his editorial says most directors do not do. I don't want any scenarios. I'll tell Mr. Townsend what I want to do. After he has understood exactly what I wish I'll leave him alone. I don't want to want what you want me to want. I want to want what I myself want. That is my business. For you to make as much as you can out of what I give you, that is your business. It is what I expect to pay you for. I don't wish either of you to lose flesh in my employ. I don't want any impossible stunts. I want honest work, but I am only paying for your knowledge, not for your health. Get that?"

"So far so good," said Townsend, and waited for what was bound not to be so good.

Caldecott smiled at him and said: "Townsend, every man is an ass about something. It may be women or first editions or booze or old masters or money-making or musical comedies. With me it is experimenting in some other business than my own. You know, men spend vast sums in going to Africa to sweat and get bitten by mosquitoes and pricked by thorns and perhaps mangled by lions. Or else they will climb mountains or explore ice fields. Why? Adventure!"

He paused. Then he went on smilingly: "Well, my adventure now is to see who is the ass—the average producer or myself. I gather from Coggswell's editorials that the biggest of them make mistakes—mistakes that, I am bound to say, I consider inexcusable. Indeed, most directors seem to do the right thing only by accident. They are artistic without intending it, logical only when luck is with them. There are not many pictures that make me believe a director can be consistently intelligent. Utterly unnecessary extravagance goes hand in hand with incredible cheapness, spending millions to get effects of realities, and then using thirty cents' worth of painted canvas to destroy all illusion. They'll do the outside of a millionaire's mansion because they get his permission, but the inside—ouch! Don't directors realize that bad taste is inexcusable?"

"Well, there are times ——"

"No, sir; not any more than an honest man can be a thief only when he wears overalls and honest only when he wears a blue serge suit. He may steal only when in overalls, but he can't be honest and a thief. The wanton destruction of illusion by nearly all directors comes from habitually underrating the intelligence and appreciation of the public.

"I don't know anything whatever about photoplays, Mr. Townsend, but I do know the public. I am willing to bet with myself that I can guess right."

He paused, and then looking at Walter Townsend he said slowly: "Here is my proposition: I'll deposit several weeks' salary with Coggswell here, whom you have known for a long time and I only since this morning. You must allow me to keep my production plans to myself. But I want you to feel that you are not going to waste your time. I should like you to take a chance on me. I'm taking one on Coggswell's judgment and it doesn't worry me."

"That's all very well," said Townsend. "I don't want to be paid for sitting round like a mummy."

"You won't. What you would like me to do is to guarantee you a chance to do some record-breaking pictures that would make you independent of everybody. It is a laudable ambition."

"I can't tell yet what you wish me to do," grumbled Townsend.

"I'll tell you what I propose to do: I'll deposit with Mr. Coggswell here, provided you approve, twenty weeks' salary. That will pay you, rain or shine, sink or swim, survive or perish. Long before the twenty weeks are up you will know whether you wish to stay or not."

"Do we sign a contract?"

"No; nobody who works for me signs any contract. I don't want to keep a man unless he wants to stay. I can make it worth his while if he is any good. As for me signing you have twenty weeks' salary in cash in Mr. Coggswell's hands. And in front of him I tell you that I'll give you an interest in every picture we make, the percentage to be determined later by Mr. Coggswell, whom I never saw before this morning, but whom I'll trust for every cent I've got."

It was plain from Caldecott's face that millions were involved. And of course Coggswell said decidedly: "That certainly is fair."

Caldecott apparently assumed that the men accepted. He said: "Good! Mr. Turner leaves for Butte to-morrow morning. You will follow him within forty-eight hours. He will stop at the Miners Palace Hotel and you will go to the same. You won't starve while you work for me. Robert, go upstairs and pack up!"

Turner rose obediently, shook hands all round and left. Caldecott looked after him, an affectionate smile on his face. Then he turned to his guests.

"Gentlemen, that boy is truly one of the most romantic figures in the United States. He is going to Butte because an old prospector uncle who has just died left him ——"

Fanning, the camera man, a pessimist by trade, shook his head. He wouldn't buy a share of that stock; no, sir, not at any price.

"Left him ten thousand dollars a day," finished Caldecot.

"A day!" shrieked Fanning.

"Every day of the year the Consolidated Custom Smelter mails to the executors of that boy's uncle's estate a check

(Continued on Page 33)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $2.00 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $2.50 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 16, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

A Colonial Policy

BISMARCK regarded colonies as useless encumbrances; but Prussian opinion all along has been quite insistent upon restoration of the conquered German colonies. One might wonder just what use Germany, in her depleted state, would have for barely self-supporting appendages in Africa and elsewhere.

About a year ago a Teuton professor contributed a series of articles to the formidably named Europäisch Staats und Wirtschaftzeitung on the general subject of state monopolies.

He concluded that the empire might, after the war, derive an annual revenue of five billion marks from state monopolies of tobacco, spirits, beer, sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa, coal, electricity, nitrates, bread, meat, and exploitation of colonial labor.

The last item, rather puzzling at first glance, was to bring in one billion marks a year, or a fifth of the total. It was to consist of the enforced labor of the inhabitants of the colonies for four-year periods—which, as the professor blandly explained, would merely be in lieu of the military service the empire required of its home subjects.

In short, it meant the establishment of slavery—and the professor is at least entitled to credit for his candor.

Bare Bins

SEVERAL hundred mills in Germany and Austria-Hungary are making yarn out of paper as a substitute for wool and cotton. From all available accounts it is a poor substitute. Their synthetic rubber and the melting of statues to get metal are other signs—only a few among hundreds—of the dire shifts to which the Teutons are put to keep the plant going in any fashion.

Germany was a great industrial, manufacturing country; but her own supplies of basic materials were very limited. For food, she imported yearly vast quantities of fish and meat, and a great deal of grain. In 1913 she imported twenty-five per cent of her iron ore; eighty-nine per cent of her copper; all of her tin; fifty-six per cent of her lead; twenty-seven per cent of her zinc; forty-four per cent of her wool; one hundred per cent of her raw cotton, silk, flax, hemp and jute; half a billion pounds of hides and skins; and over a million long tons of oil. She was an exporter of sugar and potash, and furnished Austria-Hungary, Holland and Belgium with a dozen million tons of coal.

Undoubtedly as to all basic materials—even including food—Germany is down to bedrock, her warehouses bare. She cannot possibly reconstruct her industrial life except by imports—which means by consent of the nations with which she was at war when Prince Max made his peace overture.

Her future is essentially in their hands. That, as well as the military situation, offers abundant opportunities for guaranties of future good behavior. From the time the allied armies broke the Hindenburg Line it was certain that, save for fairly inconceivable blundering on the part of the Allies, the world was going to be definitely rid of the Prussian menace.

There had been a good deal of foolish propaganda, which represented the Germans as a race of supermen, invincible in war and irresistible in intrigue. That bogy man, of a sort of infernally astute German who would finally outwit his adversaries even though he were beaten in the open, made many people nervous. But it was nonsense; for, in fact, the Allies were and are as capable of playing the game as any Germans. They are in a position to hold guaranties for future good behavior that will be sufficient.

Inheritance Rights

IN SUSTAINING an inheritance tax some time ago a state supreme court affirmed in most explicit fashion that there is no right of inheritance whatever; when a man dies his property belongs to the state, which may permit his heirs to take all of it, or part of it, or none of it, as it pleases.

Probably that is good law. At any rate, it is the average man's idea of the law. Probably, also, it needs some overhauling.

That view of inheritance is derived from feudal times, when the only legal title to land, at least, was vested in the lord paramount—usually the king. All other holders and users of land were merely his tenants and subtenants in various degrees. When a tenant died the legal holder of the title might permit the tenant's heirs to continue in possession of the land, in consideration of their paying him a fine, or not, as he chose. But even in feudal times the heirs generally did, in fact, continue in possession of the land, and custom finally had all the practical effect of law.

Except some archaic remnants of law there is nothing in an American state that resembles feudal times. The whole conception of social relationships is different. There is nothing corresponding to a lord paramount, sitting serenely above a body of subjects, graciously accepting their servitude and vouchsafing them the means of livelihood at his good pleasure.

Inheritance has become a right as natural and as well justified, in fact, as any other right pertaining to private ownership of property. Of course, like all other property rights, it is subject to indefinite limitations by the state.

A rational inheritance tax is a good well-warranted source of state income. But its justification is not based on a hoary legal theory derived from feudal times.

The First Lien on Germany

THERE will be no just peace unless Germany pays every penny of the damage inflicted upon Belgium. Belgium had nothing to do with whatever quarrel there may have been between Germany and any other state. Germany had solemnly pledged her word to protect Belgian sovereignty. Her invasion of Belgium was a stark and monstrous crime. For the murder, the outrage, the more than four years of mortal suffering that Belgium has endured, there can be no compensation. But the material damage must be repaired to the last penny. Every chimney and fruit tree must be restored or compensated for.

Germany's war debt, at the last statement, was near thirty billion dollars—a huge load for a defeated country. The bonds representing this debt are practically all held in Germany. They were subscribed for to prosecute a conscienceless war of conquest. At best, they are a second lien on the resources of the empire.

The debt to Belgium is the first lien. If it should appear at the peace settlement that Germany is unable to float bonds for the complete indemnification of Belgium, on top of her present war debt, then the settlement must provide that the present debt take the position of a second mortgage; that interest on the Belgian bonds be a first charge on the revenues of the empire, their principal a first claim on its assets. If Germany cannot carry both loads, the second lien, consisting of the present war debt, must go by the board

That second lien—the present war debt—is a matter for the German people to settle among themselves; but the first lien—the debt to Belgium—is a matter for the world to settle. Unless Germany pays the last cent of the material damage to Belgium the war will not have ended right. Justice will not have been done.

Often when a bankrupt railroad is reorganized, funds are needed for some immediate pressing purpose. The receiver raises such funds by issuing his certificates, which become a first lien on the property—all previous obligations, even though they call themselves first mortgages or first liens, being subordinated. Germany's debt to Belgium must take the rank of a receiver's certificates—an absolute first lien.

Reconstruction

ABOUT five years ago several bankers were debating a proposed bond issue. The amount was thirty million dollars. Whether as much money as that could be found for a bond issue was a debatable question. The other day one of those bankers remarked in the most incidental manner that he supposed reconstruction would take ten or fifteen billion dollars.

Except for the experience of the last four years, reconstruction would have seemed a staggering problem. With that experience, the world faces it confidently.

The Shipping Board recently figured losses of shipping, since the beginning of the war, at twenty-one million and odd tons. Meantime the Allies and neutrals built fourteen million and odd tons, and seized over three and a half million tons of German ships—leaving a net deficit of over three million tons. That net deficit is what most people look at. But if there had been no war the world's merchant fleet would have increased in four years by nearly fifteen million tons; so the actual arrears is about eighteen million tons.

We are that much short of where we should have been if there had been no war.

And we are that much in arrears as to many other items. In Europe for more than three years there has been practically no construction, no extension of plant, except when it was necessary for war work. For more than a year the United States has been in the same case. Long before that our biggest plant—the railroad plant—was falling steadily in arrears as to extensions and terminal improvements.

There is a notion that when the war ends the world will be more or less out of a job; that there will be nothing in particular for this newly discovered productive capacity to do.

But certainly we shall be great blockheads if we cannot find use for all the useful goods we can make.

Democracy and Efficiency

A NOTION that was very prevalent on both sides of the Atlantic, even within the current year, has since suffered irreparable damage—the notion that a real democracy cannot be really efficient.

Four years ago it was widely and truly said that Prussia challenged all democracy by putting to a conclusive test the question whether a nation of self-governing people, bound to consult public opinion, to regard individual rights and even preferences—consequently bound to advertise its purposes and compelled to move in any new direction with comparative slowness—could resist a tightly organized autocratic state, whose regimented power could be swiftly set in motion, in any direction, at the will of a few men.

We know the answer now. The most autocratic state was the first to go to wreck. The most democratic states have shown the greatest staying powers. Germany, in her last straits, did not seek relief by becoming more autocratic, but decisively by becoming more democratic. Whatever else anyone may say of the war, it sanctions the Western World's faith in a democratic form of government.

It was the most democratic state of all that most confounded Prussian calculations.

An American army of two millions on French soil, composed of men who had mostly never seen a weapon of modern warfare until about a year before, was impossible according to Berlin arithmetic.

We know now that real democracy can be really efficient. Hundreds of familiar facts attest it. We know how we did it—by bettering our industrial organization as practical expediency dictated; by a new relationship between government and industry, a relationship in which government's first interest was to increase production; by working with greater energy; by much more intensive practice of thrift; by composing our differences through arbitration, or through mutual concessions, without stopping production.

Broadly, that is how—while raising, training, equipping an army of three millions—we have helped feed the Allies, built the ships, bought the bonds and blocked the Kaiser. We can do all those things in peace as well as in war. We know that we can be tremendously efficient. The only question concerns our will to be.

From the Romanoffs to the Bolsheviki

By Princess Cantacuzène
Countess Spéransky, née Grant

PHOTOS PASSED BY CHIEF MILITARY CENSOR

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

A Crew From Russia's Black Sea Division Putting Their Guns Through a Stream

I REMAINED on alone in Petrograd for two days after I had seen the children off, attending to some business, and before leaving for Kief I saw the attack and capturing by storm of the Lenine headquarters. These were in the ex-palace of the Kceschinskaia, first "ballerine" of the imperial theaters. It was a large, detached palace or villa, opposite the Fortress of Peter and Paul, and near the Trinity Bridge. One side of the building was on the street and one on its own entrance courtyard, while two sides faced into its charming gardens. The garden made the corner of two streets. A high wall edged the garden, and where the streets met at the wall's angle was a small, round summerhouse, which had been the pulpit used by Lenine and his followers to preach their poisonous doctrine to the Russian world.

Lenine had been an exiled nihilist under the old régime, and had lived in Switzerland. One of the first measures of the revolution had naturally been the pardoning and repatriation of all political prisoners and exiles. This was without distinction as to what opinions they held or what their individual reputations were. To everyone's surprise, instead of going round, Lenine returned home directly through Germany, and though he explained he was not allowed to stop or get out at any station there we heard he had been the recipient of every possible attention during his travels in the enemy's country. On his arrival he at once took possession of the Kceschinskaia's palace, which she had abandoned in terror at the first sign of the revolutionary movement, feeling probably that her well-known connection with the Emperor in the past, and with two of the grand dukes in the present, put her in danger. The ballerine protested at her property being requisitioned by the Leninists, but was intimidated into silence.

German Gold Found on Bolsheviki

DAILY Lenine or one of his lieutenants preached their fiery doctrine from the little corner summerhouse, and distributed pamphlets to the listeners below them on the sidewalk. At all hours there was a speaker, and a crowd which at first went to scoff and criticize. Then after a time, the new government having proclaimed complete toleration of all political theories, the orators began to make new converts who, as they demanded the maximum of socialism, took the name of "Maximalists"—in Russian, "Bolsheviki"—and became a declared party, though they made no demonstration before the end of April.

It was found that certain ones of their group had German gold coins about them. The government through its weakness in troops could not act, and Lenine stayed on in the capital, playing his waiting game, talking, working always among the poor. Polovtzoff, now in the second uprising, decided the nest of this propaganda must be cleaned out, and suddenly one evening he bombarded it with machine guns, took the fortress by storm, and captured about thirty of the plotters, though not Lenine himself, who had fled into Finland as soon as he had discovered the failure of the uprising. Documents were found, which showed up the Leninists in their relationship to the enemy, and German gold was also captured.

I had been dining that evening at the American Embassy. Two or three days after the uprising, it was; and as the town was only superficially quiet, and the nights splendid and warm, Mr. Francis proposed when we left, about ten o'clock, to drive another guest and myself home, affording us the protection of his carriage, with its American flag.

The charm of the soft July sky caused the Ambassador to say as we settled into our seats: "It is early yet, and we have all been shut up for so long. I haven't left my desk to-day. Shall we go round by the Quai, and admire the river on the way to your hotel, princess? It is but ten minutes more drive by that way."

I naturally gave an affirmative reply, and we all drew a deep breath of pleasure as we drove out onto the Quai, which is the most beautiful street I know, with its great palaces on one side and the swift, vast expanse of river on the other. Soon we were passing the summer garden, and the British Embassy stood up in front of us, while the long elegant curves of Trinity Bridge, clear against the sky, spanned the river and joined the Field of Mars to the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

"It doesn't seem possible we have been so agitated these last days," I said.

"No," said Mr. Francis; "certainly this time the provisional government has held its own."

"See, there are the fortresses of the government and of Lenine, opposite one another, and at peace," I said; and then we both noticed a lighting-up of them.

"What do you suppose that light means? A signal?" said our host.

"Or perhaps just one of the naval searchlights being tried," I answered.

Suddenly in the silence across the river a shot was fired, and then an avalanche of them rang out, and the whole space between Peter and Paul and the Kceschinskaia palace was alive with soldiers and with guns, flashing and banging—bedlam let loose again.

"Hello, that looks serious," said Mr. Francis.

Then the coachman, without asking for orders, whirled his plunging horses completely round and started back in the direction whence we had come. I instructed him to turn into the first side street and, avoiding thoroughfares, to take the short cut to my hotel, and he was entirely self-possessed and obedient. I then made my excuses to the Ambassador for thus taking things into my own hands; and explained what I had ordered, asking his permission to go through to my home this way. Mr. Francis didn't mind or seem in the least nervous; though he was very keen to know what the firing meant, and was anxious to know what new political difficulty it might bring forth.

When we arrived at the hotel I was able to furnish my host with the desired information, as I found the director knew of the intended action on the Lenine headquarters, and could reassure us as to the general security of the city. Polovtzoff had taken the citadel of the disorderly propaganda, proved its connection with Germany, arrested twenty or more of the leaders of the party. He had obtained the obedience of the men under his orders, and had quieted the city within forty-eight hours. Now he even dared to publish an order of the day to his soldiers, saying that he wished to see them appear in the streets with their uniforms properly buttoned, their arms cleaned and in order, and with their general aspect such that he could tell, when he looked at them, the members of the garrison from deserters and tramps.

Within a very short time, in spite of this record, Polovtzoff was summarily dismissed, and the reasons for it given out officially were his overseverity with the soldiers as embodied in his order to appear properly dressed, his intolerance toward one political party in these days of freedom, and his having sent to prison members of a legitimate group in the new Russian organization.

The arrested Bolsheviki were liberated after a few weeks in prison, and they showed themselves greatly embittered. With the full knowledge and consent of the ministry they at once took up their old habits and headquarters, continued their propaganda and finally published several newspapers. The government apparently was too weak to assume anything but a propitiating attitude toward these avowed anarchists; or else there was no feeling in administrative circles of there being danger to the nation from the Lenine and Trotzky theories. It seemed fatal in its menace to the immediate future of the country, to those of our class who had no desires politically and who thought only of winning the war and of preserving Russia.

Kerensky at the Winter Palace

FROM July on, Kerensky seemed to lose his grip on things somehow, and to change both his personality and his policy. Whether this came from ill health and his breaking down under the strain of his varied occupations and responsibilities, or whether he realized some of the dramatic failures of the revolution, and this affected his capacity, or whether it was simply that he was not the type of man to stand his success, it is difficult to say. In the early days he had been of the people, and had disdained luxury. Now he moved to the Winter Palace, occupied the Emperor's suite there, sleeping in the Emperor's bed, using his desk and his motors, giving audience with much form and ceremony, and surrounding himself with luxury and sentinels.

The capital gossiped much. The conservative group, who until now had been full of admiration for Kerensky's honesty and patriotism and had trusted him, became disillusioned. The Socialists felt their golden statue was uncovering feet of clay, and his own cabinet was helpless in the situation. One of the ministers said that he had frankly told Kerensky his present attitude was that of a small man and would greatly diminish his prestige with all classes. But protests seemed to have as little effect now as they had had under the old régime. Kerensky considered himself the idol of the soldiers, peasants and rough street groups. As the weeks passed there were murmurs against him, only vague at first; but his only policy was to keep his personal popularity at any cost; and the price of it was a

constant flow of concession to the nation's baser instincts. This lasted through July and August.

My trip to Kief was without adventure. The quiet hours in the train came as a welcome rest after the exciting experiences of my stay in the capital. I had time to digest all the impressions of the two weeks just passed. It seemed to me more than ever certain we were in desperate straits and that the well-to-do population would be called upon to pay the price of government mistakes in the past, and also that for possible future progress. I saw no help for us as a group, nor for the country, unless through a miracle of the eleventh hour; and from where should this miracle now come?

I lay awake reading and thinking until late into the night as the train moved southward. In the corridor of the car a dozen or more soldiers were sleeping heavily. I heard them breathe and turn. One was half sitting, half leaning against my door, which occasionally creaked behind his weight. During the afternoon they had been talking politics loudly; and such nonsense as to what the revolution would do had been passed round, that I grew desperate in the thought of their lack of understanding. One old fellow had sat silent during all these discussions, and while our berths were being prepared for the night these rough men made me standing room among them,

and I found myself next this quiet fellow.

I was chilled and tired, and I shivered, saying to him: "It is cold to-night, little father."

"Yes," he replied. "And there is no wood to heat the car with."

"True; that is because there is so much disorder everywhere, and not because wood is lacking in our Russia."

"No, lady. There is much of all here, but we cannot get it."

And then I ventured, wondering what he would say: "I am surprised, because I thought the revolution would remedy the ailments from the old régime, and it seems even worse now; or perhaps it is only to my eyes?"

"Oh, no," said my soldier with dreary resignation. "It is much worse. In the old days at least there was order, and some wood, also provisions; and then when it was cold weather there was vodka to be had to warm oneself with; and that helped much."

Now in the silence of the night his speech came back to me and I wondered what would become of all these lowly people, some of whom were so ignorant as to be demanding a republic with a czar; and I wondered who would be the more helpless, they or ourselves. They were readily and always a prey of enemy propaganda, while we nobles were feeble by our small numbers, to help the lamentable darkness of their minds and souls. Would they with vague instincts and strong bodies be able to go on not only with the war but in the great battles for their historical development?

As this thought crossed my mind the soldier against my door woke up, moved, and cleared his throat; then gently, so low as to wake no one of his comrades, he began a crooning, chanting, harmonious song, in a soft minor key, unutterably sad and sweet, full of the pent-up suffering and longing of his whole primitive race. Though it was uncultured, his voice, like many of our peasants' voices, was beautiful beyond words; and I regretted my incapacity to gather up this passing thread of sound and weave from it, for a violin to sing in the future, its lament for the past and the hope for the future it seemed to contain. A whole hour and more the lovely strain went on; and finally it died away as the singer fell asleep again.

The Gay Life of Kief

THERE had been no single note of discord, and no repetition in the long harmony, yet this artist soul belonged to a medium sample of our Russian soldiers—those who had helped to save Paris, first by their plunge into East Prussia at the war's beginning; and who had so patiently suffered, fought and died in 1915 during our great retreat; who had afterward, when ammunition came, with unimpaired bravery and discipline launched renewed offensives and recovered partly the territory lost, and had given France again the relief she asked for, from the strain on her Front and on Verdun. Now, influenced by the poisonous German propaganda which was being daily injected, these same big, childish creatures of the plains and woods were working themselves into a passionate folly, and were suffering from a hideous moral indigestion following too much liberty, which might well bring about their own ruin together with that of the whole country.

And seemingly no one could help us now, while it was still time. Everyone at home and abroad was either too busy or was perfectly blind. Some said we had primitive strength enough as a nation to live through our trials, and after knowing these people for so many years I was one who kept faith in their final resurrection; and I only wept for the sufferings and destruction which the immediate future must bring, and for the reaction of our troubles on the war. It took all my courage to face the months ahead, and I wondered whether I should leave Kief alive and with Mike; or whether we should find our end there in some bloody catastrophe.

Kief seemed enchanting after the capital, with its gay streets and gardens, the charming luxurious homes, and the great, splendid, picturesque piles of the ancient monasteries and churches, crowned by their numerous golden domes. All this was reassuring to my sad spirits. It looked and felt like old times here, and I began to believe again in the ideals of the revolution, and its success. There were of course numerous untidy soldiers about, but their type was less dirty and aggressive than in Petrograd, and they were less in evidence. The well-to-do element seemed to dominate in the crowded street and wore contented faces. I was delighted to pile myself and my small baggage into Mike's big motor, leaving Elène and Davidka to struggle for the trunks, and to be whirled off by our smart soldier chauffeur to the pretty house into which Mike had already moved.

Madame Ivanoff, an old acquaintance of ours, had been ordered by the municipal government to lodge some of the military, who overflowed the town; and in looking about for people who would least disturb her ease and her old servants she begged us to come and settle with her, for the time of my husband's detail in Kief. We were very pleased to accept; and though she made some difficulties over taking the price we proposed to her she finally consented to all our ideas, even to remaining with us and looking after the housekeeping. So we were going to be really comfortable in our new home, which was altogether attractive. It was next door to the general staff offices, which was very convenient for Mike; and back of the house we possessed a most lovely lawn and garden into which a balcony was built out from the dining room.

German Soldiers as Policemen in the Streets of Radom, Poland

There for weeks during the hot summer weather we sat, had meals and received our friends. I at once loved the place, and grew very fond of the little old lady, its owner; and the months we spent with her and the dramatic experiences we lived through together only drew us closer to one another.

It was very hot, and I was weary from my travels and emotions, but Kief was full of acquaintances, and there were even several old friends there or passing through. I found my husband was the center of an agreeable group whose motto was openly to "Eat, drink and be merry, in the insecurity of the morrow." Life was very expensive, but people had plenty of ready money and were trying to spend it on their immediate enjoyment, since rumors floated southward that there might be later a general confiscation of ready funds for government needs. Everyone kept open house in the cosmopolitan society, composed of rich Polish refugee nobles, of the members of the French aviation unit stationed at Kief, of those men who like Mike were stationary in the city, and of the floating elements of officers on leave or of Petrograd and provincial notabilities passing through town for a few days of rest and pleasure. The parties on the river, auto picnics to châteaux in the neighborhood, dinners and suppers with gypsy bands and chorus, bridge and even tangoes, poker and romances were the order of the day.

What was happening in the upper strata was also going on among the people in the streets, parks and cheap restaurants. One had the impression of a wild festival in every class. My quiet maid was introduced immediately into a circle of gay soubrettes and grand Cuirassiers, and had a most exciting time; and she adores Kief to this day.

Sometimes the conversations I heard struck me as incongruous, tales from the Front, hideous details of the Tarnopol disaster and gloomy forebodings of our future, contrasted with jokes and laughter which preceded or followed them. The officers were more than ever pessimistic, and had good reasons to wish for a few days of forgetfulness. The great proprietors from neighboring provinces were increasingly discouraged by the development of the situation during the late summer on their estates; and those like Mike who had to do with the government as well as with the troops were infinitely anxious under their official mask of calm.

After the Ukrainians were granted their privileges they became a thorn in Mike's side, and the civil officials sent to Kief by the provisional central government were in despair. Of these, two were exceptionally intelligent men, whom Mike found excellent and most reliable collaborators in his task. It was very amusing to witness the relations of these three, and the perfect harmony that reigned by the strength of their common, ardent patriotism and their desire to help the country through the terrible problems that they were daily facing. Mike's aristocratic traditions and title, his high rank at the court and his military honors mixed strangely but well with the traditions of Oboroutcheff, who was a native of Kief, a social-democrat by conviction, of comfortable bourgeois class, and had been elected to his place since the revolution, which he had helped to make. He filled his position of military administrator of the district, with a keen desire to see the movement for democracy a success, and himself and his class put into power permanently by the elections of a constituent assembly. He was ready to work faithfully to this end, and was of the greatest assistance to my husband, and they became warm friends.

The Ukrainians

KIRIENKO, Mike's other colleague, was quite different. Ardent and enthusiastic in his revolutionary ideals, he dreamed of Russia in the future as a socialistic republic, strong and brilliant as he saw her, ready to lead the world when the lowest should be exalted from their present misery and all men should be brothers. He believed, however, that these conditions would only come about slowly, through honest work and intention, and could not be introduced by proclamations or by the destruction of people and property. In the past he had spent seven years in Siberian exile, a political prisoner; and he told Mike this time had been most useful to him, giving him quiet to think and to overcome the inflammatory side of his politics and theories. He was of Kerensky's party—the social-revolutionary—but was, it seemed, entirely sincere, lacking in personal ambition, and he showed great courage in facing responsibility and making decisions. With his reputation as a martyr he appealed to the populace, while by degrees the conservative group grew to have confidence in his loyalty. He came to Kief as commissioner of the central government, and had in charge the civil administration of the city and the province. Tall and immensely strong physically, hearty, bluff, eloquent, but with a great calmness and sense of justice and much reserve, he commanded esteem and remained a noble figure in his leadership until the fall of the provisional government. He frankly and deeply bemoaned the mistakes of the latter for not seeing clearly that the power was drifting into the hands of the worst elements in the country, and he constantly warned his chief in Petrograd. With these two men Mike was saved much petty strife, and he sincerely admired and respected them both.

Thus we drifted through July and August. There was talk always of the constituent assembly, but no step had as yet been taken for arranging elections for it. The Ukrainians were augmenting their propaganda, with evidences of success. They were now established in a great and beautiful building, which had been presented as a museum to the city by one of its rich citizens, and which they had requisitioned, throwing its valuable collections into the street. The donor had vainly tried to save these latter and after ineffective appeals to the municipal authorities he had had a heart stroke and had died. In these halls was established the rada, or senate, of the Ukraine, while their government offices were near by in a hotel of ill repute, which had been confiscated.

Since they now figured in the province's administration Mike and others had to treat with them on any questions pertaining to our estates. All who visited the rada and the Ukrainian ministries returned disgusted, saying they had had to do with a lot of second-raters, and had found that wild confusion and unlimited pretensions were the marked

(Continued on Page 24)

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Above all is its value as a promoter of energy and health

Beside its own nourishing quality it tones and strengthens the digestive powers and helps the body processes to obtain more nourishment from all the food you eat. It is a distinct aid in promoting vigorous physical condition.

Served as a Cream of Tomato it is even more strengthening as well as more delicious.

You can serve it in various easy ways to make it as light or as hearty as you choose; so that it fits many different tastes and occasions.

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Order it from your grocer by the case. This saves extra deliveries. And you have it ready for your table any time at three minutes' notice.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

traits of the new party, whose only effective work was in spreading the propaganda of disorder and disloyalty dictated by their Austrian masters.

At the imperial palace in Kief, seized by the rabble when the Empress-Mother had vacated it, the committees of workmen and soldiers held forth. These, probably by order of their German heads, left most of the work of contamination in Kief to their Austrian friends of the rada, though they pretended to have nothing in common with the latter. The committee or soviet government contented itself with stealing provisions and all sorts of wares, which they secreted in the palace; and with making the charming Louis Fifteenth building into a pigsty. Eating, drinking, smoking and noise were found there at all hours by those who were obliged to visit the offices for passports or on other business

The difficulties Mike and his party had in carrying out any measure of administration, with these two groups always at hand, whose special ambition it was to prevent effectiveness, are more easily imagined than described; yet this was the problem which the central government's representatives were daily obliged to face and solve. Their own headquarters at the staff building became the citadel of law and order as the weeks slipped by; but little by little the other parties gained ground without a chance for the smaller group to fight the sinister tide that was creeping toward them.

Committees became epidemic everywhere. Committees of workmen at the Count Bobrinsky sugar factories decided when they should work, also at what prices, and when enjoy a holiday; and they overran the Bobrinsky park and home, camping in all the rooms, using furniture and valuables. It was the same at other factories, and production was practically at a standstill. Likewise, committees of peasants on all estates fixed their own wages and labors, and they said what should be done with the master's harvests after the year's grain was brought in. The village cows were grazing on proprietors' lawns, the village people walked in our gardens and parks, ate fruits and vegetables found there, requisitioned machinery and stock, and though the châteaux were still respected there was already talk of taking them for places of amusement or for schools.

An Inquisition in the Pantry

COMMITTEES in the various government departments, both civil and military, took up the time of officials or left them constantly minus typewriters, messengers, and so on, for the service; while the soldiers' committees decided whether they would accept their officers or not, and whether they would obey orders or not.

All this created an atmosphere and situation quite indescribable. Shops were closed, with signs up saying it was because the shopgirls had taken a holiday. People were constantly forced to do their own housework while their servants went to committee meetings. Masters were obliged to pay their servants eighty to one hundred and fifty rubles wages, where before ten or twenty had sufficed. All this came by degrees, and with each week there was a new surprise, till by the end of the summer the upper classes were greatly depressed and lived in dread of further developments, whether on their estates or in their houses, factories, shops, hotels or homes. The masses, on the contrary, had reached the zenith of self-confidence and were in a semi-hysterical condition of triumph.

We had luck personally, for our old servants were daily proving their devotion, and we suffered no inconvenience from any caprices on their part. My maid even had the supreme courage to refuse joining a ladies'-maids' committee, and declined also my offer to augment her wages, with which she had always been entirely satisfied. It was "because we know how things are, and I consider these modern laws could only affect me if I took a new place, which I don't mean to do," she assured me. I gratefully accepted her faithful services in the uncertainty of life.

We were subjected to many small annoyances from outside, some of which turned out to be of no particular importance. Once a vague young man presented himself in our kitchen. He was supremely dirty, and was dressed in a greasy costume which had once been a uniform such as was worn by the students of our universities in old-régime times. He announced his business was in connection with the voting for the constituent assembly and that the household must be brought together for him to question them. His looks led Madame Ivanoff to decide that the conference should be held in the pantry, which was large and sunny and could be easily aired and cleaned afterward. The servants were all called, and when they arrived Madame Ivanoff and I went in and sat in two chairs opposite the student, who had established himself at the head of the pantry table with some printed blanks and pencils spread before him. Such hands and nails, and such a head of hair as he possessed were unbelievable, except in the villain of a cheap play.

He began with Madame Ivanoff, asking her age, sex, religion and political persuasions. She was called upon to state when and why she had come to Kief, forty years ago, and then to give a description of her house, the number of its rooms, doors, windows, stoves, and so on. She was very careful, as we were always suspicious of unknown agents in those days, and she finished her replies with a sigh of relief.

Then my turn came. I was anxious to say nothing that might make trouble for Mike, who already had so much bother, and I curbed my tongue and patiently gave my name, age and sex, and stated I had "been in Kief two months to visit my husband." Then I had to give detailed information as to Mike.

"But what do you do in Kief, lady?"

"I? Why, nothing. I have no occupation or profession here, and am simply with my husband."

This seemed to the student so improbable that he went on questioning, till I showed impatience. Then he at once passed on to my nationality.

"A Russian subject," I replied, and gave my name again, whereupon he wrote: "Russian citizeness, Princess Cantacuzène," on his paper; and "Protestant," at my dictation.

Then he said: "And what is your mother tongue?"

"English," I replied.

"That is impossible," he announced solemnly. "It can be German or Tartar or Finnish or Lettish, or one of many others; but not English when you are a Russian citizen"

"Nevertheless, it is as I say. I was born in America, and became a Russian subject about twenty years ago by my marriage; but my mother tongue is English."

He was nonplused, and quite unable to accept this idea.

I finally said: "I was a citizen for twenty-three years before you were born at all; and in a republic long since formed, where there was already law and order. Then I became a Russian subject, and now I seem again to be a citizen of a republic. I don't mind all that, but it is a great bore to hear such nonsense about what I already know from forty years' experience."

He looked as if he thought either he or I was crazy and said soothingly: "Do not be hurt and annoyed, lady. I am obliged to ask these questions."

I protested he made them very long, and that it bored me extremely to go over things Madame Ivanoff and I had already told him. I was perfectly willing that he should call my mother tongue "Chinese" if he liked; and I had no politics. I imagine I was the first of my kind he had met in those days of hot discussions, and that he would have enjoyed telling me the advantages of being a citizen in the great Russian republic; but he finally understood and accepted the fact that I was not willing to continue indefinitely our conversation.

I think he was frightened, and the invaluable Davidka came to my rescue when the questions turned upon my husband. To the valet's extreme indignation our examiner seemed never to have heard of Mike; and then, when to Davidka's information on his own origin he added that he served with the Cuirassiers in Kief and he found the student still ignorant, I departed, leaving Davidka to tell the regiment's history in an angry voice, and to help catechize the other servants. Several of these were not at home, and it was apparently unnecessary to have them inscribed at all; and we never heard or saw any results of this visit.

The Strike of the Porters

I IMAGINED it was merely one of personal curiosity and cheekiness; or that it was a manner of sending agents about the town to investigate under cover of an official excuse how many and what kind of people lived in houses in the richer quarters of the town; and whether it would be best to attack them through burglaries at night or to visit them by day and requisition things openly in the name of the government. Our large group of menservants probably made our home seem a discouraging proposition, and so we were dropped from this young agent's list.

The Cuirassiers kept their heads and continued as they had begun. They had a committee, of course, but it always voted to obey the regimental officers and continued to uphold traditional discipline. Through forgetfulness—or intention—the regimental banner continued to carry proudly at the top of its pole the double-headed eagle of ancient days. Everyone was puzzled that a group so placed acted as these men did, and many were the questions addressed to my husband as to how he had accomplished the miracle of holding his men together. Mike's anxiety increased daily in spite of this triumph. He felt his Cuirassiers must one day succumb to the general contagion. Even if they didn't, the obedience of one single regiment was little to count on in the acute situation.

Some of the efforts by which the lower classes tried to show their power now were entirely unsuccessful, from their lack of knowledge as to how they must act; and were very comic. There was, for instance, a strike declared by the *dvorniki*. These men, who cleaned our sidewalks and courtyards and ran errands, were also night watchmen and looked after passports for the inhabitants of each house by police regulation; and many large apartment houses kept three or more of them. Suddenly these now formed committees and, deciding they would do none of their special work, a strike was called. Our own Grigory

(Continued on Page 81)

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Bolsheviki Troops Guard State Bank at Petrograd

A Canadian Veteran
from the Western Front

W.S.S.

An "Anzac" from Australia
Veteran of Gallipoli

"How did I get my first huns?"

"WHY, it was this way," answered the lad from the Dominion: "It was time for patrol to come back. Sergeant says, 'Joe, go look him up.' I went. There was poor patrol hanging over barbed wire—gone West.

"It was up to me to take over his job. Being somewhat exposed, I dropped into a shell hole nearby. Pretty soon two huns slouched up. While they looked at patrol I headed my Enfield at them and called 'Halt!'

"Just then a pal relieved me while I took the huns for a visit behind our lines."

"Gee!" says Jim, an Anzac veteran from Gallipoli, "maybe you don't think I'm plain crazy to lay hands on a few huns myself!"

* * *

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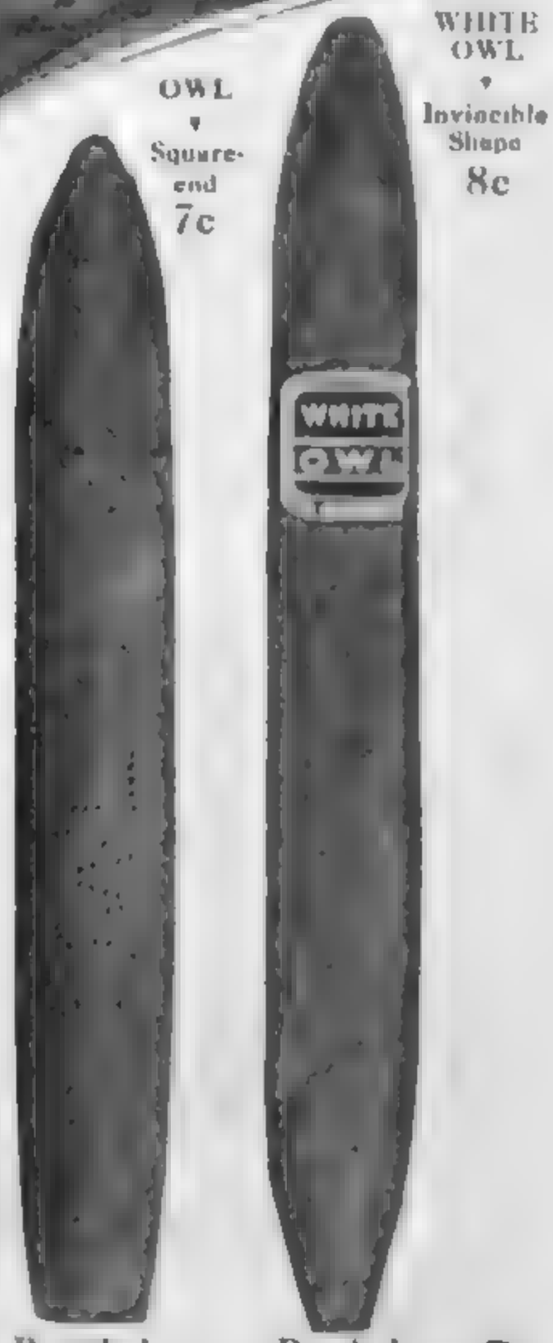

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England Discovers America—By FRANK DILNOT

THE fact that a large number of brainy men in many walks of life have come to America from England to work here on war business is going to have as much effect on international affairs in the future as any set of treaties or arrangements. Rank and file are here as well as leaders. Altogether there will probably be ten thousand of them by the end of the war. They include men who know about meat and grain, guns and shells, automobiles and aëroplanes, oil and coal and lumber, railroad trains and ships. In addition to these there are bankers, bishops, literary men, labor leaders, military and naval chiefs, diplomats and politicians. Together they make up a pretty good example of the best there is in the active life of Britain. All of them will have been in America for some months; most of them will have been here at least a year. These ten thousand men will carry back and present among all sections of society a new picture of America.

The importance of this is found in the fact that they are not just men of words, people of leisure, who have traveled for the interest to be found in another country, as might be said of many who make the journey in peacetime. They are men who do things. That is why they are here. In their different spheres they are good shrewd judges. When they get back what they have to say will carry weight. They will not write magazine or newspaper articles about what they have seen and felt; but, all the same, they will set up inspirations for a generation to come among the slow-moving but virile people across the water.

English Bishops in America

It was, I suppose, a shock for a bishop of the Church of England, as by law established, after having, in British fashion, placed his boots outside the bedroom door to find them in their same uncleaned condition next morning. A bishop descending to breakfast with unpolished boots is something to cause a shudder to reverent Englishmen. It is terrible to think of the state of mind in cathedral circles in Canterbury or Winchester or York or Lincoln at the picture of the bishop making inquiries of hall boys as to where he could find a bootblack. The horrible possibility that he might have to clean his own boots would be opened up. But the dignitary only chuckled; for many bishops have a sense of humor. That same bishop, with a meticulous Oxford University intonation, found himself on uncharted seas of phrase and pronunciation in the crisp and salted talk of New York. He soon began to enjoy it.

How swift is the effect of the American atmosphere was illustrated in the case of Doctor Guttery, the president-elect of the Free Churches of Britain, who within half a dozen hours of his arrival had to make a speech to a gathering of divines who entertained him at lunch. He mixed up the grave and gay. He became almost audacious. A teetotaler himself, in the presence of teetotalers he ventured on a light story apropos of the way the war is promoting temperance in England as well as in America: "You can still get beer, but it is not of the same quality. There was a Sheffield workman who went into a saloon, ordered his drink, and then elevated his glass in reflective mood. 'This Lloyd-George beer,' he said—'it looks like beer, it smells like beer, it even tastes like beer; but when it gets down it has no authority.'" Drinking stories, even so harmless as this one, have to be sparingly related at home before such audiences.

Doctor Guttery, so quickly inspirited to make his little experiment here, was rewarded by the obvious enjoyment of his American hearers. The Free Church leader will probably go on from success to success in this country. He will certainly take back with him many lessons. I have seen all the bishops who have been here and heard them talk in private and in public, and I am sure that their personal discoveries come to them in the nature of an invigoration. They step literally into a new world; and, being big men, they find it a rejuvenating influence to have their social position taken for granted and to be treated simply on their merits as men by all classes with whom they come into contact.

They come from a class, the most conservative and in some cases the most aristocratic in England, where respect for a bishop is a very potent part of the ordinary man's religion. It was delightful to see them broaden out in the American atmosphere. Being sensitive as well as able men, the atmosphere into which they were plunged affected them swiftly.

The Bishop of Oxford, the most learned, possibly the best-born and certainly the most intellectually independent of the British bishops, promptly left off his gaiters; and, as he walked along Fifth Avenue, to all appearances he might have been a studious middle-aged curate. The Bishop of Birmingham dropped clerical garb altogether and came in the military chaplain's uniform of khaki which he has worn at the Front. The Archbishop of York, the chief of a diocese continuously in being for over a thousand years, told jokes with sly suavity, occasionally at the expense of his audiences. They appreciated it immensely and took him to their hearts forthwith.

Lord Reading's Experiences

These bishops came here to find a religious America, of which it is only possible to learn adequately at first hand—a religious America in which all sects are on a common basis of freedom; where ministers of various denominations meet in friendliness and coöperation; where the membership of one kind of church does not imply special social status; and where—most wonderful of all—there is at least one great theological seminary to which ministers of all denominations can and do go for a lengthy course of training in the common duties of ministers outside the special tenets of their sect.

A Congregational minister was in the chair at a dinner given to the Bishop of Birmingham at the Yale Club. That must have been a wonderful experience for an English bishop. In England there is severe demarcation, in spite of the efforts of able men for more unity.

Never since the time America became a nation has there been such an influx from Great Britain of capable business men. They came not on private business, though they brought for exercise the qualities that had lifted them high in their private capacities. Lord Reading, an expert financier, a great advocate in the courts, and the Lord Chief Justice of England, came here not only as the British Ambassador but also as the head of all those business activities that link up the two countries for the war. He has a gracious individuality. He has also one of the keenest and most receptive minds that Britain has ever produced. But Lord Reading, or Rufus Isaacs, as he used to be in his young days as a lawyer, has what may be called the American temperament in his unconventionality and his gift of going swiftly and with determination to the heart of any matter.

To have such a man at the head of British affairs in this country continually meeting with the leaders of industry, and living at Washington, in the center of the frankness and directness of America in international affairs, must have left an indelible impression upon a man whose success in life has been largely built upon his intellectual aptitude for rapid discernment, quick judgment and unfailing adaptability. Statecraft of England cannot fail to benefit for years to come from Lord Reading's experiences here.

The enthusiasm with which Lord Reading regards America, its methods and its character, is common knowledge. He has none of the illusions that sometimes used to be found in Europe with regard to American methods. He does not confuse freedom of expression and novelty in execution with slapdash quickness. He has a knowledge of American character too. I was at a private gathering of newspaper men with him soon after his arrival in this country. He talked to them openly, trusting to their discretion not to publish anything that

(Continued on Page 29)

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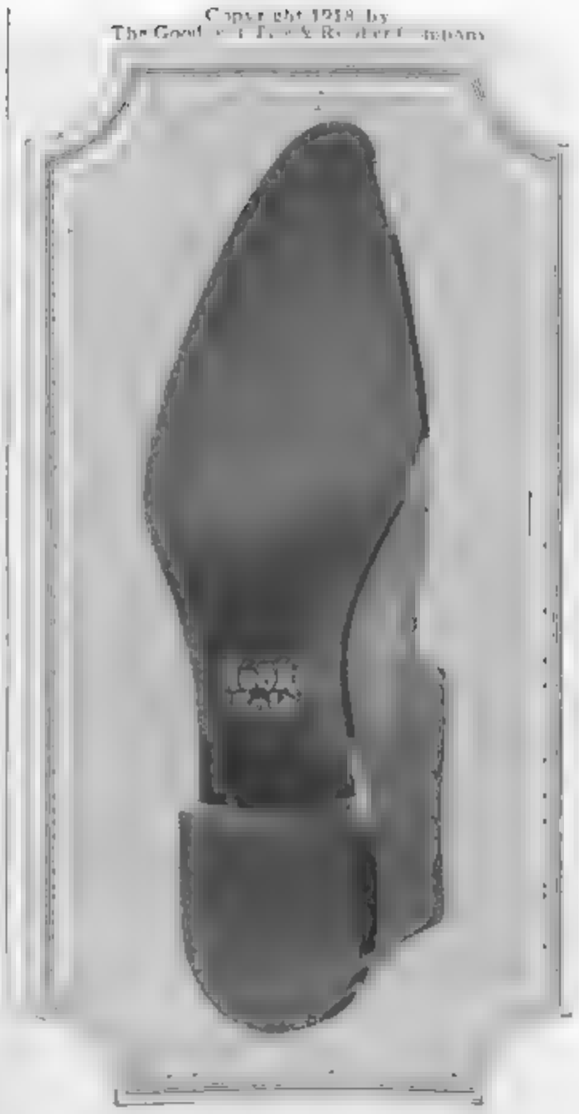

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W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMP
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Blucher

(Continued from Page 26)

would be embarrassing to the Allies or helpful to the enemy.

Naturally his trust was respected. I heard him tell afterward why he was so free. When he was over here before he was in touch frequently with newspaper men, and he had always found them not only absolutely scrupulous in matters of honor but also particularly careful to avoid offense in dealing with subjects in connection with which there might be inadvertent breaches of discretion.

The business leaders had fresh manners of conducting affairs put before their eyes. In the big open offices they saw chiefs at their flat-topped desks, within sight and sound of all that was going on. They witnessed the ease of access to those chiefs of any callers who had any real object or purpose, even if the callers were total strangers. Sometimes they did not agree that this was the best way to transact business in England, but they saw its efficacy in the United States.

They noted the buoyancy of those in command. They had before them the inspiring spectacle of the enthusiasm of youth guided by the experience of age. Some of them, it must be confessed, were not so much impressed by the business methods they found in New York as in other parts of the country; as, for example, in Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, and the various busy cities of the Middle West. There was a certain leisureliness in New York that was piquant. The work was carried through, but nobody was in any hurry. A lively open-mindedness here, as elsewhere, was a motive force; but in everyday executive detail I have heard more than one English business man remark that there was a slowness alien to the rest of America, even as it was alien to London.

That hustling New York should give this impression is indeed strange; but the fact remains. It was part of the unexpectedness which is one of the uplifting things in America to the European. There has, however, not been one, whether he be banker, ship constructor, munition expert or organizer, who has not spoken privately with enthusiasm of the cordiality in the American's heart and the virility in his mind.

The Real Mr. Balfour

One successful Scotchman of forty-seven, who, from a lowly beginning, had made a moderate fortune for himself in England, spoke to me regretfully of the fact that he had not come to this country in his twenties and stayed here. He was walking along Fifth Avenue, with his face as hard as his native Aberdeen granite. "The greatest street in the world," he said. Aberdeen men are not given to effusiveness. He added reflectively: "Mon, what a country! What a country! I am telling ye, they do things here; they do things!"

The extraordinary influence of the American spirit on visitors was never better illustrated than in the case of Mr. Balfour, the British Foreign Secretary, who, though an aristocrat, with all the prejudices of his caste, is a philosopher with charming manners and a brain like finely tempered steel, and a man whose sang-froid is at once the delight and bewilderment of friends and opponents. The story—apocryphal, no doubt—is that on the steamer, when land came in sight, Mr. Balfour surveyed the coast line through his pince-nez and said: "America, I believe? How interesting!"

That was not the Balfour from the time he landed. His face was aglow on the day he rode to City Hall and saw the masses of people, the display of flags and the fervor for the allied cause. I have seen Mr. Balfour in a hundred difficult and exciting situations. I have never seen him so moved as when he came forward after a little speech by Mayor Mitchel and spoke of the Mayor's welcome and the part America was taking in the war.

I have another vision of the British Foreign Secretary. It was at Carnegie Hall during a patriotic demonstration, where he was in a box as a spectator and was not scheduled to take part in the proceedings. Excitement in the crowded gathering grew as patriotic demonstrations followed each other on the platform. Then someone saw him in the box and shouted: "Balfour!" The cry was taken up. Now in England Mr. Balfour would have shrunk back into obscurity. On this occasion he was carried beyond himself. He rose alertly to his feet in the front of the box, his face flushed and alive with feeling, his body tensed. He shouted forth a warm-hearted little speech with all the vigor that was in him.

Here was the real Balfour. No Englishman who saw and heard him but must have been vitalized by the experience; and no American, I am sure, could have failed to respond to the feeling in this foreign statesman, usually so restrained and with such complete command of himself. Mr. Balfour must remain one of the commanding figures in British public life; he will certainly be influenced by his experiences in America.

There have been scores of British naval and military officers and hundreds of British bluejackets and Tommies on American soil during this wartime, and their fraternizing with fellow fighters here has been one of the inspiriting sights to the countrymen of both. Not only the professional and technical coöperation but also the personal cordiality of the officers is a portent for the future, and it cannot be doubted that there have been mutual acquisitions of knowledge.

Equally important has been the association of the rank and file. I heard of a British sergeant who has been teaching bayonet exercises at one of the camps in the South, whose squads of men learned so fast that there was forced from him an appreciation as strongly worded as his condemnation would have been of stupid recruits: "I would be teaching one lot, and the second lot, who were to succeed them, always came and watched and listened; and when I took the second batch they practically knew it all without any telling. If they all learn other things as quickly, and do as well, I ——" Ordinary language then failed him.

Freemasonry of the Sea

A sergeant instructor in the British, American or any other army is not given to adulation of those under his care. That sergeant and the many who are engaged in similar work will take back a vivid idea of the American character to the English communities in which they will move after the war is over.

I saw an instance of how the brotherhood of the sea is potent beyond nationality. Foreign sailors and soldiers here, so far as my observation goes, are extremely well-behaved and are popular with all sections of the people. In some very rare cases perhaps the sailor, after a long time at sea amid hardships and hazards that it is easier to talk about than to realize, may perhaps drink a glass of beer too much. During eighteen months of war, however, I have seen only one such case. The scene was in Seventh Avenue, in New York, about eleven o'clock one night.

A British sailor was threading his way slowly among the people, walking erectly but a trifle unsteadily. There was nothing obtrusive or specially noticeable about him. He caught my eye because I happen to be a Britisher. He also caught the eyes of two American sailors as he stood on the curb swaying a trifle and surveying the passing traffic as though he were looking out on a choppy sea in which there were a host of enemy submarines and destroyers. He probably had never flinched before. He was hesitating now.

The two American sailors came along and, though I could not hear what they said, I saw that they spoke to their brother in blue. He gave them a cheery smile. They took him, one by each arm, and piloted him across the street; and they did not leave him on the other side, but, still holding his arm, proceeded to escort him downtown toward his destination.

That British jack-tar might have been suspicious of civilians. He was perfectly happy and confident in the guidance of those new friends. He knew they were all right. They were American sailors. Little acts of kindness like this, spread over a wide area and in a variety of circumstances, have had and will continue to have a tremendous effect in the future. Such incidents do not find their way into the newspapers, but presently they will percolate to countless English homes.

What impressed the English Labor leaders who have been here is the innate idealism of the American people. I remember how Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. C. W. Bowerman, who are Labor members of Parliament, found that they were listened to with appreciation not only by their trade-union colleagues but also by men

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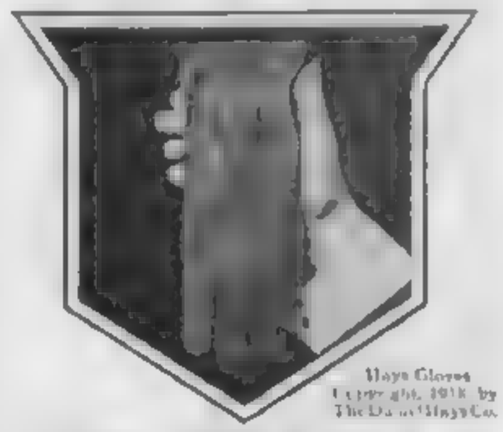

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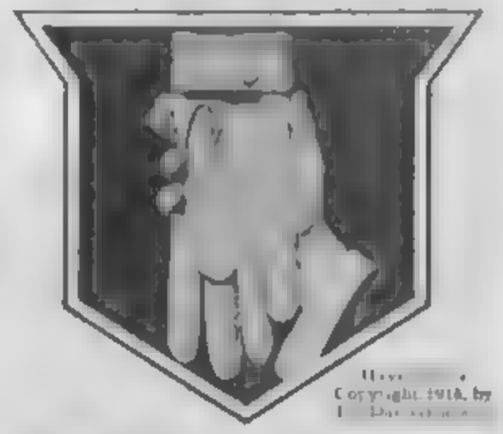

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who one might suppose would have no special sympathy with their views.

Of course they returned with a variety of detailed information about material conditions; and helpful enough that will be when examined at close quarters by the labor movement in England. I give two isolated facts that will strike the imagination over there.

In Britain wages are, of course, much lower than in this country, and there is a certain fixity, a conservatism, among workers, rising partly from temperament and partly from conditions, which keeps them in the same groove. In America the boundless opportunity, combined perhaps with the national alertness, sets up constant changes among the workers. One of the problems American employers have to face is the fact that men come and go frequently. An industry employing a thousand men frequently has two thousand men on its books during the year. In some extreme cases the turnover, as it is called, amounts to four hundred per cent. That is one fact.

Here is another: In England the popular restaurants, in London and the big cities, employ waitresses in peacetime at wages running from three dollars and a half to five dollars a week; and, though it must be remembered that money is more valuable there, the fact provides a dramatic contrast with America. The waitresses in a series of popular restaurants in New York, for example, get a wage of one dollar and seventy-five cents for a seven-and-a-half-hour day, and their total earnings, including tips, approximate twenty dollars a week, with three meals a day in addition. That is an instance of the easier material conditions in the United States for great masses of the population.

This invasion by invitation, if I may so express it, of active-minded Britishers has stirred within them new thoughts and probably new aspirations, practical as well as idealistic. They have found themselves in the presence of a new vital organism, all the more impressive because that organism is a nation and not an individual. It is the multiplication and intermingling of a thousand new factors that will provide them with the finished picture for conveyance home. There is no end to contrasts in the ordinary daily routine.

A Succession of Surprises

Take the Englishman to Washington and he is fascinated by the beauty of the city and pricked with surprised admiration at the unpretentiousness of those in authority; at the comparative ease with which the caller may meet and talk to Cabinet Ministers and those responsible for the government of the country. To see the President at formal functions in a short coat is a revelation.

In Philadelphia the streets and people are more reminiscent of London than possibly in any other American city. There is something in the atmosphere of the buildings, manners of the people, their methods in public and private, which inevitably recalls the English metropolis.

Away from the cities graceful country residences, largely made of wood, appeal to the Englishman at once. It is all a weirdly new fashion, but very picturesque. New houses in England are very often not very graceful or appealing; built of brick and stone, they somehow do not fit into the landscape. The older places, the manor houses, the country cottages, some of them in existence for centuries, are beautiful, and in their own way not to be equaled in any other part of the world.

On the other hand, American architecture, comparatively fresh in style and execution, is a delight in its freshness and fitness. There is nothing like it to be found anywhere. A well-known author, here for the first time, said to me last year: "There is one thing we must do in England; we must start these wooden houses!" He was very emphatic about it. It was just an illustration of the educative spirit.

The newspapers inspire special emotions in the Englishman. A member of Parliament, arriving here a few months ago, was staying at a New York hotel, and gave instructions for the Sunday papers to be sent up to him, expecting the compact and comparatively condensed productions that are prevalent in London. He was bewildered when, at eight o'clock, an attendant came into his bedroom carrying an armful of papers that, with their various supplements, the member of Parliament declared would, if spread out, have covered an acre of ground and would have required a month of reading to go through them.

The Englishmen have learned the great qualities of the women of America—their camaraderie, their ardor to learn and understand, their generosity of spirit and their excellent taste and facility in dress. He has to get used to the fact that in the daytime the majority of them wear boots above their ankles instead of the low shoes customary in England. The climate induces changes in other details also. But he never ceases to admire the general feminine daintiness. T. P. O'Connor, traveler, man of the world, litterateur and connoisseur in beauty, walking one afternoon with me on Fifth Avenue, surveying the bright and ever-changing stream, sighed regretfully: "To see these young American women always makes me wish that I, too, was young again."

The careful dress of the men in America is another point that strikes the visitor. Everybody, except those engaged at the moment in physical occupations, is well dressed. The fact implies a self-respect that is not lost on the English visitor. He misses the class distinctions; he misses them sometimes with a sense of loss, because they carry with them a prideful courtesy and consideration. On the other hand, he is struck by the independence of all classes toward each other.

The extraordinary thing is that this real democratic liberty is reflected in times of national emergency in a ready devotion to the common cause, in what may be called a communal docility that goes with the most tenacious and fierce independence.

The readiness with which the community accepted the draft laws is but one instance. Equally striking have been the voluntary sacrifice in food conservation and the dramatic disappearance of automobiles on Sunday when the request went out for the saving of gasoline. The conservative Englishman sizes up the situation with calm consideration, and then he takes off his hat to the American people.

If I were asked to summarize the principal new impressions made on Englishmen who have never lived here before, I should say that first would come the realization that in all emergencies, national or individual, the average American is not loud and boastful, but, on the contrary, modest, determined and quiet-mannered. Of course there are here, as in other countries, exuberant spirits who have a limited viewpoint. The real Americans are not like that. They have naturally the utmost confidence in their own country; but they are receptive, sympathetic and courteous.

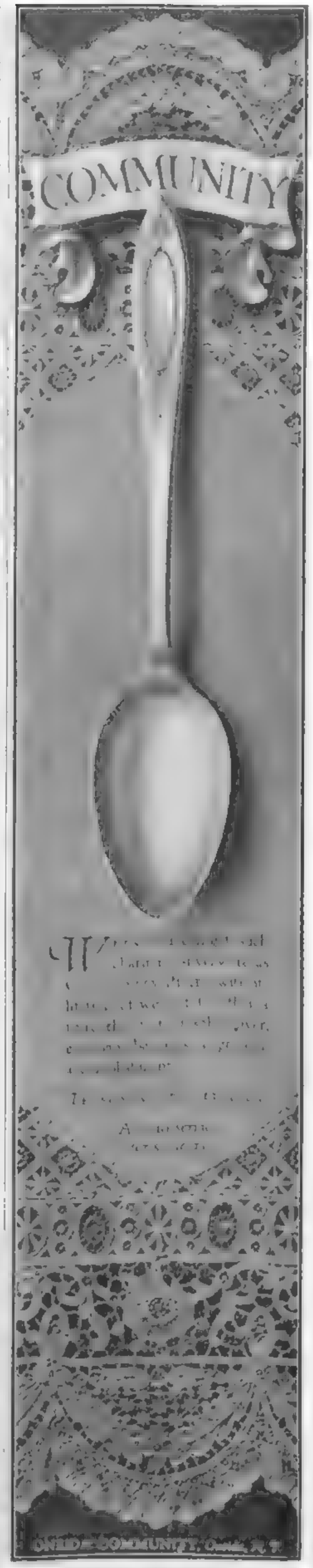
Cordiality to Englishmen

The second thing that strikes the business man of action is the difference in the reception of strangers by the two countries. In England, though there is no lack of courtesy, a man has to build up a knowledge of himself before responsible persons will accord him real freedom of expression and reciprocate it. By that time he is known and trusted. This method has its advantages and disadvantages, but it does not make the task of the stranger particularly pleasant or easy. Americans, on the other hand, receive a visitor who is properly vouched for with personal cordiality, immediately place in his way facilities, and by their openness seek to make the newcomer reveal himself and all there is in him. They surround him with a delightful atmosphere of appreciation.

This is not only pleasurable for the visitor but leads to a swift comprehension of him by his new acquaintances. It sometimes even trends toward misconceptions by the visitor. Americans are swift appraisers of the human factor. If a man makes good with them they continue their close and cordial relationship.

The army of Britishers now in America will carry back a thousand lessons and illuminations. They will supplement and buttress the education already in full progress by means of the pilgrimage throughout England of the millions of ambassadors in olive drab and khaki, on their way to France and Flanders. The latter will also acquire new knowledge and sympathies.

I like to think of a simple phrase in the letter sent home by a young American officer, fresh from college: "I didn't think I should like the English," he wrote. "It took a little time to get used to them. I am making many discoveries. They are a very comfortable people to live with."



VITAL INDUSTRIES
NOW UNDER SAFE CONVOY

The government insures our ships and their precious cargoes as they ply towards France. But that does not save them from the torpedoes of the submarines.

The government therefore arms those ships and throws a protecting cordon of destroyers about them.

And now the same protective screen of destroyers has been flung around the vital industries of the country.

Vital industries everywhere must henceforth be protected against fire by automatic sprinklers, those infallible destroyers of fire, which in thirty-five years have won thousands and thousands of battles against their red enemy.

The vast establishments now to be protected are heavily insured of course. But keen old Uncle Sam knows the difference between mere insurance indemnity in money after a loss and the prevention of a loss. He could not wait for business men to slowly and painfully learn the lesson that fire losses (over $250,000,000 last year) are sapping our resources and threatening our productive capacity. In his wisdom he made business men do at once what their own best judgment would eventually have made them do, just as more than 25,000 business men have already done, namely —put their industries beyond the chance of ruination by fire.

This great act of conservation was born of the wisdom and deep understanding of the Federal Government. It is the harbinger of that certain day when State and Municipal officials will see that the same protection is a vital necessity in every school, hospital, asylum and other institutional buildings where human life is at stake. Proof that automatic sprinklers are the most potent factor in safeguarding human life from fire is complete and incontestable. For information on the protection of such properties, address The General Fire Extinguisher Co., 277 W. Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

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AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM
The Factory-Assembled System

NOW that gasoline saving has become a real factor in winning the war, Hupmobile owners set new store by the *very pronounced* economy of *The Comfort Car.*

Even though all cars may not be endowed with the inherent economy of the Hupmobile, all owners can materially assist the national fuel conservation.

They can do so by prudent driving; by stopping the engine at every opportunity; by properly adjusting carburetor, spark plugs and brakes; by using correct lubricants in engine, transmission and rear axle; by carefully checking their mileage; and by *observing scrupulously* the necessary restrictions imposed by the National Fuel Administration.

In addition to giving you the chance to do your share in the war, War Savings Stamps offer you the best of short-time investments

MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES

(Continued from Page 19)

for ten thousand dollars or over, being the proceeds of the smelting of the ore from the mine the uncle found and developed. The moment the mine began to pay big the old jigger passed in his checks. A week ago Robert didn't have the price of a plate of beans. To-day—well, that's what we get in this country."

"Gad!" said John Fanning, and frowned. "Gad!" And the exclamation seemed to drip blood, daggerlike.

"Listen to me. I am going to pay you men the compliment of assuming that you will understand me as completely as Mr. Coggswell here. Now in what respect does this country differ from all other countries, and the present day from all other times? In one thing only, and that is—newspapers!"

"Newspapers?" echoed John Fanning.

"Yes, newspapers. Everybody reads newspapers. Why? Because people want to know about people; they want to know who does what. Things and engines don't interest the masses. What they want to know about is the men who do the things or run the engines. Consider the Panama Canal as a strait; it becomes nothing. Think of it as made by men and it is everything. Men! Men! The newspapers! Men!"

Caldecott paused, and Fanning promptly took advantage of it to ask coldly: "Well, what of it?"

"When you realize that this is a newspaper reading country you realize the popularity of the news pictures and the educational films. Human life! Real life! Well, I've made up my mind it is time to try a motion biography."

"A what?"

"The pictorial biography of a man whose life is worth doing—fame in the making. For example, suppose we got a tip that a good-looking letter carrier named Elmer, of Dorset, Vermont, was going to Detroit, and that by a series of sensational inventions he would become a billionaire in five months. Knowing this we would begin to photograph Elmer when he was nobody in particular. We would show him gossiping with some farmer's wife, refusing to tell her whom the postal card for her neighbor was from. Then saying good-by to his sweetheart; then in his antique flivver going to the station; and in the mechanical laboratory; and so on, until he became the most picturesque figure in the country. What scenario could equal that?"

"If you can read the future I should think the stock market would pay you better than making bum pictures," growled Fanning.

"Fanning, you must be a good photographer, you are so utterly unintelligent. You probably know all about taking good pictures, and nothing whatever about good pictures to take. Stick to your camera and do not fatigue your giant intellect. Whenever you have a suggestion to make to Mr. Townsend or myself just stick your head out of the window and whisper it to the telegraph poles. Then come and see us with your lips closed as tightly as you can and standing before either of us wiggle your ears."

Caldecott spoke slowly, emotionlessly, with a sort of unseeing stare at the camera man, who stared back fascinatedly.

"Gee!" he ejaculated with a sort of reluctant admiration.

"This boy Bobby is nobody. You will take a picture of him in his obscurity and then leave for Butte. Once in Butte, as his uncle's heir there are lots of things he is going to do to keep the newspapers busy. While I am working on the scenario of our first big picture you will be doing his everyday life. I'll tell you why."

"You don't have to tell me," broke in Coggswell.

"Nor me," said Fanning with a yawn.

Townsend, the director, busy dramatizing, nodded. In his mind suggestions turned instantly into pictures. His eyes were fixed on his employer's.

"I don't know what he is going to do," proceeded Caldecott, "but a man with an income of ten thousand a day has to do something worth photographing. If he spends it, how?"

"Great!" said Townsend, seeing pictures of spending three hundred thousand dollars a month.

"If he does not, why not? Ten thousand a day not being spent! Thirty-odd pounds avoirdupois of pure gold, one thousand ten-dollar pieces not hopping out of his pocket! A river of gold suddenly checked in its flow! Say!"

"You bet!"

"He's bound to be in the papers, and he will pose only for us. Then when he is really famous we'll give his screen biography. The entire press of the United States will be working as our publicity agents—for nothing, boys, for nothing!"

"By Godfrey!" exclaimed Coggswell dazedly.

"That's only to keep you going until I get ready for the big pictures. We'll consult Coggswell off and on about that."

Caldecott rose to his feet and said very impressively: "Gentlemen, I believe we are going to make other pictures look like a frozen turnip. Townsend must not let Turner get too actory. When he does bad acting we can point with pride to it as proving the genuineness of the biography. His train leaves at ten-eighteen to-morrow morning. Get a machine and do what's needed, will you, Fanning? What did you gentlemen say you would work for?"

They told him. Caldecott scarcely seemed to hear them, but he pulled from his pocket a wad of yellowbacks, peeled off four without looking at them and gave them to the editor, saying, "Here is twenty weeks' salary! I'd like to see you a minute, Coggswell."

"Certainly."

Townsend and Fanning drew aside.

"I must ask you as a favor to fix a fee for your services. You are my consulting engineer. When I read you my scenario you'll give your opinion on a professional basis. Fix the figure."

"Well, say five hundred dollars," said Coggswell, a trace of defiance in his voice.

"What!" cried Caldecott, frowning incredulously.

"That," hastily explained Coggswell, "includes my advice on the scenario—on any scenarios you may submit to me during the present year—and as many consultations as you think you need. Of course if I have to go to New York ——"

Caldecott laughed and said: "Will that be perfectly satisfactory to you?"

"Ye-yes," said Coggswell dubiously, no longer fearing he had overcharged.

"Here you are." And Caldecott looked in his roll, found a five-hundred-dollar bill and gave it to the editor, saying, "Don't forget to make these chaps give you a receipt for their salaries."

"You bet!" said Coggswell in a voice that really meant "And commissions."

"To-morrow at the station at ten-eighteen. Good evening, gentlemen."

The next morning they saw Robert Turner off. Later in the same day Caldecott left for New York.

VI

CALDECOTT arrived in New York on Wednesday night. Thursday morning he was at his office shortly after nine. He found Cochrane reading the morning paper.

"Good morning, Cochrane."

"Good morning, sir."

"Detained longer than expected. Much mail?"

"There it is, just as it came."

"Ah, yes. Anybody call?"

"No, sir."

"Telephone messages?"

"Quite a few called up, but not one of them would leave his name."

"What did you tell them?"

"That you were not in."

"Didn't you say I was in Boston?"

Cochrane frowned. Then he ceased to frown and said reproachfully: "Of course not. You didn't say I might."

"I didn't say you shouldn't."

"You advertised for a man who could keep his mouth shut."

"An excellent habit. Excellent! Let me see"

He ripped open envelope after envelope, and when all were open he began to take out the letters and read them and place them face down on the table in the usual three heaps, except two that he put in his inside pocket and one that he set on fire with a match and burned in the washbasin.

He washed down the charred remains, dried his hands and asked Cochrane: "Did you prepare the data on rubies?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'd like to see it."

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Under other circumstances where conditions are far different—both outdoors and indoors—but where eye protection is fully as essential, Willson Goggles are serving just as effectively.

And they are made in such a wide variety of styles that some one model is particularly adapted to every situation where eye protection is at all necessary.

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Goggles for every need—in work, rest or play.

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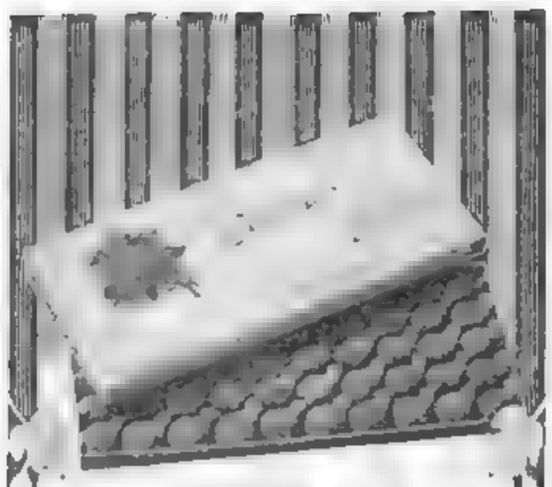

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Smiles, laughter and happiness are all companions of a box of *Calarab Figbuds.*

Send a box of this California candy into the home, the hospital, the battlefield, to the sweetheart or a friend. What other gift for so small a price could mean so much?

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It is made for Ford cars and is attachable to all models—1915 to date. The price is surprisingly low

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Cochrane gave him the typewritten sheets. Caldecott read them very quickly, and when he finished he observed calmly: "You haven't what I'd call marked literary gifts. I don't expect you to be a popular novelist, but let me tell you something: No matter what your business is the combination that wins is common sense and imagination. That merely means that your feet must always rest on terra firma except when there is a chasm, and then you use wings to jump across. That is what is the trouble with this." He tapped the notes.

"I don't know what you mean. I got the facts you said to get ——"

"Cochrane, you are too young to indulge your temper. Listen not to a wiser but to an older man: Facts are the most dangerous things in the world. They are worse than valueless. They are positively misleading. The weather is a fact. Can you depend on it? A woman's sex is another; and what can you make out of it? The stupidity of detectives is still another; and yet, while you can always bank on a detective's consistent idiocy you never can tell how far that idiocy will go. No, Cochrane, leave facts for the superstitious."

Cochrane, who had frowned and flushed, stared at Caldecott perplexedly. Caldecott went on:

"Why have you left out of these notes so many of the really interesting points? For instance, the cost ought logically to be computed as the English reckon wealth—by income.

"Where we say a man is worth a million an Englishman more logically says he is worth ten thousand pounds a year. So with gems. How much is that diamond? The interest on the purchase price and the cost of the care of it! And why do people buy such expensive stones as the De Meryonvilliers rubies? Look at the expense and risks incurred in bringing them over."

"You mean?" asked Cochrane eagerly.

Caldecott smiled grimly: "Risks that, if they do not occur to you, will occur to both buyers and sellers when they think of the expense. By the way, I'm going to make a business call. I wish you would come with me."

Caldecott left his office, followed by Cochrane, who could not help noticing how springy Caldecott's step was, how sturdy his gait, how straight his carriage, how calmly confident his bearing.

They turned south at Broadway and walked to the Marine Building. Caldecott entered it and walked into the office of a steamship company.

"Sit down, Cochrane." Caldecott pointed to a settee. Then he walked to the counter.

"Good morning, Mr. Caldecott," said the clerk who had charge of the plans of the steamers of the company.

"*Bonjour*, Jean. Is M. Letellier in?"

"Yes, Mr. Caldecott."

"I wish to shake hands with him." Then he lowered his voice, whereupon Cochrane frowned. "But first what can you give me in the way of a stateroom for one alone, on the Meuse, next Saturday?"

"Oh, if you only had come in ——"

The clerk—as you could see from his eyes, his eyebrows, his mouth, his shoulders and his hands—was broken-hearted.

"I know, Jean; but just you look and find it. It's hidden somewhere. Or do you prefer I should speak to M. Letellier about it?"

"*Mais non!* It shall be found before you come out of his office. I promise. I shall tell the gentleman I made a mistake."

"I'll bring you a nicer one this time, Jean. I want it for the round trip, and also for the next trip over. The same stateroom. You know how I hate changes. Don't print my name."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Caldecott; thank you," said the clerk, so effusively that Cochrane's eyes took on a curious far-away look, the look of a man trying to find an affirmative answer in the distance.

Caldecott walked into the office of the general agent. Cochrane thereupon sauntered casually to the counter and engaged Jean in conversation.

"A great fellow, my boss, eh?"

"Who is your boss?"

"Mr. Caldecott."

"Yes."

"He seems to know you pretty well."

"Yes, he does! And I know him pretty well. And I do not know you at all."

And the clerk turned his back on the stranger. So Cochrane, frowning angrily, went back to his seat.

Presently Caldecott came out smiling, followed by a fine-looking old man with silver hair and beard and the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole.

"Good-by, M. Letellier."

"*Bon voyage*, Mr. Caldecott," said the agent, whereat Cochrane's face brightened.

Caldecott, followed by his secretary, walked southward until they came to the Custom House. He entered the building with the confidence of a man who has been there many times, and Cochrane followed, a look of perplexity and uneasiness on his face. Caldecott went to the office of the collector of the port and sent in his card.

Then he turned to Cochrane and said casually, "I'll be out in a few minutes. Wait here, will you?"

Cochrane nodded.

"This way," said the old clerk who had taken in the card.

The most skillful smuggler in the world, according to Col. Ira A. Glover, stood before the most successful smuggler catcher in history, according to the friendly New York newspapers who were unfriendly to the Administration in Washington.

"Good morning, sir," observed Mr. Caldecott with the solemnity of a New Hampshire undertaker or a Georgia head waiter.

Mr. Anson Wheeler, collector of the port of New York, nodded. He was a tall, wiry man, who conveyed an impression of mental sharpness by having sharp brown eyes and a sharp brown beard. His lips, you guessed rather than saw, were chronically pressed together and downcurved. You expected no optimistic utterance to issue therefrom, unless of such a nature as "At last I've got you!"

"I trust, sir," continued Caldecott, speaking most solicitously, "that you are enjoying good health."

Anson Wheeler looked at Caldecott steadily with those sharp inquisitorial eyes of his that had acquired the habit of mutely asking "In which pocket are you hiding it?" Presently he nodded and frowned expectantly. It was plain that Caldecott had better tell all.

Caldecott, who was gazing on the collector no less intently though far less hostilely, said earnestly, "I certainly wish it, sir, from the bottom of my heart."

Wheeler's face flushed and his sharp eyes gleamed with irrepressible anger. He made an effort and succeeded in saying huskily, "What do you want?"

"Health!" answered Caldecott simply. "Health! Yours! Without it there is no fun in life, not even in catching nasty smugglers and making them pay back duties, what? No, Mr. Collector, I tell you if you have health nothing else matters."

"Did you come here just to tell me that?"

"To tell you that and other things. Lately—that is, since you did not find the Elkington pearls on me—you have taken such an interest in my movements and in my business transactions that I have come here in the best of humor to tell you everything. I mean of course to tell you my plans, my hopes and my business ideals."

"And I want to tell you ——" began the collector chokingly.

"But not in that voice," interrupted Caldecott quickly. "No; not in that voice. I'll wait until you can talk like a philosopher and a sport. I have time. I'll wait. I promise to listen whenever you get your normal voice back, be it in an hour from now, or two, or ten."

Anson Wheeler made an effort to control himself and succeeded after about six gulpings.

"If you haven't any business ——" he said, and looked toward the door.

"Oh, but I have; personal business."

"What is it?"

"I have come to tell you that I have buyers for the De Meryonvilliers rubies. That is no news to you. It is your business to know what I buy, and this is a big deal. If you'll be frank with me I'll be frank with you. You knew it, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. I know who told you. I told him, knowing that he would tell you. In return for my kindness I'd like you to promise not to ask me how much I paid for them."

"I won't," promised Wheeler grimly.

"Nor how much I sold them for."

"I won't ask."

"I'm sailing for Paris on Saturday. I'm going to get the stones from the duke. You know I've already sold them; but you don't know to whom."

Anson Wheeler smiled enigmatically. He was a very good poker player. He said "If you say I don't I suppose I don't."

"No; you bet your life you don't! That was one of the things I didn't let you know. Listen, Wheeler."

"Mr. Wheeler."

"Oh, pshaw! I'll call you mister if it eases your pain. I told you before that if I really wished to keep you from knowing anything I'd promptly get myself suspected. Once I have the certainty that I am followed I can move about freely without fear of detection. So I advertised for a man to come to my office. What gave him away were his references—they were much too good—and his overeagerness to land the job. Your failure, Wheeler, is due to the total absence of a sense of humor. You are too angry, and that makes you pursue an innocent man. Cochrane wasn't subtle enough. He has too much to unlearn when he stacks up against the exception. He's outside, waiting to be fired."

"Look here! As sure as God made ——"

"Don't be blasphemous. The good Lord who made Cochrane also made collectors. Our finite minds cannot discover the reason. By hiring Cochrane I was able to put you to the expense of sending men to Boston when I was in Philadelphia. On my honor, Wheeler, I went to Philadelphia while Cochrane tipped you off about the Boston trip that I didn't take."

He looked at Wheeler, and Wheeler looked at him. Then Caldecott went on amiably: "I've just engaged passage on La Meuse. I'll be back very soon. I've got to be."

"Yes?" Wheeler's voice was as cold as it is possible to be without freezing solid.

"But I shan't tell you whether I am bringing them back or not. You find out."

And Caldecott permitted himself what looked like a crude burlesque of a stage old maid's simper.

"Look here, you! I'm going to get you and get you good!" Wheeler's face was flushed and his voice matched his face.

"It is perfectly extraordinary how a demeaning occupation will affect a man's manners, and even his speech. You, who associated with nice people before you went in for smuggler catching, are now using the language of an East Side gangster."

"You'd better go while the going is good."

"Oh, *là, là!*" Caldecott shook his head. "Why, man alive, you talk of getting me when you haven't even stated your problem to yourself!"

"I propose to drive you out of business if it takes ten years."

"To begin with, you won't be here ten years, or ten months; and then, if you were you couldn't drive a man out of business who breaks no law. You really interest me, you are so philosophically immature. Now it always simplifies a problem to state what it is. Can you do so?"

"Yes."

"Let's hear you state it."

"To keep you from smuggling."

"You couldn't do that."

"No? Well, you just smuggle and see."

"Well, I did, and I didn't see anything except the angry faces of foiled villains. No, Wheeler, no! You don't state it correctly. No man living can prevent me from smuggling into this country such goods as I deal in: highly concentrated wealth in easily portable form. It can't be done, Wheeler; really it can't! But, even if you hired men with brains to help you, that isn't your problem. I read it on your face so plainly! If you stated your problem honestly it would be something like this: How can I catch Caldecott smuggling so that he can be first, fined heavily; and, next, sent to jail for a couple of years. Am I right?"

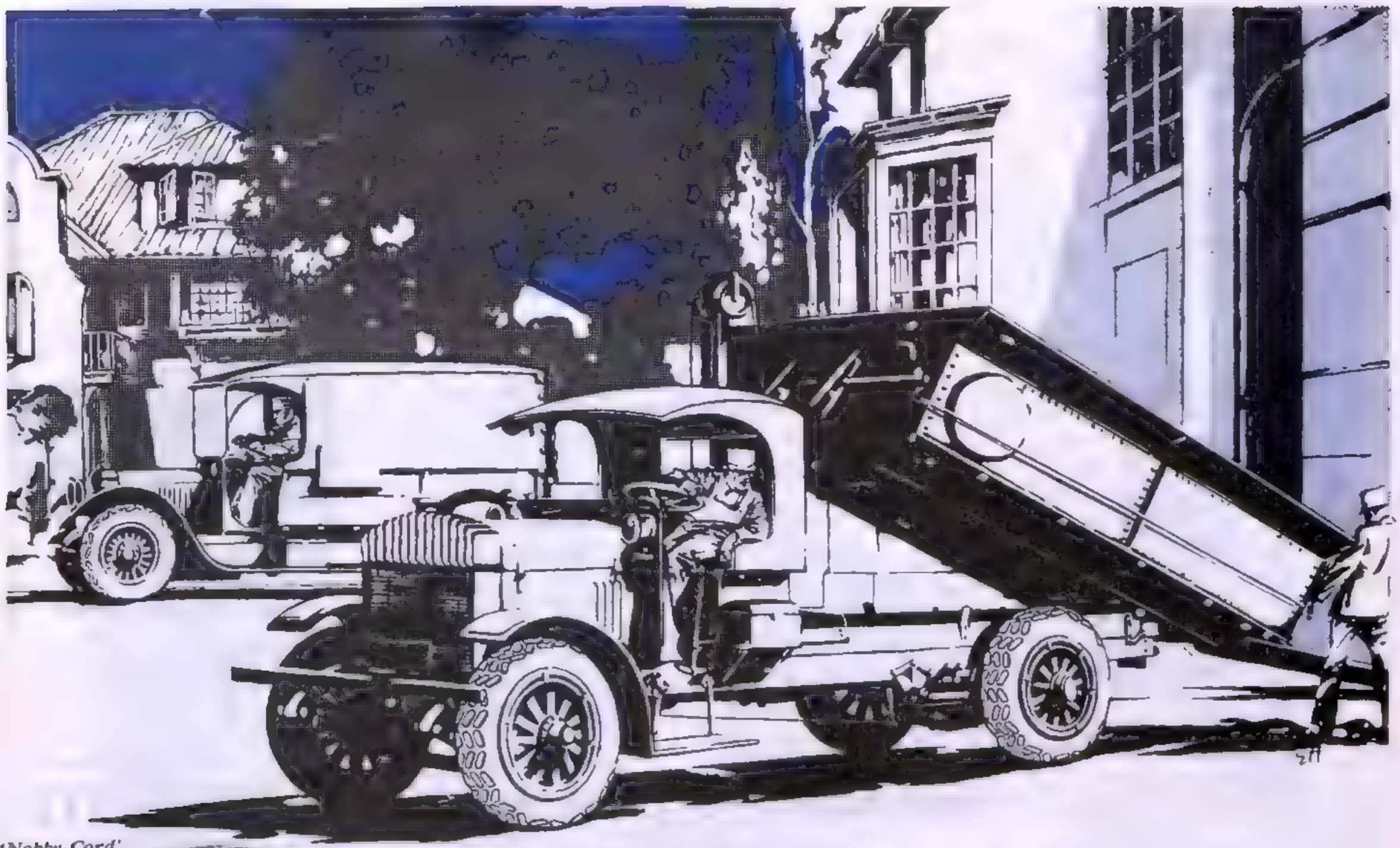
"Yes," asserted Wheeler, and smiled grimly. "That is it, exactly."

"Such being the case," pursued Caldecott with a mournful shake of the head, "we are up against another impossibility. You can't have me fined and you can't send me to jail, because you can't catch me smuggling. And you can't catch me smuggling because —— Would you really like to know why?"

"You are rather fond of hearing yourself, aren't you?" asked Wheeler, with too much of a sneer to be really effective.

"I'll tell you anyhow: Because I don't smuggle! Such being the case, all I ask is that you do not disgrace our common country by a fresh display of asininity. After all, no American likes to think that representatives of the Treasury Department can be not only uncivil but stupid. I'm going to Paris. I shall be at the Hôtel Crillon, where all honest smugglers stop. I shall return on

(Continued on Page 36)



'Nobby Cord' for Trucks

There's a Real Need For Good Tires

In a year and a half of war the motor truck proved itself a utility miraculously suited to the crisis.

Scarcely a necessity of home or business does not depend on trucks—to some extent—for delivery.

And the effectiveness of motor vehicles—light or heavy, passenger or commercial—is entirely dependent upon the tires on which they travel.

That is why good tires are so essential today—so vital to our national welfare.

Only good tires can give continuous satisfaction under the hard, laborious work that war conditions make necessary.

There are five different types for passenger and light delivery cars, as well as both pneumatic and solid for trucks.

United States Tires are Good Tires

'Royal Cord' *'Nobby Tread'* *'Chain'* *'Usco'* *'Plain'*

Good Intentions and Edgeworth

It's the easiest thing in the world to intend to do something, and then to put off doing it from time to time.

You may, for instance, after reading our advertisements, have thought several times of sending for a sample of Edgeworth Tobacco and then failed to do it.

That was our loss. But if you should later on discover that Edgeworth is the smoking tobacco just suited to your taste, you would regret not having sent for it years before.

The right tobacco has a flavor for your tongue and a fragrance for your nose that brings you more daily comfort than you can easily foresee.

If you are thinking once again of sending for a sample of Edgeworth, we wish you would.

It may not be the tobacco that you will like better than any other, but on the other hand, it may be.

If you're willing to take the trouble of learning for yourself, we're ready to do our part.

Just send us on a postcard your address together with that of the dealer usually supplying your smoking needs, and we will despatch to you immediately generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is made in cakes, then cut into very thin moist slices. One slice rubbed between the hands furnishes an average pipe load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed, as its name hints, comes ready for you to pour right from the can into your pipe. It packs well. It burns freely—to the very bottom of your pipe.

Edgeworth is sold in the different sizes various men prefer. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket-size packages sells for 15c; large sizes, 30c and 65c; tin humidor, $1.25; in glass jars, $1.30. Edgeworth Plug Slice costs 15c, 30c, 65c and $1.20.

Edgeworth Tobacco seems to satisfy the cravings of many critical smokers who come to it after trying other kinds. They swear by it.

It is one of the tobaccos the United States Government has requisitioned for our fighting men to smoke over there. They wanted it. It soothes shell-shocked nerves and heartens them with one of the comforts they were formerly accustomed to over here.

When civilians, they learned to smoke Edgeworth. When they became soldiers, no other tobacco would do for them. Thousands of men in all walks of life just downright will smoke nothing but Edgeworth.

When the samples reach you, prepare to sit as judge on their merits. Scrape out the bowl of your pipe thoroughly so that you will be passing judgment on only one kind of tobacco. Load. Drop into the chair in which you take your greatest comfort. Light up, slowly, lingeringly. Give no heed to the first few puffs. Your mind is on the lighting. But now—puff!—puff!—puff!—why didn't you send for this Edgeworth Tobacco years ago!

If you're already an Edgeworth "fan," we respectfully suggest that you try buying it in the humidor size. You secure more tobacco proportionately for your money. You save tin or glass, and both are in short supply. Your supply doesn't give out so quickly and you save time not having to buy so often.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
SMOKING TOBACCO

(Continued from Page 34)

the Meuse shortly, and you won't catch me smuggling."

"I shall myself meet you at the pier on your return."

"And I shall myself ask a few reputable citizens to be present. They are men who are on friendly terms with the people in Washington but are not friendly to you"—and Caldecott looked steadily at A. Wheeler—"so that there may be credible witnesses to any undue roughness or injustice or even incivilities. Be careful that I don't frame you up instead of you trying any kid nonsense on me. What you customs people don't seem to be able to forgive is that I don't tell you to whom I sell the stuff I buy in Europe and don't ship to the United States. You say you think I evade the payment of duties. I suppose you really mean to be complimentary, but I don't consider it that way. All the really good stones I buy go to ——"

He paused and looked Anson Wheeler squarely in the eye. He finished sternly: "To buyers, sir; to buyers!"

"You'd better get out," said the collector of the port, pointing to the door.

"How sportsmanlike! Now, Mr. Collector, just for that I'll certainly ——" He caught himself, stopped frowning and went on musingly: "Anger is the most infectious of all diseases. *Au revoir*, dear Mr. Collector. By all means put all your force on the job. And then advertise for an intelligent man. Just one! He will do a heap more than all your overpaid staff."

And with a pleasant smile Mr. Cecil Caldecott bowed himself out.

Anson Wheeler, his face flushed, his fists clenched, started after him but suddenly checked himself. Could Washington have a hand in this? Was Caldecott simply an *agent provocateur?* If he smuggled and succeeded or if he smuggled undetected by any of the collector's men and then allowed himself to be caught by prearrangement with some agent of the department —— But that was absurd. What could be Caldecott's game?

"Damn him! I'll get him yet!" muttered Wheeler, and returned to his chair.

At that moment Caldecott was saying to Cochrane with a pleasant smile: "Well, my boy, I'll trouble you for the key to my office. I don't think you'll have any further use for it. I trust you made good use of your time. I tried to keep you supplied with an abundance of promising material that I carefully prepared for you."

"I don't understand what you mean," began Cochrane innocently.

"No? Well, you see Anson. He and I have come to a thorough understanding and there isn't going to be any more unpleasantness. I hereby officially discharge you. In accordance with our agreement you are not to ask me for reasons. Here's fifty dollars for two weeks," and he handed a fifty-dollar note to the astonished Cochrane. "Now you give me my key."

Cochrane took the key from his pocket and the fifty-dollar note from Caldecott's hand.

"You earned it, I assure you!"

And before Cochrane could say a word Caldecott left the room.

The Treasury agent put the fifty-dollar note in his pocket. Then he frowned. Should he say anything about the fifty dollars to Wheeler, who had absolutely no sense of humor? How would the collector receive the report of his fiasco?

He thought of Cecil Caldecott and then of Anson Wheeler and then of himself, and said "Damn them!"

He hesitated. A thought struck him that made him smile broadly. He was grinning as though at a good joke when he entered the office of the collector of the port of New York.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

EATING IN TWO OR THREE LANGUAGES

(Continued from Page 4)

Moreover, this dab of sugar was to be my full day's allowance, it seemed. There was no cream for the porridge either, but, instead, a small measure of skimmed milk so pale in color that it had the appearance of having been diluted with moonbeams.

Furthermore, I was informed that prior to nine-thirty I could have no meat of any sort, the only exceptions to this cruel rule being kippered herrings and bloaters; and in strict confidence the waiter warned me that, for some mysterious reason, neither the kippers nor the bloaters seemed to be up to their oldtime mark of excellence just now. From the same source I gathered that it would be highly inadvisable to order fried eggs, because of the lack of sufficient fat in which to cook them. So, as a last resort, I ordered two eggs, soft-boiled. They were served upended in little individual cups, the theory being that I should neatly scalp the top off of each egg with my spoon and then scoop out the contents from Nature's own container.

Now Englishmen are born with the faculty to perform this difficult achievement; they inherit it. But I have known only one American who could perform the feat with neatness and dispatch; and, as he had devoted practically all his energies to mastering this difficult alien art, he couldn't do much of anything else, and, except when eggs were being served in the original packages, he was practically a total loss in society. He was a variation of the breed who devote their lives to producing a perfect salad dressing; and you must know what sad affairs those persons are when not engaged in following their lone talent. Take them off of salad dressings and they are just naturally null and void.

In my crude and amateurish way I attacked those eggs, breaking into them, not with the finesse the finished egg burglar would display, but more like a yeggman attacking a safe. I spilt a good deal of the insides of those eggs down over their outsides, producing a most untidy effect; and when I did succeed in excavating a spoonful I generally forgot to season it, or else it was full of bits of shell. Altogether, the results were unsatisfactory and mussy. Rarely have I eaten a breakfast which put so slight a subsequent strain upon my digestive processes.

Until noon I hung about, preoccupied and surcharged with inner yearnings. There were plenty of things—important things, too, they were—that I should have been doing; but I couldn't seem to fix my mind upon any subject except food. The stroke of midday found me briskly walking into a certain restaurant on the Strand that for many decades has been internationally famous for the quality and the unlimited quantity of its foods, and more particularly for its beef and its mutton. If ever you visited London in peacetime you must remember the place I mean.

The carvers were middle-aged full-ported men, with fine ruddy complexions, and mustaches of the Japanese weeping mulberry or droop variety. On signal one of them would come promptly to you where you sat, he shoving ahead of him a great trencher on wheels, with a spirit lamp blazing beneath the platter to keep its delectable burden properly hot. It might be that he brought to you a noble haunch of venison or a splendid roast of pork or a vast leg of boiled mutton; or, more likely yet, a huge joint of beef uprearing like a delectable island from a sea of bubbling gravy, with an edging of mashed potatoes creaming up upon its outer reefs.

If, then, you enriched this person with a shilling, or even if you didn't, he would take in his brawny right hand a knife with a blade a foot long, and with this knife he would cut off from the joint a slice about the size and general dimensions of a horseshoer's apron. And if you cared for a second slice, after finishing the first one, the carver felt complimented and there was no extra charge for it. It was his delight to minister to you.

But, alas, on this day when I came with my appetite whetted by my sea voyage, and with an additional edge put upon it by the privations I had undergone since landing, there was to be had no beef at all! Of a sudden this establishment, lacking its roast beef, became to me as the tragedy of Hamlet, the melancholy Dane, would be with Hamlet and Ophelia and her pa and the ghost and the wicked queen, and both the gravediggers, all left out.

When I had seated myself one of the carvers came to me and, with an abased

(Continued on Page 39)

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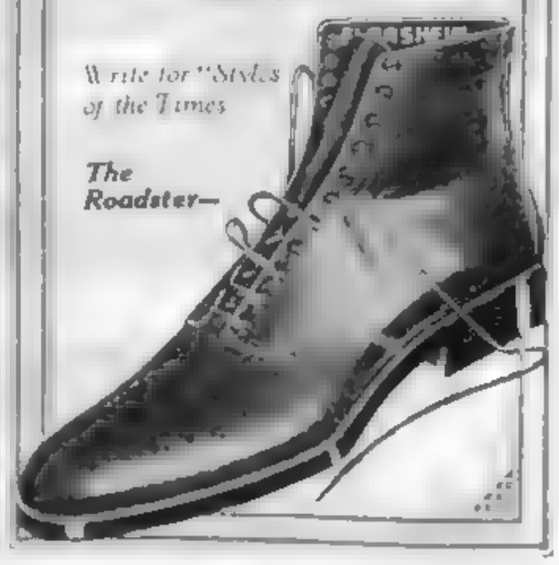

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No matter what the task—in laundry, kitchen and household—this pure white soap means quicker accomplishment, greater satisfaction and real economy.

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REMY

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION SYSTEMS

(Continued from Page 36)

and apologetic air, very different from his jaunty manner of yore, explained in a husky half whisper that I might have jugged hare or I might have boiled codfish, or I might have one of the awful dishes. Anyhow, that was what I understood him to say.

This last had an especially daunting sound, but I suppose I was in a morbid state, anyhow, by now; and so I made further inquiry and ascertained from him that the restrictions applying to the sale of meat did not apply to the more intimate organs of the butchered animal, such as the liver and the heart, and, in the case of a beef, the tripe. But the English, with characteristic bluntness, choose to call one of these in its cooked state an offal dish—pronounced as spelled and frequently tasting as pronounced.

As one who had primed himself for a pound or so of the rib-roast section of a grass-fed steer, I was not to be put off with one of the critter's spare parts, as it were. Nor did the thought of codfish, and especially boiled codfish, appeal to me greatly. I have no settled antipathy to the desiccated tissues of this worthy creature when made up into fish cakes, and the young and adolescent of the breed, commonly called a Boston scrod, is not without its attractions; but the full-grown species is not a favorite of mine.

To me there has ever been something depressing about an adult codfish. Anyone who has ever had occasion to take cod-liver oil—as who, unhappily, has not?—is bound to appreciate the true feelings that must inevitably come to a codfish as he goes to and fro in the deep for years on a stretch, carrying that kind of a liver about with him all the while.

As a last resort I took the jugged hare; but jugged hare was not what I craved. At eventide, returning to the same restaurant, I was luckier. I found mutton on the menu; but, even so, yet another hard blow awaited me. By reason of the meat-rationing arrangements a single purchaser was restricted to so many ounces a week, and no more. The portion I received in exchange for a corner clipped off my meat card was but a mere reminder of what a portion in that house would have been in the old days.

A Barmecide Feast

There had been a time when a sincere but careless diner from up Scotland way, down in London on a visit, would have carried away more than that much on his necktie; which did not matter particularly then, when food was plentiful; and, besides, usually he wore a pattern of necktie which was improved by almost anything that was spilled upon it. But it did matter to me that I had to dine on this sheep's hangnail.

A few days later I partook of a fast at what was supposed to be a luncheon, which the Lord Mayor of London attended, in company with sundry other notables. Earlier readings had led me to expect an endless array of spicy and succulent viands at any table a Lord Mayor might grace with his presence. Such, though, was not the case here. We had eggs for an *entrée;* and after that we had plain boiled turbot, which to my mind is no great shakes of a fish, even when tuckered up with sauces; and after that we had coffee and cigars; and finally we had several cracking good speeches by members of a race whose men are erroneously believed by some Americans to be practically inarticulate when they get up on their feet and try to talk.

There was a touch of tragedy mingled in with the comedy in the spectacle of these Englishmen, belonging to a nation of proverbially generous feeders, stinting themselves and cutting the lardings and the sweetenings and the garnishments down to the limit that there might be a greater abundance of solid sustenance forthcoming for their fighting forces.

I do not mean by this that there was any real lack of nourishing provender in London or anywhere else in England that I went. The long queues of waiting patrons in front of the butcher shops during the first few days of my sojourn very soon disappeared when people learned that they could be sure of getting meat of one sort or another, and at a price fixed by law; which was a good thing too, seeing that thereby the extortioner and the profiteer lost their chances to profit unduly through the necessities of the populace. So far as I was able to ascertain, nobody on the island actually suffered—except the present writer of these lines; and he suffered chiefly because he could not restrain himself from comparing the English foods of pre-war periods with the English foods of the present.

If things were thus in England, what would they be in France? This was the question I repeatedly put to myself. But when I got to France a surprise awaited me. It was a surprise deferred, because for the first week of my sojourn upon French soil I was the guest of the British military authorities at a château maintained for the entertainment of visiting Americans who bear special credentials from the British Foreign Office.

Here, because Britain takes such good and splendid care to provide amply for her men in uniform, there was a wide variety of good food and an abundance of it for the guests and hosts alike. I figured, though, that when I had passed beyond the zone of this gracious hospitality there would be slim pickings. Not at all!

In Paris there was to be had all the food and nearly all the sorts of food any appetite, however fastidious, might crave. This was before the French borrowed the card system of ration control in order to govern the consumption of certain of the necessities. Of poultry and of sea foods the only limits to what one might order were his interior capacity and his purse. Of red meats there was seemingly a boundless supply.

Not a Head Waiter Missing

One reason for this plenitude lay in the fact that France, to a very great extent, is a self-contained, self-supporting land, which England distinctly is not; and another reason undoubtedly was that the French, being more frugal and careful than their British or their American brethren ever have been, make culinary use of a great deal of healthful provender which the English-speaking races throw away. Merely by glancing at the hors d'œuvres served at luncheon in a medium-priced café in Paris one can get a good general idea of what discriminating persons declined to eat at dinner the night before.

The Parisian garbage collector must work by the day and not by the job. On a piecework contract he would starve to death. And a third reason was that all through the country the peasants, by request of the Government, were slaughtering their surplus beeves and sheep and swine, so there might be more forage for the army horses and more grain available for the flour rations of the soldiers.

In Paris the bread was indifferently poor. An individual was restricted to one medium-sized roll of bread at a meal. Butter was not by any means abundant, and of sugar there was none to be had at all unless the traveler had bethought him to slip a supply into the country with him. The bulk of the milk supply was requisitioned for babies and invalids and disabled soldiers. Cakes or pastries in any form were absolutely prohibited in the public eating places, and, I think, in private homes as well. But of beef and mutton and veal and fowls, and the various products of the humble but widely versatile pig, there was no end, provided you had the inclination plus the price.

And so, though the lack of sugar in one's food gave one an almost constant craving for something sweet—and incidentally insured a host of friends for anybody who came along with a box of American candy under his arm or a few cakes of sweet chocolate in his pocket—one might take his choice of a wide diversity of fare at any restaurant of the first or second class, and keep well stayed.

In connection with the Paris restaurants I made a most interesting discovery, which was that when France called up her available man power at the time of the great mobilization, the military heads somehow had overlooked one group who, for their sins, should have been sent up where bullets and Huns were thickest. The slum gave up its Apache—and a magnificent fighter he is said to have made too! And the piratical cab drivers who formerly infested the boulevards must have answered the summons almost to a man, because only a few of them are left nowadays, and they mainly wear markings to prove they have served in the ranks; but by a most reprehensible error of somebody in authority the typical head waiters of the cafés were spared. I base this assertion upon the fact that all of them appeared to be on duty at the time of my latest visit. If there was a single absentee from the ranks I failed to miss him.

(Continued on Page 41)

Lawson
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Indoors must be kept warm and the air fresh and invigorating, if baby is to grow up rugged and healthy. The *Lawson* ODORLESS assures a steady, even room temperature; and it is *safe*—no open flame. Different! It has an inner combustion chamber, protected by an outer steel jacket. Its glowing "heart" sends out *radiant heat* waves—like those of the sun. They penetrate, but do not overheat or devitalize the air that is breathed; are not carried to the ceiling, but go directly to the occupants and objects near the floor.

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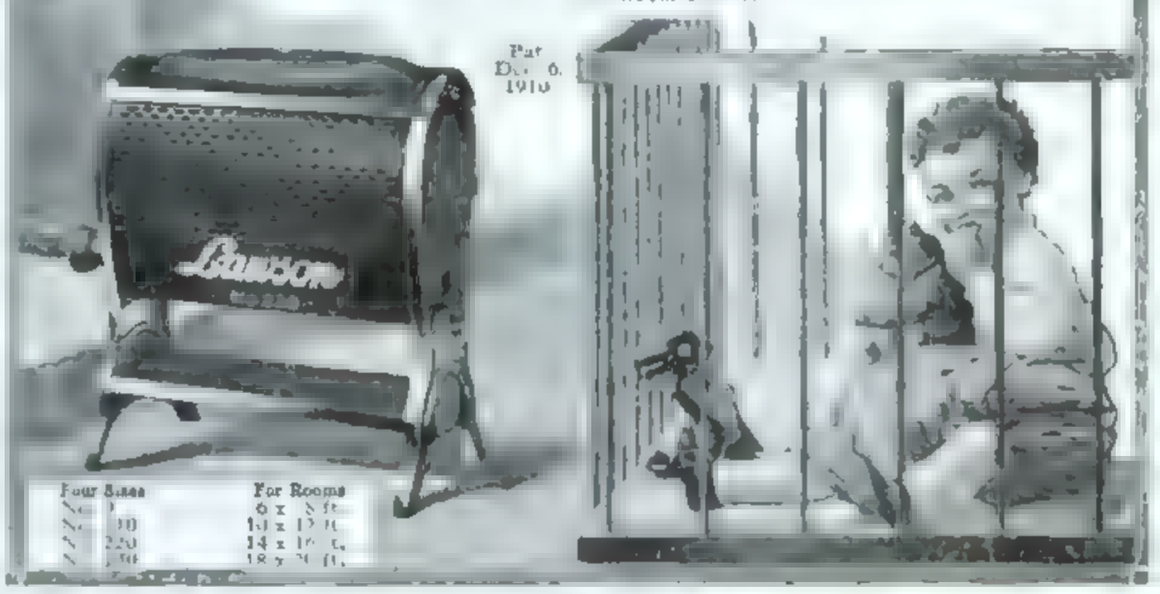

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So well made are Dubbelbilt Suits that we guarantee them against wear or tear for six months—that is to say—if any garment bearing the Dubbelbilt label, needs mending within that time, we will repair it, without charge. *(See the guarantee envelope in the pocket.)*

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MERCHANTS—*We have prepared a limited number of sample shipments of Fall DUBBELBILT Suits—put up in choice selections of two and three dozens. Perhaps we can send you one of these test shipments on approval—if your order reaches us promptly.*

Now have this richer finer-flavored mince pie

Sweet, red Valencia currants! Fine-chopped selected green apples! Big, plump juicy raisins! Tender bits of choice young beef! Fragrant spices of rare kinds!

Such is Libby's Mince Meat—a luscious combination of meat and fruits enriched with kidney fat and sweetened with pure cane sugar syrup—a famous blend known only to Libby chefs.

True to the Libby ideal, each ingredient is the very finest to be found. The currants are brought from Greece; the raisins from the Pacific Coast; certain of the spices from India. The beef is America's—the best the world produces.

Ask today to have a pie made with this richer, finer-flavored mincemeat. Have it served hot. Then—see how eagerly you reach for a second piece!

Libby's Mince Meat is sold both in glass jars, and in bulk from clean, fragrant containers. Your grocer has it or will gladly get it for you.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 511 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby's

Mince Meat

(Continued from Page 39)

There they were, the same hawk-eyed banditti crew that one was constantly encountering in the old days; and up to all the same old tricks too—such as adding the date of the month and all the figures of the year into the bill; and such as invariably recommending the most expensive dishes to foreigners; and such as coming to one and bending over one and smiling upon one and murmuring to one: "An' wot will ze gentailman 'ave to-day?"—and then, before the gentleman can answer, jumping right in and telling him what he is going to have, always favoring at least three different kinds of meats for even the lightest meal, and never less than two vegetables, and never once failing to recommend a full bottle of the costliest wine on the premises.

Stress of war has not caused these gentry to forget or forgo a single one of the ancient wiles that for half a century their kind has practiced upon American tourists and others who didn't care what else they did with their money so long as they were given a chance to spend it for something they didn't particularly want. Yep; those charged with the responsibility of calling up the reserves certainly made a big mistake back yonder in August of 1914. They practiced discrimination in the wrong quarter altogether. If any favoritism was to be shown they should have taken the head waiters and left the Apaches at home.

Jess Willard's Sad Life

Many's the hard battle I've had with these chaps this year. It never failed—not one single, solitary time did it fail—that the functionary who took my order first tried to tell me what my order was going to be, and then, after a struggle, reluctantly consented to bring me the things I wanted and insisted on having. Never once did he omit the ceremony of impressing it upon me that he would regard it as a deep favor if only I would be so good as to order a whole lobster. I do not think there was anything personal in this; he recommended the lobster because lobster was the most expensive thing he had in stock. If he could have thought of anything more expensive than lobster he would have recommended that.

I always refused—not that I harbor any grudge against lobsters as a class, but because I object to being dictated to by a buccaneer with flat feet, who wears a soiled dickey instead of a shirt, and who is only waiting for a chance to overcharge me or short-change me, or give me bad money, or something. If every other form of provender had failed them the populace of Paris could have subsisted very comfortably for several days on the lobsters I refused to buy in the course of the spring and summer. I'm sure of it.

And when I had firmly, emphatically, yea, ofttimes passionately declined the proffered lobster, he, having with difficulty mastered his chagrin, would seek to direct my attention to the salmon, his motive for this change in tactics being that salmon, though apparently plentiful, was generally the second most expensive item upon the regular menu. Salmon as served in Paris wears a different aspect from the one commonly worn by it when it appears upon the table here.

Over there they cut the fish through amidships, in cross-sections, and, removing the segment of spinal column, spread the portion flat upon a plate and serve it thus; the result greatly resembling a pair of miniature pink horse collars. A man who knew not the salmon in his native state, on ordering salmon in France would get the idea that the salmon was bowlegged and that the breast had been sold to someone else, leaving only the hind quarters for him.

Harking back to lobsters, I am reminded of a tragedy to which I was an eyewitness. Nearly every night for a week or more two of us dined at the same restaurant on the Rue de Rivoli. On the occasion of our first appearance here we were confronted as we entered by a large table bearing all manner of special delicacies and cold dishes. Right in the middle of the array was one of the largest lobsters I ever saw, reposing on a couch of water cress and seaweed, arranged upon a serviette. He made an impressive sight as he lay there prone upon his stomach, fidgeting his feelers in a petulant way.

We two took seats near by. At once the silent signal was given signifying, in the cipher code, "Americans in the house!" And the *maître d'hôtel* came to where he rested and, grasping him firmly just back of the armpits, picked him up and brought him over to us and invited us to consider his merits. When we had declined to consider the proposition of eating him in each of the three languages we knew—namely, English, bad French, and profane—the master sorrowfully returned him to his bed.

Presently two other Americans entered and immediately after them a party of English officers, and then some more Americans. Each time the boss would gather up the lobster and personally introduce him to the newcomers, just as he had done in our case, by poking the monster under their noses and making him wriggle to show that he was really alive and not operated by clockwork, and enthusiastically dilating upon his superior attractions, which, he assured them, would be enormously enhanced if only *messieurs* would agree forthwith to partake of him in a broiled state. But there were no takers; and so back again he would go to his place by the door, there to remain till the next prospective victim arrived.

We fell into the habit of going to this place in the evenings in order to enjoy repetitions of this performance while dining. The lobster became to us a familiar acquaintance. We took to calling him Jess Willard, partly on account of his reach and partly on account of his rugged appearance, but most of all because his manager appeared to have so much trouble in getting him matched with anybody.

Half a dozen times a night, or oftener, he traveled under escort through the dining room, always returning again to his regular station. Along about the middle of the week he began to fail visibly. Before our eyes we saw him fading. Either the artificial life he was leading or the strain of being turned down so often was telling upon him. It preyed upon his mind, as we could discern by his morose expression. It sapped his splendid vitality as well. No longer did he expand his chest and wave his numerous extremities about when being exhibited before the indifferent eyes of possible investors, but remained inert, logy, gloomy, spiritless—a melancholy spectacle indeed.

It now required artificial stimulation to induce him to display even a temporary interest in his surroundings. With a practiced finger, his keeper would thump him on the tenderer portions of his stomach, and then he would wake up; but it was only for a moment. He relapsed again into his lamentable state of depression and languor. By every outward sign here was a lobster that fain would withdraw from the world. But we knew that for him there was no opportunity to do so; on the hoof he represented too many precious francs to be allowed to go into retirement.

On Saturday night we realized that for our old friend the end was nigh. His eyes were deeply set about two-thirds of the way back toward his head and with one listless claw he picked at the serviette. The summons was very near; plainly the dread end impended.

Swiftly Rising Prices

Sunday night he was still present, but in a greatly altered state. During the ensuing forty-four hours his brave spirit had fled. They had boiled him then; so now, instead of being green, he was a bright and varnished red all over, the exact color of Truck Six in the Paducah Fire Department.

We felt that we who had been sympathizers at the bedside during some of his farewell moments owed it to his memory to assist in the last sad rites. At a perfectly fabulous price we bought the departed and undertook to give him what might be called a personal interment; but he was a disappointment. He should have been allowed to take the veil before misanthropy had entirely undermined his health and destroyed his better nature, and made him, as it were, morbid. Like Harry Leon Wilson's immortal Cousin Egbert, he could be pushed just so far, and no farther.

Before I left Paris the city was put upon bread cards. The country at large was supposed to be on bread rations too; but in most of the smaller towns I visited the hotel keepers either did not know about the new regulation or chose to disregard it. Certainly they generally disregarded it so far as we were concerned. For all I know to the contrary, though, they were restricting their ordinary patrons to the ordained quantities and making an exception in the case of our people. It may have been one of their ways of showing a special courtesy to representatives of an allied race. It would have been characteristic of these kindly provincial innkeepers to have done just that thing.

Likewise, one could no longer obtain cheese in a first-grade Paris restaurant or aboard a French dining car, though cheese was to be had in unstinted quantity in the rural districts and in the Paris shops; and, I believe, it was also procurable in the cafés of the Parisian working classes, provided it formed a part of a meal costing not more than five francs, or some such sum. In a first-rate place it was, of course, impossible to get any sort of meal for five francs, or ten francs either; especially after the ten per cent luxury tax had been tacked on.

In March prices at the smarter café eating places had already advanced, I should say, at least one hundred per cent above the customary pre-war rates; and by midsummer the tariffs showed a second hundred per cent increase in delicacies, and one of at least fifty per cent in staples, which brought them almost up to the New York standards. Outside of Paris prices continued to be rational and fair.

Just as I was about starting on my last trip to the Front before sailing for home, official announcement was made that dog biscuits would shortly be advanced in price to a well-nigh prohibitive figure. So I presume that very shortly thereafter the head waiters began offering dog biscuits to American guests. Or, if they have not yet done so, they will do so just as soon as a dog biscuit costs more than a lobster costs.

A Race of Natural Cooks

Until this trip I never appreciated what a race of perfect cooks the French are. I thought I did, but I didn't. One visiting the big cities or stopping at show places and resorts along the main lines of motor and rail travel in peacetime could never come to a real and due appreciation of the uniformly high culinary expertness of the populace in general. I had to take campaigning trips across country into isolated districts lying well off the old tourist lanes to learn the lesson. Having learned it, I profited by it.

No matter how small the hamlet or how dingy appearing the so-called hotel in it might be, we were sure of getting satisfying food, cooked agreeably and served to us by a friendly, smiling little French maiden, and charged for at a most reasonable figure, considering that generally the town was fairly close up to the fighting lines and the bringing in of supplies for civilians' needs was frequently subordinated to the handling of military necessities.

Indeed, the place might be almost within range of the big guns and subjected to bombing outrages by enemy airmen, but somehow the local Boniface managed to produce food ample for our desires, and most appetizing besides. His larder might be limited, but his good nature, like his hospitality, was boundless.

I predict that there is going to be an era of better cooking in America after this war. Our soldiers, returning home, are going to demand a tastier and more diversified fare than many of them enjoyed before they put on khaki and went overseas; and they are going to get it too. Remembering what they had to eat under French roofs, they will never again be satisfied with meats fried to death, with soggy vegetables, with underdone breads.

Sometimes as we went scouting about on our roving commission to see what we might see, at mealtime we would enter a community too small to harbor within it any establishment calling itself a hotel. In such a case this, then, would be our procedure: We would run down to the railroad crossing and halt at the door of the inevitable Café de la Station, or, as we should say in our language, the Last Chance Saloon; and of the proprietor we would inquire the name and whereabouts of some person in the community who might be induced, for a price, to feed a duet or a trio of hungry correspondents.

At first, when we were green at the thing, we sometimes tried to interrogate the local gendarme; but complications, misunderstandings, and that same confusion of tongues which spoiled so promising a building project that time at the Tower of Babel always ensued. Central Europe has a very dense population, as the geographies used to tell us; but the densest ones get on the police force.

So when by bitter experience we had learned that the gendarme never by any

"I like you, Jim, but your Cream is no good."

said a traveling salesman friend of mine the other day—and he meant it. Claimed he had been giving Mennen's Shaving Cream a fair trial for a week, and it fell short of my claims about 103%.

"Try it once more," I said. "And I'll buy you a dinner if you haven't changed your mind."

I watched him carefully. He squeezed out enough cream for three shaves and brushed it for 39 seconds by the watch, using a scant brushful of water.

"Wash it off!" I said. "You are making paste—not lather. Start all over."

Then I took charge.

He started with about one-half inch of cream and all the water his brush would hold. As soon as a lather was whipped up, he kept adding water until he had built a lather as light as beaten whites of eggs. He worked this lather in *with the brush* for three full minutes.

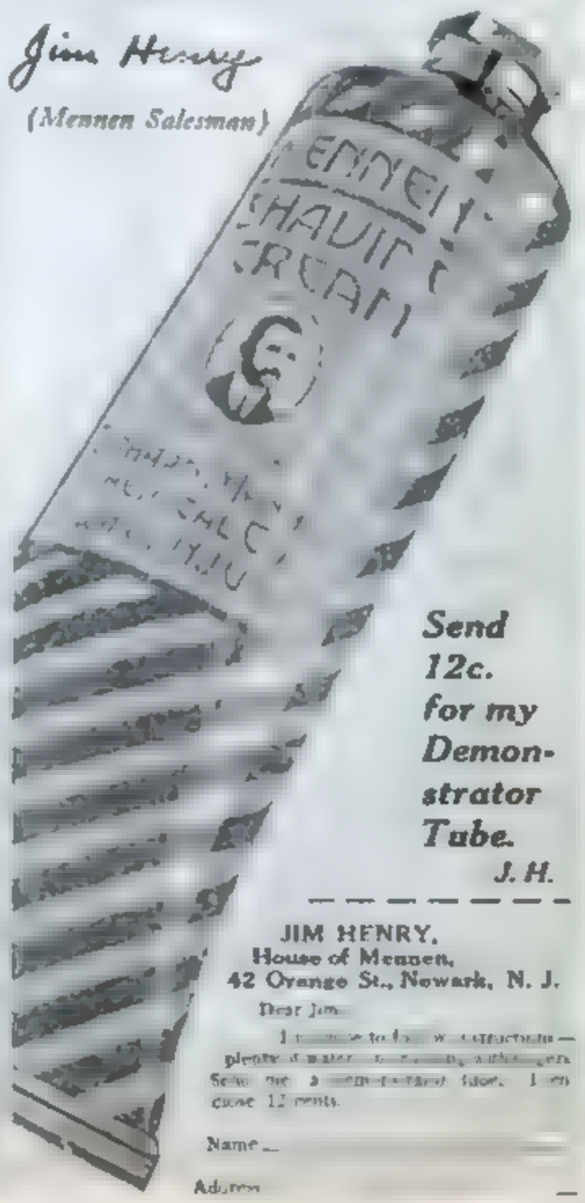
Say! I wish you could have seen the expression of dawning appreciation that showed in his eyes as the old scythe began to sing through the stubble.

"Gosh! Jim," he said, after the first over, "I haven't had such a shave since that old darky head barber at the *Planters' Hotel* retired, fifteen years ago."

I'm telling this story because it would be too bad for anyone to lose a life-time of pleasant Mennen shaves by getting prejudiced at the start because of a wrong method of using it.

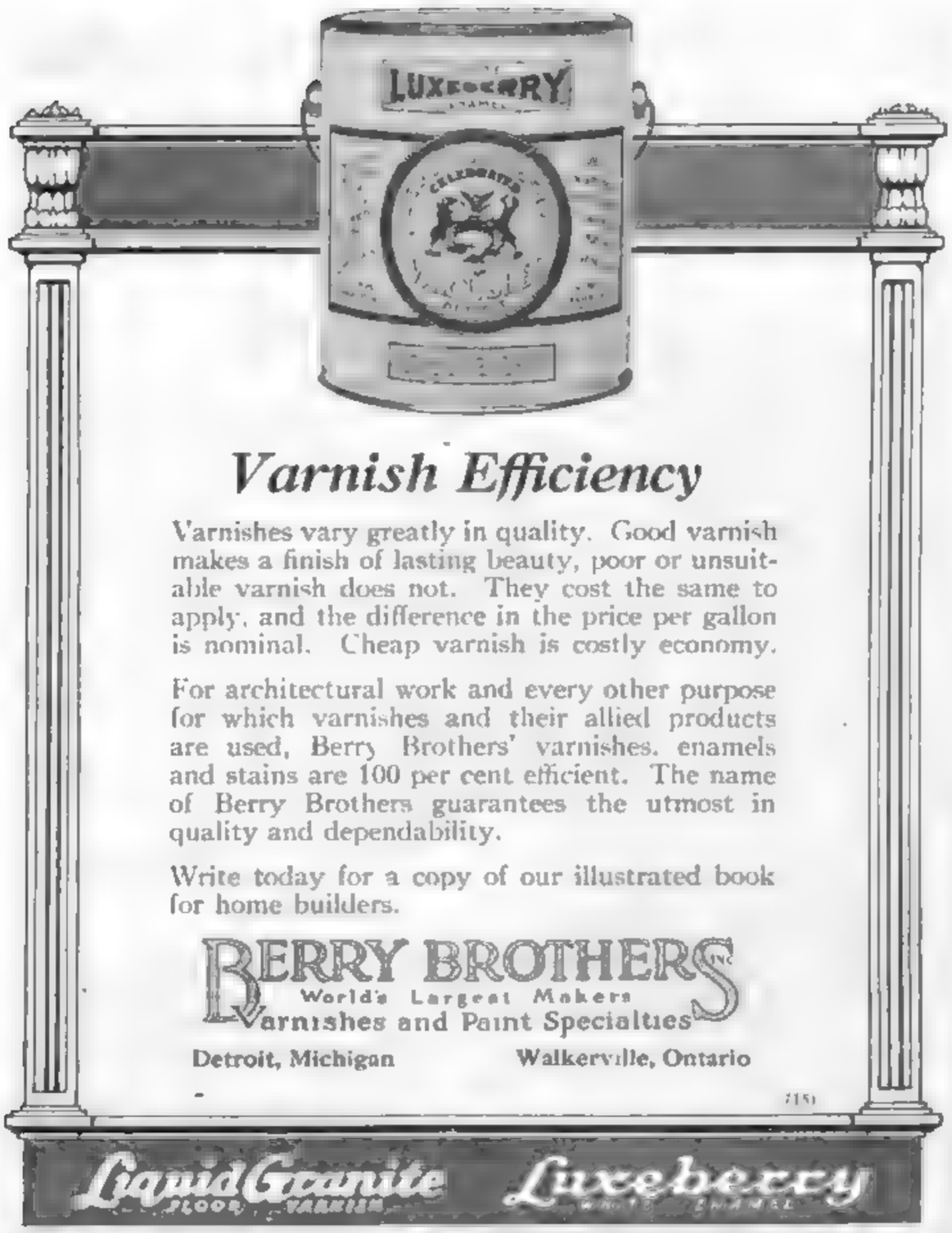
Candidly, our files contain a few letters *complaining* about Mennen's, but our shipping receipts show that every morning considerably more than a million men use Mennen's—*right*—and like it.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)



Send 12c. for my Demonstrator Tube.
J. H.

JIM HENRY,
House of Mennen,
42 Orange St., Newark, N. J.
Dear Jim:
I [illegible] to [illegible]—
please [illegible]
Send me a [illegible]. I en-
close 12 cents.
Name [illegible]
Address [illegible]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Varnish Efficiency
Varnishes vary greatly in quality. Good varnish makes a finish of lasting beauty, poor or unsuitable varnish does not. They cost the same to apply, and the difference in the price per gallon is nominal. Cheap varnish is costly economy.
For architectural work and every other purpose for which varnishes and their allied products are used, Berry Brothers' varnishes, enamels and stains are 100 per cent efficient. The name of Berry Brothers guarantees the utmost in quality and dependability.
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chance could get our meaning and that we never could understand his gestures, we hit upon the wise expedient of going right away to the Last Chance for information.

At the outset I preferred to let one of my companions conduct the inquiry; but presently it dawned upon me that my mode of speech gave unbounded joy to my provincial audiences, and I decided that if a little exertion on my part brought a measure of innocent pleasure into the lives of these good folks it was my duty, as an Ally, to oblige whenever possible.

I came to realize that all these years I have been employing the wrong vehicle when I strive to dash off whimsicalities, because frequently my very best efforts, as done in English, have fallen flat. But when in some remote village I, using French, uttered the simplest and most commonplace remark to a French tavern keeper, with absolutely no intent or desire whatsoever, mind you, to be humorous or facetious, invariably he would burst instantly into peals of unbridled merriment.

Frequently he would call in his wife or some of his friends to help him laugh. And then, when his guffaws had died away into gentle chuckles, he would make answer; and if he spoke rapidly, as he always did, I would be swept away by the freshets of his eloquence and left gasping far beyond my depth.

That was why, when I went to a *revue* in Paris, I hoped they'd have some good tumbling on the bill. I understand French, of course; but not as spoken.

I likewise have difficulty in making out its meaning when I read it; but in other regards I flatter myself that my knowledge of the language is quite adequate. Certainly, as I have just stated, I manage to create a pleasant sensation among my French hearers when I employ it in conversation.

As I was saying, the general rule was that I should ask the name and whereabouts of a house in the town where we might procure victuals; and then, after a bit, when the laughing had died down, one of my companions would break in and find out what we wanted to know.

The information thus secured probably led us to a tiny cottage of mud-daubed wattles. Our hostess there might be a shapeless, wrinkled, clumsy old woman. Her kitchen equipment might be confined to an open fire and a spit, and a few battered pots.

Her larder might be most meagerly circumscribed as to variety, and generally was. But she could concoct such savory dishes for us—such marvelous, golden-brown fried potatoes; such good soups; such savory omelets; such toothsome fragrant stews! Especially such stews!

Mother-of-Cheese

For all we knew—or cared—the meat she put into her pot might have been horse meat and the garnishments such green things as she had plucked at the roadside; but the flavor of the delectable broth cured us of any inclinations to make investigation as to the former stations in life of its basic constituents. I am satisfied that, chosen at random, almost any peasant housewife of France can take an old Palm Beach suit and a handful of potherbs and, mingling these together according to her own peculiar system, turn out a *ragoût* fit for a king. Indeed, it would be far too good for some kings I know of.

And if she had a worn-out bath sponge and the cork of a discarded vanilla-extract bottle she, calling upon her hens for a little help in the matter of eggs, could produce for dessert a delicious meringue, with floating-island effects in it. I'd stake my life on her ability to deliver.

If, on such an occasion as the one I have sought to describe, we were perchance in the south of France or in the Côte-d'Or country, lying over toward the Swiss border, we could count upon having a bait of delicious strawberries to wind up with. But if perchance we had fared into one of the northeastern provinces we were reasonably certain the meal would be rounded out with helpings of a certain kind of cheese that is indigenous to those parts. It comes in a flat cake, which invariably is all caved in and squashed out, as though the owner had sat upon it while bringing it into the market in his two-wheeled cart.

Likewise, when its temperature goes up, it becomes more of a liquid than a solid, and it has an aroma by virtue of which it secures the attention and commands the respect of the most casual passer-by. It is more than just cheese. I should call it mother-of-cheese. It is to other and lesser cheeses as civet cats are to canary birds—if you get what I mean; and in its company the most boisterous Brie or the most vociferous Camembert you ever saw becomes at once deaf and dumb.

Its flavor is wonderful. Mainly it is found in ancient Normandy; and, among strangers, eating it—or, when it is in an especially fluid state, drinking it—comes under the head of outdoor sports. But the natives take it right into the same house with themselves.

And, no matter where we were—in Picardy, in Brittany, in the Vosges or the Champagne, as the case might be—we had wonderful crusty bread and delicious butter and a good light wine to go along with our meal. We would sit at a bare table in the smoky cluttered interior of the old kitchen, with the rafters just over our heads, and with the broken tiles—or sometimes the bare earthen floor—beneath our feet, and would eat our fill.

More times than once or twice or thrice I have known the mistress of the house at settlement time to insist that we were overpaying her. From a civilian compatriot she would have exacted the last sou of her just due; but, because we were Americans and because our country had sent its sons overseas to help her people save France, she, a representative of the most canny and thrifty class in a country known for the thriftiness of all its classes, hesitated to accept the full amount of the sum we offered her in payment.

A Regular Skillet Hound

She believed us, of course, to be rich—in the eyes of the European peasant all Americans are rich—and she was poor and hard put to it to earn her living; but here was a chance for her to show in her own way a sense of what she, as a Frenchwoman, felt for America. Somehow, the more you see of the French, the less you care for the Germans.

Moving on up a few miles nearer the trenches, we would run into our own people; and then we were sure of a greeting, and a chair apiece and a tin plate and a tin cup apiece at an American mess. I have had chuck with privates and I have had chow with noncoms; I have had grub with company commanders and I have dined with generals—and always the meal was flavored with the good, strong man-talk of the real he-American.

The food was of the best quality and there was plenty of it for all, and some to spare.

One reason—among others—why the Yank fights so well is because he is so well fed between fights.

The very best meals I had while abroad were vouchsafed me during the three days I spent with a front-line regiment as a guest of the colonel of one of our negro outfits. To this colonel a French general, out of the goodness of his heart, had loaned his cook, a whiskered poilu, who, before he became a whiskered poilu, had been the chef in the castle of one of the richest men in Europe.

This genius cooked the midday meals and the dinners; but, because no Frenchman can understand why anyone should require for breakfast anything more solid than a dry roll and a dab of honey, the preparation of the morning meal was intrusted to a Southern black boy, who, I may say, was a regular skillet hound. And this gifted youth wrestled with the matutinal ham and eggs and flipped the flapjacks for the headquarters mess.

On a full Southern breakfast and a wonderful French luncheon and dinner a grown man can get through the day very, very well indeed, as I bear witness.

Howsomever, as spring wore into summer and summer ran its course, I began to long with a constantly increasing longing for certain distinctive dishes to be found nowhere except in my native clime; brook trout, forexample, androastingears, and—— Oh, lots of things! So I came home to get them.

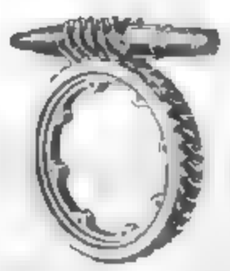
And, now that I've had them, I often catch myself in the act of thoughtfully dwelling upon the fond remembrances of those spicy fragrant stews eaten in peasant kitchens, and those army doughnuts, and those slices of bacon toasted at daybreak on the lids of mess kits in British dugouts.

I suppose they call contentment a jewel because it is so rare.

You get out of a truck what the maker put in

PIERCE-ARROWS yield big dividends because they are built to endure. Designed right, built painstakingly of selected material, they can't fail. Regular inspection keeps them right, keeps earnings up and costs down.

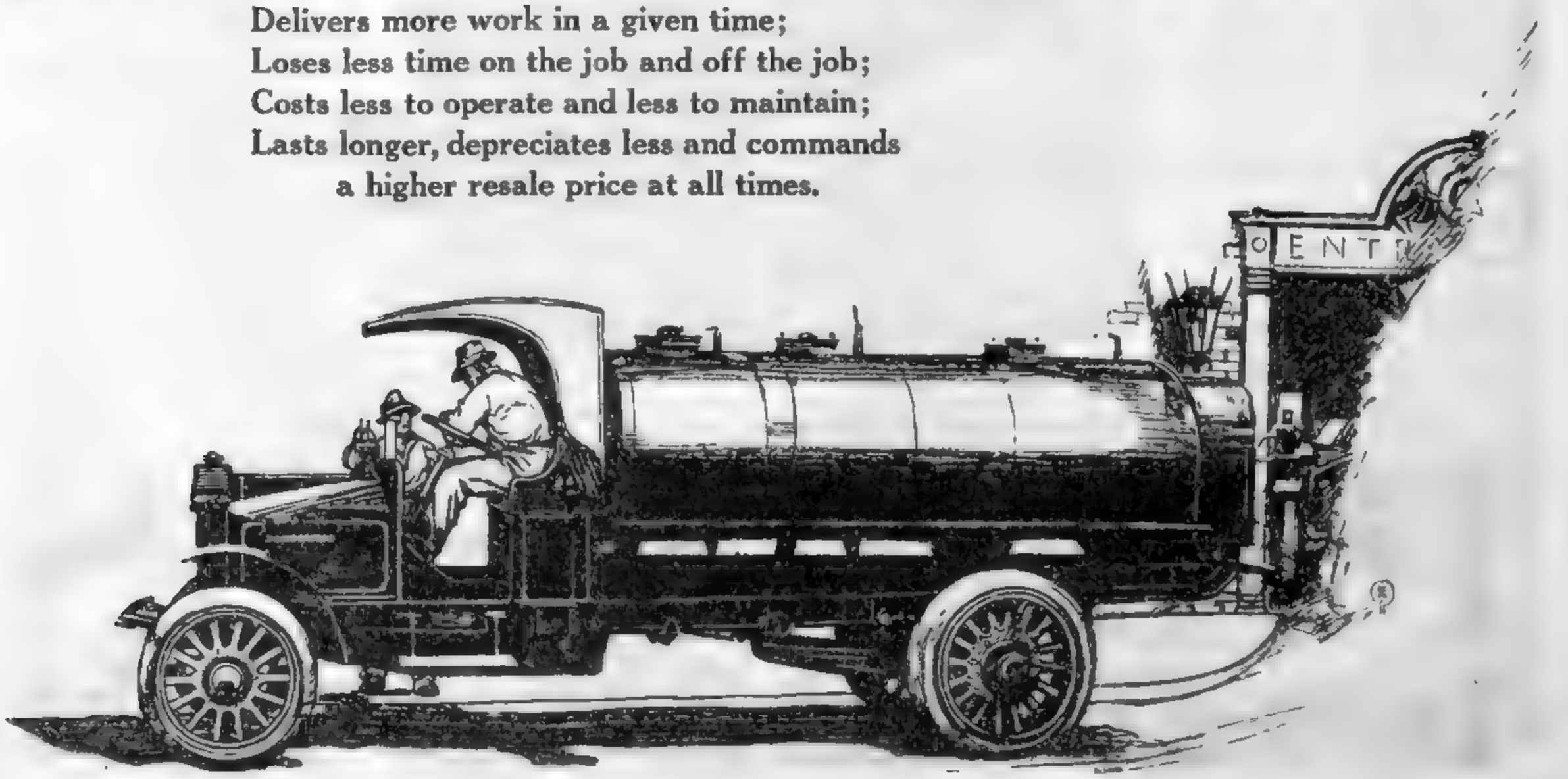
Changing design means uncertain standards—usually to get an attractive selling price. When quality is secondary, upkeep is high, resale prices low. Ask those who have had experience with both kinds what they found out.



THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

PIERCE-ARROW

Delivers more work in a given time;
Loses less time on the job and off the job;
Costs less to operate and less to maintain;
Lasts longer, depreciates less and commands a higher resale price at all times.



After the War is Won a Big Increase in Peerless Production

Famous Two-Power-Ranger Outsells War-Restricted Production for Third Consecutive Year

Post-War Production to be on Scale Commensurate with Public Appreciation of the Car's Distinctive Merit

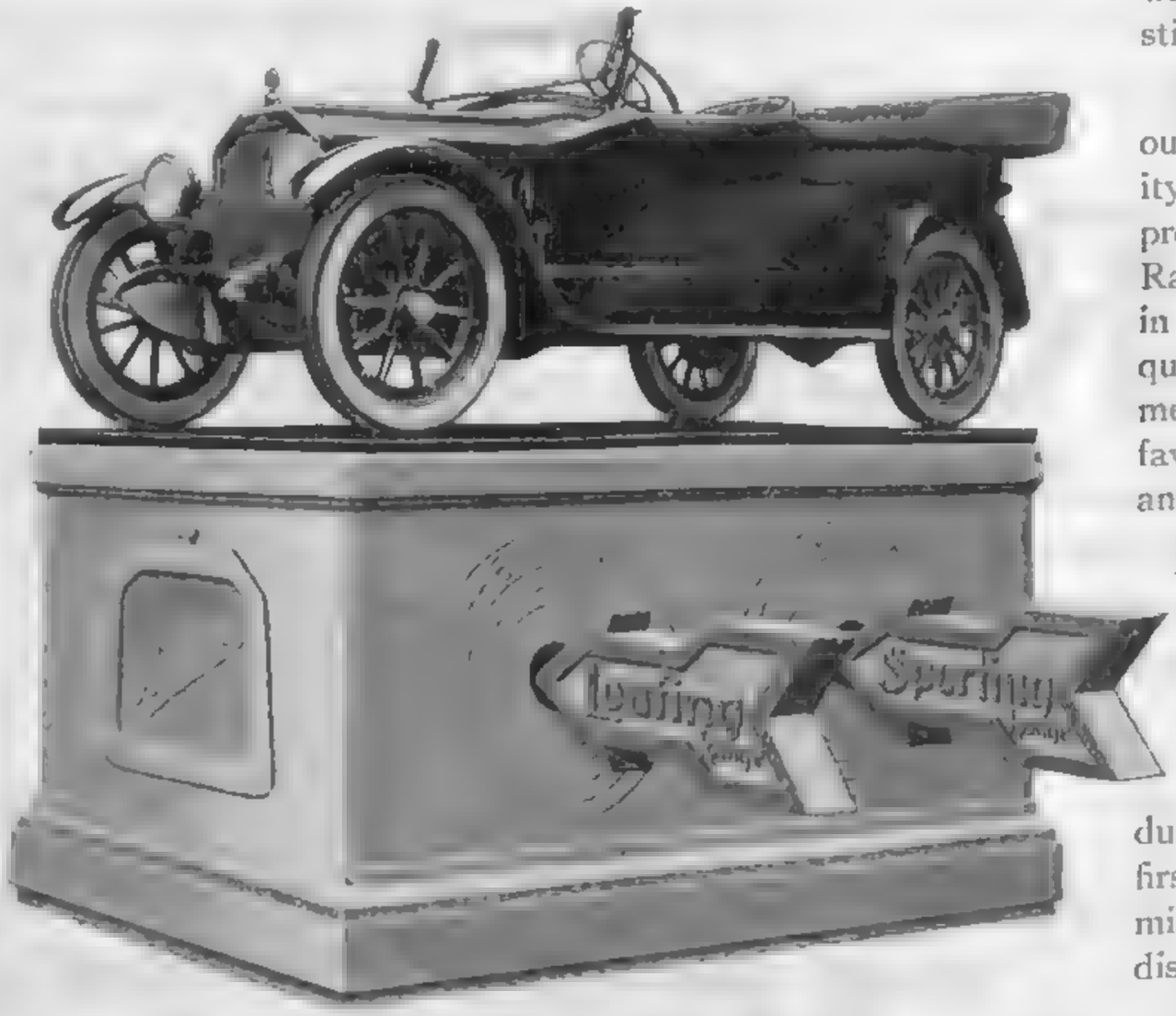
THE World War made early demands on Peerless production capacity—we are in our fifth year of war work on a large scale.

From first to last, during the entire three years that we have been building the now famous Two-Power-Ranger, an average of more than seventy-five per cent of our production capacity has been devoted to war work—and now it is all war work.

Even in its first year the now famous Two-Power-Ranger crowded all the production capacity we could spare from war work, and doubled capacity thereafter also proved insufficient.

The Peerless Two-Power-Range Eight has always far outsold the passenger car output of the huge Peerless Plant.

On August 28th of this year we were obliged to notify our distributors that we could take no more orders for the Two-Power-Ranger—the output permitted by the War Industries Board had been sold—our sales year ended more than four months ahead of the calendar year.



The success of this distinctive car, notwithstanding the curtailed production that has always handicapped it, has been notable for steadily increasing public regard, which after three years is still pyramiding.

When the war is won, and our largely increased capacity is released for normal production, the Two-Power-Ranger will, for the first time in its history, be built in quantities more nearly commensurate with the public favor its distinctive performance has won.

After the war the output of the Peerless Eight will soon reach a maximum far greater than conditions have heretofore permitted—a total production which should for the first time in its history permit prompt delivery of this distinctive car to all buyers.

The Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio

PEERLESS
Two-Power-Range Eight

HIS FACE

(Continued from Page 13)

"That Isadora Platt—she's a witch!" growled Cassius, apparently unable to let his grudge sleep. "She's vibrating all over the place; she can prove on the piano that Effie and Len harmonize by some sort of esoteric barber-shop chord. She's got Lottie going. And Effie—phew! Newt, please do something!"

"If Effie and Len are satisfied, why interfere?"

"Think, man, think!" commanded the stricken father almost hysterically.

"When will the engagement be announced?"

"In two weeks." He groaned.

"In two weeks," echoed the Sunday editor, as though there were nothing more to say. Apparently there wasn't, for Mr. Garner handed him a cigar and took his sorrowful way out through the local room.

About the time the magnolias in the park overlooking the river are well opened to the spring winds it is the custom of the Lewisburg people to give one another Sunday breakfasts, late lazy luxurious affairs where anything or nothing might happen in the way of settling or unsettling social relations round Bolingbroke Square, which is still the center of things, despite the recent tendency of outlanders and vulgarians to come and build palaces on the hill.

On a sultry Sunday forenoon, two weeks and a day after the interview in the Inspector office, Mr. Newton H. Farley came puffing along in the indestructible 'Lije amid groanings, creakings and spirit rappings from the engine as the familiar smoke screen trailed far behind. Newton had discovered a patent quick-drying paint with which it was his custom to beautify Elijah's Chariot every few weeks, changing the color to suit his whim. This week 'Lije glowed with that disagreeable red often found in fancy cabbages, and the approach toward the Garner home announced itself to the ear, the eye and the nose simultaneously.

It was plain to see that Newt had dressed up for the occasion, for above his tufted eyebrows he wore one of those Panama hats that may be purchased by mail at a miraculous bargain. Over his bulky frame a ready-made Palm Beach suit, slightly wrinkled, flopped above snow-white hosiery and coal-black patent-leather shoes. His homely, intelligent face held a look of modest forbearance, of uncertainty and of agitation. Apparently the Garners were intending this to be a sort of betrothal breakfast—but why in the world had they asked Newt Farley? Naturally fearless he indulged in cowardly qualms, wishing that this morning would find him anywhere but at the Garner table.

In the distance he caught a glimpse of Mr. Garner himself, standing at the center of the colonial veranda. This was cheerful enough, Newt thought; but as his glance above the wheel strayed toward the pompous rough-stone Platt dwelling next door he descried a moving figure of mysterious significance. It was a special-delivery postman who leaped nimbly from his bicycle, ran up to the door, handed in a letter, returned to his wheel.

Farley halted his prodigy before the Garner lawn, to whose center his host had now come down and stood puffing over a geometrically perfect flower bed.

"No, you're not early," grumbled the little man. "I'm the only one up. Can't find my Sunday paper."

The last clause of the complaint caused the Sunday editor a feeling of intense relief.

"Of course, Lovely Leonard hasn't shown up," said he, fanning himself with his mail-order Panama.

"He's probably at the mirror waving his hair and powdering his nose," grunted Cassius.

He leaned over and pulled a twig fussily from the row of Indian-red foliage plants symmetrically bordering the bed, then he looked up nervously and jerked out, "Well? Put anything over?"

"Give me time," grinned the resourceful one.

"Time! It's June now and they're to be married in September unless I shoot him or something."

"So you can't find your Sunday paper!" exclaimed Newt, all too anxious to change the subject.

"I think the darkies steal it."

"The colored taste is improving"

But old Garner was not to be put off so easily.

"Haven't you even started to think?" he wailed as though about to burst into tears.

"Yes. Two or three things have occurred to me, but ——"

"Do you know, I wouldn't trust him round the corner," roared Effie's father.

"Bad as that?"

"Worse. Why, he gets more mash notes than a movie hero. Didn't you see that special delivery scorching up to his house? Can't let him alone, even on Sunday. They say he carries a mirror in the top of his cigarette case. And what d'you think his mother's doing to him now?"

"You can't surprise me."

"She's hired a guinea—Professor Bildad or something—to teach him Greek wrestling."

"Oh, that's been going on for a year or two," replied the unruffled Newt. "Mrs. Platt says that modern men should learn to scrap in such a way as to show the graceful lines of the figure, the way Ajax and Bootjax fought at the battle of Eucalyptus. And you can't deny that Len's good to look at."

"Men aren't intended to look at!" snarled the empurpled Cassius; and as though to challenge that sweeping statement the Platt front door opened and forth came Mrs. Platt upon the daintily tailored arm of her resplendent son.

She came sweepingly, employing a walk which it was plain to see she had studied. She wore a saffron gown, draped robelike from the shoulders, the color having been selected by her for Sunday wear, as Sunday was a saffron day, according to her creed. This might have been his bridal morn, so exquisitely was young Narcissus attired as the woman at his side cast adoring glances up at the face that was so like her own.

A morning coat with braided edges covered his elegant torso; a scarf of blue, sparkling like a sapphire, was knotted smoothly under the wings of a high collar; a silk hat—though Lewisburg seldom brings out silk hats save for weddings and funerals—was tilted becomingly back from his low white forehead. His beauty, caught under the full morning sun, was like that we see idealized in some advertisements—lashes too long and curling for a man's, eyes too softly azure, a pure Greek profile evenly balanced by a nose that ran as straight from base to tip as the edge of a carpenter's square.

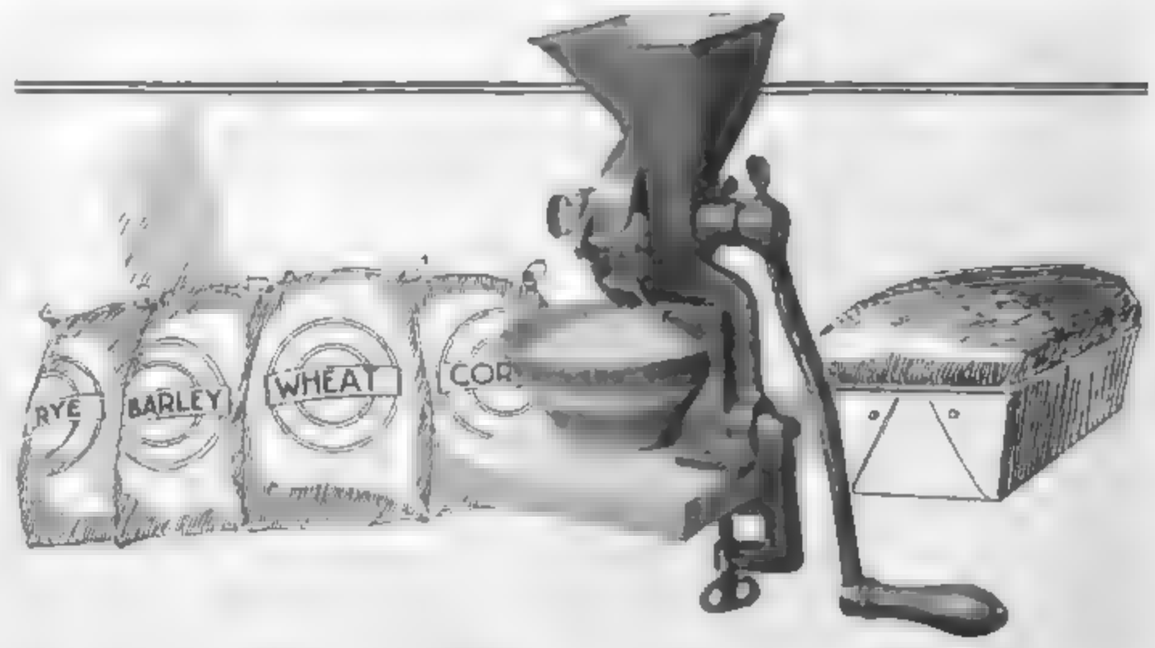
He frowned gently as he walked, because his mother was taking him to task in the matter of certain pink love letters, and Leonard struggling for an explanation was oddly disturbed.

Out on the Garner lawn the two conspirators gazed just a moment.

"Let's go on the porch," growled Cassius in the tone of one who wishes to screen himself against mosquitoes.

Those tantalizing pink love letters had managed to delay Lovely Leonard beyond his accustomed lateness this morning. The Sunday-morning toilet had always been for him a sacred, slow and serious process. Lewisburg hinted that his mother took him to New York twice yearly for the purpose of consulting his tailors, and the smoothly ironed garments that he brought from his closet this morning as he stood in his pyjamas awaiting the flow of tepid water to fill his tub, more than verified the myth. Leonard's room was pretty, too pretty. Mrs. Platt had arranged the decorations. There were too many flowered things, too much pink, too many expensively bound books with titles of sweetness and light. There were dozens of girlishly inscribed, simpering photographs scattered round, the subjects being different but the sentiments much alike. On the bureau beside an artistic portrait of himself smiled the picture of honor. Photography, which interprets auburn hair as black, could never do justice to Effie Garner, but it could show the milky whiteness of her skin and the keen spirit in her splendid gray eyes.

Lovely Leonard should have been very happy this morning. But out of the left-hand upper bureau drawer, which he had left unlocked, there floated an exotic perfume guiltily reminding him of that rapidly increasing pile of pink envelopes. Of course, this sort of thing must stop. Even as he stood lathering the sculptured surface running from his ears to the dimple in his chin



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he resolved that he would tiptoe down to the kitchen this very afternoon, and in the cook's absence burn the whole collection in the range. His toilet had progressed to the point where he had retied his sapphire scarf for the dozenth time when he heard the doorbell ring, and anticipating trouble saw the gray-uniformed cyclist below handing in another square of pinkish stationery.

Len gazed with something more than irritation. Since the flood of them had come unbidden, unidentified, was it any fault of his that he opened them, read them, reflected on their desperate philosophy? Poor Una!—for thus she signed herself. He could appreciate the hopelessness with which she worshiped from afar, but she must be discouraged in some way; for Lovely Leonard was already beginning to look upon himself as a married man.

After an interval a knock sounded at the door.

"Zolno, dear!" came his mother's dove-like note—Zolno was a cryptic name she had recently taken to calling him by. "Here's another for you." She thrust a rose-tinted envelope through the crack in the door and cautioned with more than usual asperity, "It's after ten already, Zolno!"

Again that exotic perfume floated to his Grecian nose as he rent the faddishly woven flap. It was written in the same curiously ill-formed scrawl that had characterized the others. But this one began, as it were, at high speed:

"And now I know! They have told me! To-day all the world has been told how another has claimed you, how from this moment you must go through life chained by the golden chains of your own forging. It will be hard to think of you, Beautiful Man, as wasting your rare presence upon the humdrum of domesticity. I must tell you this because your happiness means so much to me, even though you gain it at the cost of my own poor life. I love you. Oh, that I must say it when it is thus too late! I, too, am beautiful, they say; but it is written that I should be lonely. Often at night I walk by the river bank thinking sadly of you, of your eyes like the blue Caribbean, your brows calm as the stars. And it is for you that the river shall receive my body, under that gibbous moon which smiles wanly upon broken hearts. I shall stand to-night at the trysting place of Death. Do you know the statue of Poe, adream near the river's brink? That granite heart will understand as I look down into the cool tide and long for peace. Perhaps to-night, if you come there, you will catch a glint of my dead face above the billows. . . .

"I shall be there from nine till twelve.

"UNA."

With this strangely practical declaration the missive broke off, leaving Leonard in his customary state of psychic confusion. Having at last dropped the latest addition to his library of pink passion into the upper left-hand bureau drawer, he finished dressing with more than customary haste. He found his mother waiting downstairs in the living room.

"Naughty Lotus!" she cooed, giving him her adoring eyes. "Of course, you're used to keeping girls waiting. But at your betrothal breakfast ——"

"Anything in the papers?" he abruptly challenged. The woman who had so dexterously molded his life slightly bored him this morning. He was wondering if this Una person seriously contemplated suicide.

"About your engagement?" asked Mrs. Platt. "Oh, my Boy Blue!"—she had a way of calling everything by a fancy name—"there's the most wonderful tribute to you in the Inspector." Leonard had reached out for the sheet, when she insisted, "No, we're nearly half an hour late now."

They had started down the walk toward the Garners' when she cleared her throat.

"Zolno," she began, "I've counted eleven of those pink envelopes, and Laura says that two more have come when I was out."

"They're a mystery to me," said Adonis truly.

"Pink," she warned him, "is your antagonistic color. You've got to remember, too, that you're engaged to be married. There! I've hurt Boy Blue!"

"It's nothing," he magnanimously allowed as they entered the Garner front yard and proceeded decorously toward the veranda.

In cane chairs under the awning they found Mr. and Mrs. Garner undergoing one of Newt Farley's rich monologues; smilingly all three sat in the politely restrained attitudes peculiar to civilized beings secretly suffering before a delayed meal. Mrs. Garner was a small, delicately built lady whose eyes had once been as wildly gray as her daughter's and whose hair had faded to a tarnished gilt. She yielded to Lovely Leonard the tributary glance he had grown to expect from the ladies. The civilities between the men managed to express what Garner and Farley thought of Platt and what Platt thought of Garner and Farley. Not much on either side.

"It's Boy Blue's fault again!" gushed Mrs. Platt.

"I didn't know that Boy Blue had any," said old Cassius, managing to nudge his fellow conspirator.

"Even Krishna was purified by fire," crooned the amateur seeress, rolling her eyes as though about to go into the Silence, where in Garner's estimation she belonged.

"Oh, so he was," Cassius agreed in the voice we use when computing batting averages.

Leonard's handsome gaze went wandering through the long glass doors. Uneasily he was linking Effie's delayed appearance with Una's damp threat.

"That child's later and later every morning now," Mrs. Garner was explaining.

"I think we'll have to put a gong on the side porch," grunted the incorrigible father. "Len, what's the name of that Chinese zither you were picking away at nearly all last night?"

"That's called a dulcimer," explained Leonard, who was usually silent under the hostile gaze of masculine Lewisburg.

"A dulcie—what?"

"A dulcimer," cut in Mrs. Platt, ruffling like a hen whose first-born chick has been attacked. "The dulcimer is of Oriental origin, having been handed down to us by the poets of ancient Persia."

"That thing Len was punishing till one o'clock this morning was handed down, I reckon. The Persian poets didn't know much about machinery or they'd have kept the thing better oiled."

"Cassius!" his horrified wife gave swift warning.

"When will Americans cease to reduce everything to terms of machinery?" Mrs. Platt was beseeching the thought waves round her.

"Ask Newt. Since he got Elijah he's learned everything about machinery." Garner turned impatiently to his wife: "Isn't Darwin making us a julep?"

"He's coming, dear."

"The fat old rascal's been so busy reading my Sunday Inspector he can't do anything else. I'm going to retire him for old age."

"You've been retiring him for twenty years," laughed Farley, to whom no social item was lost. Secretly he hoped Darwin had eaten the Sunday Inspector.

Darwin, the fat rascal, blue-black like a ripe plum and picturesquely tonsured with pearly-gray wool, appeared just in time to fend his long-impending doom. On a silver salver right under his smile he held an elaborately frosted loving cup, from the edges of which tender young mint waved refreshing plumes. A circlet of lesser juleps in frost-rimmed glasses attended the king julep at center tray.

"We're going to drink a loving cup to happiness," smiled Mr. Garner, glaring at his son-in-law elect as he contemplated the mint-garlanded array. "But of course we've got to have Effie."

"Miss Effie say please egscuse huh; she ain' comin' down," announced black Darwin from his corner.

"Not coming down? What the devil do you mean?"

"She done tell Euphonia how she got a pow'ful misery in huh haid, Mist' Garner. Yessa. She spec' she ain' comin' down."

Garner telegraphed a query over to his wife, who rose, apologized, disappeared.

Newt Farley, in his capacity as uncle-at-large, took the situation in hand and droned out a comic version of a recent schoolboard election. Old Garner was immensely cheered; Mrs. Platt was humorlessly attentive; Lovely Leonard sat shifting his Grecian profile, nervous and uncomfortable. Little did he guess that Farley was as ill at ease as himself. It seemed days before Mrs. Garner returned.

"I reckon we'll have to toast her vacant place," she rattled on in the carefree manner that is more portentous than gloom. "All your fault, Len, for keeping her up so late."

(Continued on Page 48)

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(Continued from Page 46)

The incoherent Leonard expressed his sorrow as the ice-rimmed loving cup went the rounds, Mrs. Platt drinking to Two Perfect Blossoms, Mrs. Garner to Happiness, old Cassius to Bright Days, and Newt grimly pledging Success to Crime. Mr. Garner was the only cheerful member of the company which advanced toward the breakfast room. He had finished the julep in the loving cup and life was beginning to stir in his veiny nose.

"A wedding feast without the bride—we don't mind, do we, Len?" twinkled Effie's reviving father from his place at the table.

Len, who was savagely attacking his grapefruit, got some in his beautiful right eye.

"No, we don't mind," he moaned.

"There's the most wonderful page in the Sunday Inspector," chimed Mrs. Platt. "Newton, it was your genius that arranged it. Do tell us all about it."

Newt Farley fumbled with his spoon, and he blessed Mrs. Garner when she cut in, "About Leonard and Effie?"

"About my Leonard," announced the victim of blind pride.

Cassius Garner shot one swift glance across to Farley ere he turned to his wife and inquired: "You haven't seen the Sunday Inspector, have you?"

"Darwin," demanded the good lady of the fat and woolly one, "who's been reading the Sunday papers out in the kitchen?"

"Nubuddy, Miss Lottie. No'm. Nobuddy ain' been readin' it."

"Mother wouldn't let me see it," complained Lovely Leonard as coffee was being served.

"I wanted the two Blossoms to see it together," smiled his parent. "It's so symbolic of Boy Blue."

Newt scalded himself on his first sip of coffee. Darwin and his attendant Nubian were now bearing in luscious creamed sweetbreads, of immemorial Sunday custom in Lewisburg, when the ponderous black man leaned over Mrs. Garner's place and whispered quite audibly, "Miss Effie done took the Sunday Inspector, Miss Lottie."

"Took it! How did she get it?"

"She done come down dis mawnin' befo' de fambly was up and fetched it off de po'ch. Yas'm."

"That will do, Darwin."

"Yas'm."

"Tell Euphonia to go up and get it."

"Yas'm."

There must have been something unusually delicious about the creamed sweetbreads, for the betrothal breakfast, planned by at least two of those present to be both a merry and sentimental affair, languished for a time into a matter of forking food from plate to mouth. Mr. Garner turned contemplatively now and then toward the Sunday editor, who kept his eyes steadily on his plate, as though modestly deprecating the triumph of journalism Mrs. Platt had so much admired. Lovely Leonard sat racking his brains: What could the page have been about to have caused this terrible brooding constraint? When at last light footsteps were heard creaking down the stairs from the sleeping apartment above there fell a silence—as though Fate approaching in person were about to lay her tablets before them all.

"I hope Euphonia isn't stopping to read it on the way," laughed Mrs. Garner nervously, marking a halt in the approaching footsteps.

Newt Farley had his mouth open for supremely humorous effort when the footfalls came hurrying again, as though impelled by a new decision; then in the open doorway appeared Fate in a terrific and unexpected guise. It was no coffee colored Euphonia that stood there making a haughty survey. It was Effie Garner herself, becomingly clad in blue, her shining hair done close to her little head. But it was the look in her eyes which fixed and chilled the guilty man who had scrambled to his feet, struggling to wear the mask of innocence. For her wild gray eyes had sought Farley out as with hurt indignant furious gaze she held forth an illustrated sheet of the Sunday Inspector.

"Newt Farley, who gave you permission to print this atrocious insult?" She lashed him with an icy thong.

"Effie, my child!" came her mother's inadequate reminder.

"Mother, have you seen it?"

She was pale as snow as she thrust the offense into her mother's trembling hand. Garner came round the table and put his head close to his wife's, and Leonard, dropping manners, stared blankly over their shoulders.

LEWISBURG'S FAMOUS BEAUTY TO WED

was the black-lettered caption, and below the subtitle:

PHOTOGRAPHIC BIOGRAPHY OF LEONARD EUSTACE PLATT, ENGAGED TO MARRY MISS EFFIE GLADYS GARNER

The page was squared into spaces for twelve photographic reproductions; and it dawned miserably upon Lovely Leonard that here his life of matchless beauty lay pictured before him in the following order:

No. 1. Portrait of a very young baby sitting nude, playing with soap, in a white porcelain washbasin. Label: "After Taking First Prize at the Agnew's Guild Baby Show."

No. 2. Portrait of two-year-old infant, lightly draped, lying prone on a white velvet cushion, perfectly shaped feet kicking upward. Label: "The Lotus Bath Cinches National Baby Prize."

No. 3. Child of four, displaying golden ringlets, right hand tenderly resting upon small plaster replica of the Venus de Milo. Label: "Boy Blue's First Pet."

No. 4. Portrait of seven-year-old boy costumed as Cupid with little wings and bow. Label: "He Discovers His Vocation."

"Who the devil got hold of that stuff?" murmured Leonard in a voice he did not recognize.

"My Man Child!" upspoke Mrs. Platt. "You're not offended?"

"Not offended!" drawled Miss Garner. "Look at the rest of them!" And she stood statuesque to the bitter end.

No. 10. Portrait of young musician at a somewhat archaic piano, his eyes uplifted in the attitude of St. Cecilia. Label: "He Hears his Voice."

No. 11. A youth in fourteenth-century costume, mooning into an imaginary balcony. Label: "As Romeo."

No. 12. Leonard clad in a cambric tunic, Greek bordered, two arms and one leg upraised in the attitude of The Bacchante. Label: "Playing With the Butterflies."

"Playing with the butterflies! Wow!" Old Cassius slapped his knees and emitted a series of unmannerly snorts.

"Daddy, how can you laugh?" broke in his daughter furiously. "Do you know you're entertaining at your table a man who has insulted us all, deliberately, maliciously?"

Her eyes again flashed upon poor martyred Newt Farley, to whose unspeakable relief Mrs. Platt came into the fray with her ever-ready sirup.

"I gathered the pictures myself," she told the little fury; "and I loaned them to the Inspector. Newt and I planned it to surprise you both."

"Oh!" Effie brought down the heel of her shoe as she turned to her lover. "There's the man who has insulted you!" she cried. "Are you going to stand there like a dumb statue—do nothing?"

Lovely Leonard turned blankly and faced his man. He had been so carefully schooled in all the arts of grace and gentleness that the very thought of destructive physical competition had never entered his calculations. He had read in books of duels to the death. There had always been a preliminary formula, such as slapping a man with your glove and sending round cards.

Leonard had left his gloves in the hall, and it seemed awkward to go out and get them. However, the contempt in Effie's eyes warned him that something must be done quickly.

"Newt," upspoke he as harshly as he knew how, "this is a most ridiculous proceeding."

Farley never lowered his eyes. For the first time in this bad fifteen minutes he wanted to laugh.

"'Ridiculous proceeding'!" mocked Effie. "For the love of the law, is that all you can say? 'Ridiculous proceeding'!"

(Continued on Page 51)

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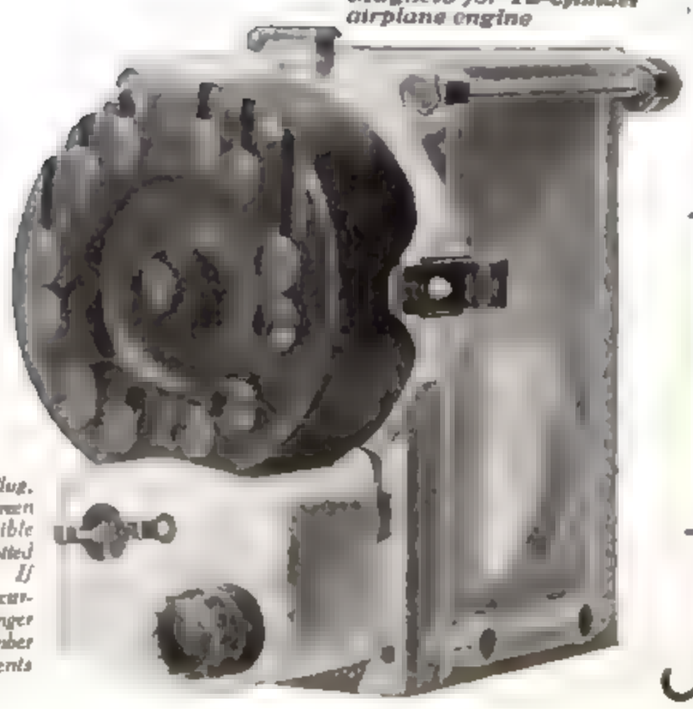

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The "Paris Square." Plain or decorated. Sterling $75 to $200

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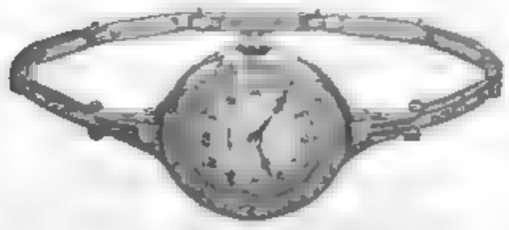
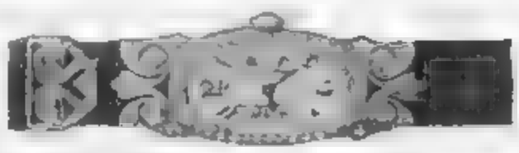


No. P37 Hand-Chased Diamond Wristlet. Solid gold, $85

No. J615 Maltese shape White gold case, platinum top, set with AA1 diamonds $175



No. J841. White gold case, platinum top, set with AA1 diamonds. Gruen Precision 18 jewel rectangular movement, $690

No. Z541. Rectangular shape White gold case, platinum top, set with AA1 diamonds. Gruen Precision 18 jewel rectangular movement, $500

GRUEN
Verithin and Wrist
WATCHES

(Continued from Page 48)

As she snorted her way back up the stairs Mrs. Garner saw fit to take up the cudgels.

"Mr. Farley," she said, "have you any good reason for turning my daughter's engagement into public ridicule?"

"I'm sorry the page is offensive to you, Mrs. Garner," he lamely defended; "I didn't intend ——"

"I should like to know, Lottie Garner," cut in Mrs. Platt, dropping her sweet isms and ologies with a bang, "how you can regard the publication of my boy's pictures as offensive to anyone."

"I regard the spirit in which they were published as most decidedly insulting."

The men were still standing, and Newt Farley, who in the apex of his fame could stand off half a dozen roustabouts twice his size, had a feeling of being pocketed, surrounded, beaten. A table, several chairs and two angry women stood between him and the street exit, and he prayed for strength wherewith to endure.

"Considering that the subject of the pictures was my son and that they were published after my selection and with my consent I take your criticism as most uncalled for, Mrs. Garner."

"I have no intention of retracting a word of it," said the parent from whom Effie had inherited her fire.

"Leonard," said Mrs. Platt, resuming her professional tone as she took her son by the arm, "we will be going now. An evil vibration is at work. Good morning, Mrs. Garner. Good morning, Mr. Garner. Good morning, Mr. Farley."

The Platts, mother and son, had scarce swept along their sidereal course when Newt Farley, after an attempt at Mrs. Garner's lifeless hand, made his clumsy adieus and slunk away. Old Cassius accompanied him as far as the sidewalk and chuckled as though it had been the greatest joke of many seasons.

"I think it worked," he jubilated.

"Well, I'm glad everybody's satisfied," grimly smiled the victim of his own generosity.

In perfect stillness Mrs. Platt took her darling home. He was thankful for that, for he had a feeling that should she keep on attributing this silly mess to some malign changes in the cosmic color scheme or to inattention on the part of the Great Vibrator he would go suddenly mad and run foaming through the streets. But she was deep in the Silence when she entered the house. Leonard was no sooner locked away in the privacy of his own boudoir than a perverse impulse urged him to unlock the upper left-hand bureau drawer and get out the latest threnodic message of Una the Unknown. It was the one about the moonlit river and the statue of Poe and suicide. With the morbid persistency born of depression he read the hopeless lines over and over.

Now Leonard Eustace Platt, behind all the esoteric self-worship his mother had bred in him, had a wholesome basis of practicality. If Effie scorned him, why should Una the Unknown—wildly romantic and probably beautiful—go jumping off high rocks into damp streams for unrequited love of him? The thought lingered just a moment and he put it away with the envelope he slipped into his pocket. He was sincerely in love with Effie; and though she had stung him to the quick he could not but believe that his persuasive gifts still held her. Therefore he went to the telephone by the bed, and speaking very softly lest he should rouse his mother he got the Garners' number and soon heard Effie answer across the chasm of their two side yards.

"Let you explain, Len? Why, of course!" he heard her response to his somewhat desperate plea.

It was almost impossible to believe that this tone came from the little vixen of an hour ago.

"Well, can't I come right over and ——"

"Mother and daddy are going to Whipple in the car. They'll send it back to me in half an hour. Let's go out to the park. I want to talk to you too."

After he had hung up the receiver he had the thought: What did she want to say to him that necessitated a trip all the way to the park? The letter from Una seemed to stir in his inside pocket, conveying a suggestion as faint as its perfume. If Effie chose to be independent Leonard too would not be without his alternative.

He was ready and waiting when the big car stopped in front of the Garner yard. It was not customary for Lovely Leonard to be so prompt, but anxiety works alchemic changes in our habits of mind. A strangely serious Effie Garner came out presently and allowed herself to be helped in at the carriage block. They had rolled less than half a mile toward the artificial forest of which Lewisburg is so justly proud when he fired the first gun of the combat—prematurely, as it turned out.

"Look here, Effie. That page in the Inspector ——"

"Sh-h-h!" She nodded a cautious nose toward the chauffeur.

He reached out and gave her hand a mollifying clasp, which she permitted as she leaned over toward the driver and commanded: "Philip, take us by the river drive—you know that new statue beyond the museum—the one of Poe, I think."

The one of Poe, she thought!

"What in the world are you going there for?" a guilty conscience forced him to quaver. His mother's esoteric philosophies had made him a firm believer in telepathy.

"It's so quiet there. Of course, if there's any other place ——"

"Oh no. Quite ideal, I'm sure."

They got little further with their conversation until the faithful Philip had stopped the car at a bend in the drive beyond the museum. They plunged through the cypress grove, Effie walking ahead through the crooked romantic path. The air was charged with brooding melancholy, symbolic of the gloomy songster whose semblance, carved in stone, loomed through the black-green spires ahead. A sculptor of the impressionistic school had done the job, representing the author of Ulalume as emerging from a solid rock, his left hand nursing his chin, while his bilious eyes contemplated the river with a suicidal stare. Considering the nature of the forthcoming remarks Effie had undoubtedly chosen an ideal spot.

"Len," she began, folding her hands and eying him with a new criticism as she sat down, "I don't think I love you any more."

"How long since you began—not doing so?" he breathlessly inquired. It was quite novel for him to hear a young lady say such a thing.

"Since this morning," said she.

"I see. You couldn't bear to have me made fun of. Was that it?"

"Don't think I'm a quitter, Len. I'll stick by my end of the bargain if you want me to," she offered drearily. "But I can't help my feelings"

"One can't," he agreed.

"When I first began caring for you—I must have gone a little out of my mind. You're so much better looking than other men. I think I must have idealized you to an impossible extent. It was so easy to think you were just as heroic as you looked."

"You didn't think I was—firm enough with Farley this morning?"

"It's not only this one occasion. Now that I'm able to look at it coolly I can see how you haven't the character to stand up against anything real. Ever since we were babies I've heard the boys round town calling you Lovely Leonard. I used to wonder why you didn't go at them and punch their heads. Then when I went crazy about you I began making excuses. You had too fine a soul, I said, for coarse brawling and fighting. Then all those pictures this morning—they seemed to bunch your whole life together, to show what was the matter with you. You've traded on your looks ever since you sat in a washbowl and took first prize at a baby show."

"I didn't want the prize," he flared up.

"No, not then. But when you were old enough you wanted all the prizes that came your way. You've been living on blue ribbons these twenty years. It's your face, Len. It's too good looking for any man to carry round with him and not be spoiled."

The two sat drearily gazing up at the dyspeptic wooer of midnight ravens.

"A face is something you can't get rid of," sighed Len at last.

"No. And because I can't keep on admiring yours is no reason why some other girl ——"

Her voice broke, and this was the one encouraging sign.

"So this is final?" he asked, rising.

"I'm afraid so."

She too rose and began walking back toward the car. He closed the door carefully after her.

"Aren't you coming back?" she asked.

"No thanks," said he. "I'll walk."

(Continued on Page 55

A Life Lease on Loose Links

Know, all men, that by virtue of the words "Krementz Plate" which appear on the back of these loose links and all articles of

Krementz
14 KT. ROLLED GOLD PLATE

You are hereby granted a life lease on them or any piece of Krementz Plate without cost to you except the original purchase price.

Which means that they are guaranteed in perpetuity to you and your heirs in these terms:

"If this article should prove unsatisfactory from any cause whatever, at any time, any dealer or we will replace it free."

This life lease is applicable to collar buttons, cuff buttons, loose links, tie clasps, waistcoat sets—any article whatever that bears the inscription which appears on the seal below.

Witness our hand:

Krementz & Co.
Newark, N.J.

KREMENTZ PLATE

MEN! There's Only One Modern Work Suit

Showing the convertible drop seat arrangement
Skirt up showing suspenders which are attached to the back of jacket
Patented skirt showing neat jacket effect

Railroad Men

and thousands of other workers of both indoor and outdoor occupations have discarded the old-style Overall and Jacket for the "SENSIBLE" Work Suit.

THE BEST DEALERS sell the "SENSIBLE"

Patented (6-8-15) in U. S., Canada and other countries.

The "SENSIBLE" represents the most important improvement in work clothes in fifty years.

The "SENSIBLE" Suit for Women is the most practical Woman's work garment.

Write for Descriptive Booklet 1.

Made only by
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SENSIBLE
UNION MADE
COMBINATION WORK SUIT
"THE MOST COMFORTABLE WORK GARMENT IN THE WORLD"

THE joy we feel in the consciousness that our Army of Force is rapidly becoming the best equipped fighting machine the world has ever known, is warranted by the facts.

We assume that the thousands of motor cars that constitute part of its equipment, will be kept efficient and replaced as may be needed.

That is public business and we have faith in our Government.

But what of the great Army of Supply upon which the Army of Force depends?

It is numerically a vastly greater Army—its operations extend over vastly greater area—its equipment needs are nowhere recorded.

It is privately-owned equipment and its care and replacement is private business.

* * * * * * *

Over half of our motor cars in service today are operated by farmers.

And every farmer is an individual unit in the United States Army of Supply.

These motor cars that serve the farmers are in essential service—saving untold millions of hours for productive farm labor, necessary to the food supply of the nation and its allies.

Of the rest of the existing motor cars, who shall say how many serve other units in the great Army of Supply?

—the executives, managers and foremen of industries engaged wholly or in part in war work.

—the individual war workers whose activities require rapid transportation.

—the men of the various professions, doctors, lawyers, engineers and others who serve the war workers and war industries to keep them efficient.

We do not know how many cars serve these essential workers—but we do know

MY war-time concep
that it is simply a
rapid transportation.
It goes into service as
transportation system.
In placing our restricti
our national transportati
individuals, I want our d
discern the uses to which
place each unit where it
ning of the war.

Toledo, Ohio
Oct. 1st, 1918

...on of the automobile is
...ven number of miles of

...a unit of our national

...output of these units of
...system in the hands of
...tributors and dealers to
...hey will be put and to
...ll best serve in the win-

...willys.

President

that they must amount to hundreds of thousands.

We do know that the whole motor car industry will be almost wholly engaged in war work by the end of this year.

And we do know that the output of motor cars is fast becoming insufficient to replace cars wearing out in service.

* * * * * * *

The automobile is simply a given number of miles of rapid transportation.

At the very least calculation much more than half of this transportation, as it is used today, is in the service of our Army of Supply.

And if, as these cars wear out, they cannot be replaced from normal sources, where are the cars coming from to serve our Army of Supply?

Shall we slow down the production of supplies or shall we slow down our use of these individually-owned units of our national transportation system?

The people have demonstrated that they cheerfully conserve things for which there is need for conservation.

As they have conserved other essentials, such as food and fuel, they will, when they understand the need, conserve motor car transportation.

To the extent that Overland and Willys-Knight Motor Cars are now and may in the near future be produced, we want them to serve the workers in the Army of Supply.

Willys-Overland

Incorporated
Toledo. Ohio

In Hotel Ritz

In Paris, a famous chef created a remarkable soup recipe. Many hours were required to make it, and the delicate blending of some twenty ingredients. It became the queen soup of that great hotel, noted for its cookery.

It Won the Prize

At a culinary contest held in Paris this soup won the prize. Thus it became the leading recipe in that city of fine soups.

Scientific Cooks

Later that chef came to the Van Camp kitchens, and this recipe came with him. Here our culinary experts, college trained, worked three years to improve it. Step by step, by testing countless blends, they evolved a savor which amazed the chef himself.

The Final Formula

Today it is prepared here by a most exacting formula. Every step and detail is minutely specified. Thus every dish is exactly like the model dish adopted. And every home, for a trifling cost, can serve this exquisite soup.

The History of a Typical Van Camp Soup

Why Scientific Cooking So Amazingly Excels

Here is the history of one of the Van Camp Soups. There are 17 other kinds, and each one has its interesting story.

Each started with a famous recipe. Each has been perfected by our scientific cooks. That is, by experts, college trained in the culinary art.

Under former methods, the finest soups were ever inexact. Materials varied. The blends were largely guesswork. Soups were never twice alike, never as good as they could be.

In the Van Camp kitchens, recipes are tested out with countless variations. This continues until our experts feel they have reached perfection.

Then every step to this perfection is recorded in a formula. Standards are fixed for every ingredient, and some are selected by analyses.

So that soup never varies. Every dish of that Van Camp Soup has the same exquisite flavor.

Better Than Parisian Soups

Now you can serve Parisian soups better than they are in Paris. The blends are more delicious, the formulas more exact. Every material is just as it should be. We use infinite care in the cooking.

The soups come to you ready for instant serving, and at little cost. And you know that nowhere on earth, at any cost, could a better soup be served.

Get from your grocer two or three kinds of these new-day Van Camp Soups. They will give you new conceptions of soup possibilities. Try them once, and you will not again be content with lesser soups.

VAN CAMP'S
Soups—18 Kinds

Van Camp Products Include

Pork and Beans Evaporated Milk Chili Con Carne
Peanut Butter Spaghetti Chili Sauce Catsup, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Pork and Beans

Also perfected by these culinary experts. Beans selected by analysis are baked for [illegible] by super-heated steam. Baked with a sauce which is the final result of testing 856 formulas.

Van Camp's Spaghetti

Based on a famous Italian recipe which our experts spent years in perfecting. Never in Naples or anywhere has one ever tasted a Spaghetti which compares with this.

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made from a perfect blend of Spanish and Virginia peanuts, with every germ removed. The germs are slightly bitter. It means a new delight to lovers of peanut butter

(472)

(Continued from Page 51)

It was fifteen miles from the Poe statue to Bolingbroke Square, but in the agitation of the moment neither of them had thought of that. "Good-by," said she, holding out her hand.

"Good-by," replied the beautiful face she could no longer endure. And Philip started the car.

The statue of Edgar Allan Poe held a ghostly fascination for Leonard Eustace Platt that afternoon. As soon as Effie's car had vanished round the bend he turned and walked back along the crooked path through the cypress grove. He seated himself on a bench at the foot of the statue and contemplated. Poe and Platt, two equally lonesome souls, regarded one another across the chasm of eternity. The great sad master up there, thought Leonard, would understand, just as Una the Unknown must understand when she came here nightly under a gibbous moon to mourn for Leonard Eustace Platt, never to be hers. By her own confession she was beautiful and oh, so lonely! Well, Lovely Leonard was in much the same plight at that moment. He fished her pink letter out from his inside pocket and went over it again. She was to keep a tryst with death at this very spot to-night between the hours of nine and twelve.

Very well. She should do nothing she would be sorry for. Len knew a garage near the Vare Street entrance, a quarter of a mile down the drive. A swift run across the state line, a visit to a parson—or better still a justice of the peace—and Effie Garner would be taught by bitter experience that the face of Platt was not to be trifled with.

Toward twilight he stole away from the spooky dell. He had had nothing to eat since breakfast—very little then—and vulgar hunger was calling him out of the Parnassian plane on which his dreams were coasting. At the Vare Street entrance he saw a number of yellow trolley cars stopping at the terminus and performing the back-end-foremost miracle by which a trolley car's head becomes its tail on its homeward trip. A few paces up the road a gasoline pump in front of a sheet-iron building plainly labeled Garage informed him that here a motor might be hired, in case the affair with Una progressed swiftly to the matrimonial stage.

Just beyond he could see the sign Car Barn Short Order Restaurant painted above the sickly glowing windows of a drabby store front.

Leonard experienced again the guilty rebellious sensation of the hair-cutting adventure. One of his mother's pet aversions had always been the casual lunch counter, where vulgarians of no soul color worth mentioning meet to gobble. Hastily Leonard entered and perched his elegant form on a high stool between two pie-eating conductors; and when a bandit with a smeared apron shied a thick plate in front of him and bawled "Whachurze?" Len chose pumpkin from six varieties of pie and sipped a tawny liquid from one of those indestructible cups that look as though they have been designed to be hurled great distances out of high-velocity guns.

He borrowed a paper, which proved to be a greasy copy of the Inspector's Sunday supplement. Lewisburg's Famous Beauty to Wed stared him in the face. With something like an oath he folded it into a small wad and tucked it under his plate, faint with a fear of recognition.

It was evident that he had caused a minor sensation, for as he passed out toward the great adventure he could hear the enormous motorman on the end stool call out in a stage whisper, "Swell carriage trade, hey, Tony?"

Len's pace grew slower and slower as he took the upland drive toward the museum. A gibbous moon—Una's favorite illumination—was swinging high, a multitude of scurrying clouds giving to the pale satellite the appearance of speeding at a reckless pace through snowy waters. The little crooked path was on the shadowy side of the drive and he must needs grope for it like a near-sighted man finding the eye of a fine needle. At last his feet were on the crunching pebbles; the little path wound white and serpentine between the funereal cypress trunks. A light wind had risen and sent a tender moaning through the high-spired trees, which swayed toward a ragged moon, now drifted clear of the speeding clouds. Whitely above him he could see the marble forehead of the ghoul-haunted poet gleaming in the still radiance.

Leonard paused and held his breath. A bat whirtled past his ear. Less romantically, if far more comfortingly, an automobile honked in the distance. He stood still. No other sound.

Presently crouching like an Indian about to ambush big game he crept slowly forward through the trees, and it was with a start of superstitious awe that he came suddenly upon the square sepulchral base of the monument, all luminous white in the center of a cleared space. A twig cracked. Again he stood at gaze, imagining that in every haunted avenue between the sighing branches he could catch the flutter of moving draperies, glimpse a moon-pale face turned suppliant toward his. He remained moveless just long enough to satisfy himself that there was no one there; and then the inevitable reaction set in.

She hadn't shown up. He began to enjoy the cheap and cheated sensation common to both poets and policemen upon contemplating the scene of a broken date. Then a more sinister suspicion intruded itself. Possibly he had come too late; possibly the despairing Una had already taken a header over the coping and into that patch of silvery tide he could see sparkling through the shrubbery below.

Shocked with the possibility he stepped hastily forward and was just rounding a corner of the marble base when his feet grew suddenly leaden, his veins cold with the consciousness of a Presence, gazing solemn and hollow-eyed round an opposite corner. A diabolical hypnotism seemed to draw him toward the thing. Now he could make out the moon-pale face and dark draperies below, partly hidden in an angle of the stone; he could have touched them with his cane. He stared until he could stand no more, and then he found his voice.

"Una!" he called, and was furious that he permitted his voice to tremble so.

"Good evening, Leonard!" sang out a cheerful basso; and the specter, coming closer round the polished marble surface, materialized into the all-too-fleshly figure of Newton H. Farley, Sunday, sporting, society and religious editor of the Lewisburg Inspector!

Men falling to death from great heights, theorists inform us, are sometimes stimulated to a remarkable clarity of thought; and Leonard Eustace Platt in this instant of crashing humiliation had restored to him something of which he had been cheated from the cradle.

"What are you doing here?" he asked quite brusquely as he advanced upon the imposing figure of the celebrated rough-and-tumble fighter.

"What do you think?" snorted Farley, removing the handkerchief which had given a ghostly effect to his head.

"I'm asking you!" Len edged a step nearer.

"Well then, I'm looking for Una."

"You've insulted me once too often to-day."

Newt gasped. It was like seeing a rabbit come roaring out of its hole with the claws and teeth of a tiger. What strange words were these pouring forth in that richly modulated barytone?

"You've made me a byword and a laughingstock by the lowest methods known to your trade. I always knew you were a bully, but I never thought you were a sneak. Just why have you chosen to write me those idiotic letters?"

"Now that you're talking turkey, Len," said the Sunday editor, never relinquishing his smile, "I'll tell you why: Mr. Garner suspected you of being a lady-killer, and I've undertaken to prove that you aren't fit to marry into his family. And I reckon I've proved it all right."

"That's a lie," promptly and rashly cut in Leonard Eustace Platt.

"Those are fighting words, young son." Newt Farley held up a kind restraining hand. "You've got to admit that when Una called you came."

"She had to threaten suicide to get me here," defended Len with a stoutness that, considering his inadequacy to meet the situation, was both comic and pathetic.

"Well, you're here. And to finish the job I'll call in my witnesses."

Farley uttered one low whistle, and miraculously from behind the cypress trunks appeared a short fat figure and a tall slim one. As they came under the moon's rays Leonard recognized in them Waid and Torrence, reporters on the Inspector staff.

"Gentlemen," said Farley in a business-like tone, "I want you to witness that Mr. Platt has come to keep his appointment."

The two witnesses grinned rather sheepishly; but it was only an instant before their grins opened into an astonished gape, for Lovely Leonard was neither running away nor begging for mercy. His movements were deliberate and rather fussy as he removed his coat and waistcoat, folded them and laid them over a corner of the pedestal.

"If you want to do the same," he volunteered with a suavity that Lewisburg had always regarded as effeminate, "I shall be pleased to wait."

"What in hell will you wait for?"

"I'm going to fight you," explained Lovely Leonard, tucking back the sleeves of his silken shirt. The long man fell into the arms of the short one and the two set up a duet of spluttering roars.

"Archie, I can't stand it!" admitted the tall one, and roared again.

"For the love of Mike!" Newt Farley's fighting grin grew fixed, but his tone was not unkindly as he faced the comic challenger. "I admire your nerve, Len. But you'd better run home and think it over. I'm apt to get cross when I start sparring, and I'm not responsible for how hard I hit."

"Of course, if you refuse to fight there are witnesses here to brand you as the coward I've always thought you were."

Farley's smile grew steely.

"It's just your fool ignorance, Len." One of his bludgeon paws had come, still gently, up to a level with the Grecian nose. "If you should accidentally get in the way of that—well, I'd hate to be responsible for spoiling the face of Lovely Leonard ——"

"Don't anybody ever call me that again!" It came like a shriek, and with the words Newt Farley felt the Platt signet ring furrow its way across his cheek.

Not vainly had he warned his puling adversary that when engaged in combat he was not responsible for how hard he hit. The first thrust of that broad bony fist came against Leonard's most treasured feature with a crunching effect; it was as though the club of a Vandal had smitten against some delicate Venetian vase. The shock of it brought Leonard's arms up helplessly just for a moment, but the big fists were boring underneath in a series of terrific smashes. There were dark spots on the dandified silk shirt. It was a marvel that he could have stood so long.

And then the inscrutable was unscrewed, as Newt said to me in his confessional last Tuesday night. In the language of the prize ring Len, ducking below Newt's guard, fell into a clinch. Several seasons of tuition under an instructor in Greek dancing had given him both wind and flexibility; but his ignorance of the human fist as a weapon had rendered his blows quite useless up to now. Yet as he struggled there, tight packed against Farley's broad chest, it was an animal desire to kill that possessed him. The attitude in which he found himself, hugging tightly to the monster who would destroy him, brought to his giddy senses a memory of Professor Kranski and his class in Greek wrestling.

Len had now twined himself round the great hulk, groping, groping. How was that hold, under the arm and round the wrist? Kranski had said it would be wonderful to develop the lines of the torso and had warned against using it too savagely lest your opponent's arm should break. Leonard got Newt's wrist across his shoulder just as he was reaching out to break the clinch. Kranski's warning was promptly demonstrated. There was a brittle cracking sound, a grunt, and Farley sank to his knees, his right arm hanging loose, his left swinging in blind circles.

Len Platt knew no rules of fighting save to hit and hit to kill. Before the big man could scramble to his feet the delicate hands had landed a dozen times on the sardonic mouth, the peaked nose, the tufted eyebrows that he hated and were to mock him no more. At last the great mass crumpled on the sward, and the witnesses, closing in on the frenzied victor, were crowding him away.

"Let me alone, damn you!" the new-made champion was raging.

He was hitting wildly, but his breath was spent, and at last they managed to control him from behind.

"Can't you see you've licked him to a finish?" the tall one was grunting in his ear. "Want to kill him?"

"You bet I do!" roared the maniac.

"Well, you've accomplished your purpose," groaned the grounded hulk, rolling to his side.

(Continued on Page 58)

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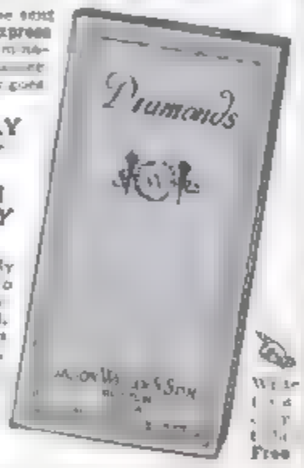

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Champion teams everywhere are wearing the "Grip-Sure", the speediest of all basket ball shoes. It is [illegible] worn by the United States and Panama Canal champion basketball team of the Illinois Athletic Club, three years national amateur champions, and by the Bronx Church House Invincibles, champions of the East.

The famous suction-cupped red sole of the Grip-Sure is patented. It holds the player up on slippery floors. It is full of life and spring and speed.

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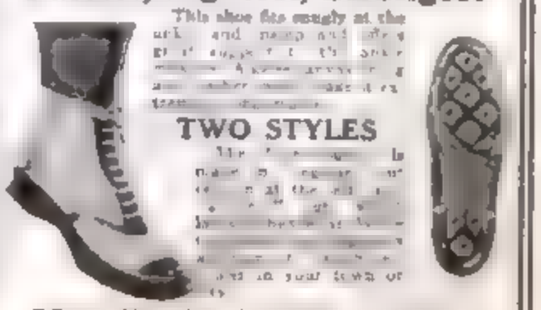
Fastest, Lightest, Strongest



This shoe fits snugly at the [illegible] and [illegible]

TWO STYLES

[illegible]

BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO.
Dept. C Beacon Falls, Conn.

Actual photograph of 38 x 7 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire in service on 1½ ton Truck operated by the Ohio Sample Furniture Co., Cleveland

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

PROFITABLE TIRES

2 Tires—6 Months—$264.61 Saved

UNQUESTIONABLY the most authoritative and utterly conclusive proof of the special advantages of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires is found in the cost records of users.

At Cleveland, The Ohio Sample Furniture Company has kept such records covering the simultaneous operation over a six-months' period of a truck with solid tires on the rear wheels and another with a rear equipment of Goodyear Pneumatics; the trucks are identical in make and size—both have pneumatics on the front wheels.

The first figures set down show that the all-pneumatic truck has traveled 6,000 miles or 25% farther than the other which has gone 4,800 miles.

Then it is found that the repairs on this truck amounted to $63.09 while the repairs on the truck with solid tires cost $129.55, giving a saving of $66.46 for the unit with pneumatic rear equipment.

"The reason why we intend to make Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires standard equipment on our trucks is because the pair we have in service have paid for themselves in six months and, in addition, have given us a profit of 88%."—Mr. B. Silver, President, Ohio Sample Furniture Company, Cleveland.

A still greater proportion of saving is shown in the gasoline record due to the fact that the solid-tired truck used 1,812 gallons of gasoline over 4,800 miles whereas its partner used just 1,320 gallons while running 6,000 miles; at the prevailing rate, this represented a difference of $197.47.

And a further item charged against the truck with solid tires is the fact that it required 504 quarts of oil, or 144 more than the other truck, which adds to the credit of the pneumatics the sum of $55.18.

Again the better economy of the all-pneumatic truck persists in the depreciation account, where 1 cent is charged off for every mile run by this carrier as against 3 cents for the other and where, as a result, there now is a margin of $84.

Finally, the company's books show that the driver of this truck, in traversing 25% more ground, saved his employer $161.50 in wages, and therefore that this one pair of 38 x 7 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires costing $300, paid for themselves in the six months' period and yielded a profit of $264.61.

It must be added that this figure by no means represents the total profit of which these tires are capable inasmuch as the owner states they can be expected to travel four or five times the distance they have gone.

The plain mathematics of many similar records are showing to constantly increasing numbers of executives that the speed, traction and cushioning power of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires are sources of appreciable financial return.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES

ANNOUNCEMENT OF WINNERS
of LIBERTY BONDS & W.S.S.
"CRAYOLA"
PATRIOTIC DRAWING CONTEST
WHICH CLOSED AUG. 31, 1918

Liberty Bonds

T. A. Intesa, New Kensington, Pa.; W. Jensen, Passaic, N. J.; J. G. Vita, San Diego, Tex.; A. F. Morton, Greenville, S. C.; W. E. Van Hafften, Joplin, Mo.; R. [illegible], Lebanon, Ind.; M. Tognalda, Beckwith, Cal.; G. Hyde, Oakland, Cal.

War Savings Stamps

E. F. Humphrey, West Philadelphia, Pa.; C. Bacheler, Talcottville, Ct.; A. H. Carothers, Bardstown, Ky.; H. Cunningham, Crawford, Miss.; V. H. Morgan, Sioux Falls, S. D.; E. E. Dodd, Springfield, Mo.; M. Dunham, Albany, Ore.; G. Andrews, Los Angeles, Cal.

"CRAYOLA"
For School and Home

The correct crayon for coloring pictures, maps, post cards, etc. A gift of little cost for Boy and Girl. Assorted in boxes of 6 to 24 bright colors.

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GOLD MEDAL CRAYONS
For Every Use
Marking and Checking
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If a dealer cannot supply you, write

BINNEY & SMITH CO.
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Keep HIM Fit with COMFYKIT

Most Popular KIT Made

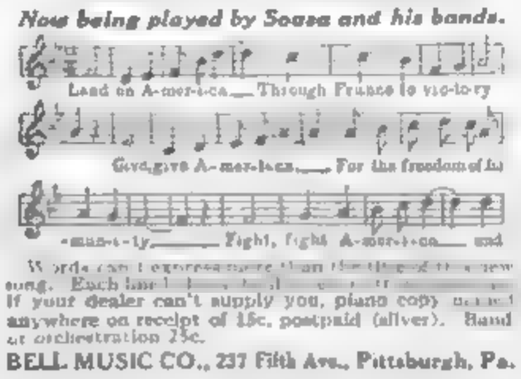
Price $5.00

Thousands Used by Army & Navy

Contains 18 necessary articles, including Safety Razor, Collapsible Shaving Brush, Soap, Trench Mirror, Sewing Outfit, etc. All standard articles of lending quality

Kit Made of Waterproof Auto-Fabric
Beware of Imitations
Look for Nathan Trade-Mark
Sold by Dealers or Direct
Nathan Novelty Mfg. Co., Dept. P 88 Reade St., New York

Marching song of Army and Navy
"Lead on America"
Now being played by Sousa and his bands.



Words can't express more than the thrill of this new song. Each line [illegible]. If your dealer can't supply you, piano copy mailed anywhere on receipt of 15c. postpaid (silver). Band or orchestration 25c.

BELL MUSIC CO., 237 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Continued from Page 55)

As Newt's accomplices leaned sadly over the relic, Leonard, grown suddenly calm, realized that much warm fluid was rilling down from a vast meaty extension that seemed to have grown in the space between his cheek bones and his upper lip. He took out his handkerchief and bunched it against the affected area. He had a queer loose feeling in his mouth.

"Let that arm alone!" Newt Farley was demanding from his grassy couch. And when they had raised him to a sitting posture he used his left hand to beckon.

"This affair needn't get beyond us four," came the executive tones from a grotesquely battered countenance.

"I imagine not," agreed Len, removing the handkerchief with which he had been busily sopping. "If you aren't able to take the trolley there's a garage at the foot of the hill."

The loose feeling in his mouth gave him a curious lisp.

"Thanks. I've got 'Lije." Under the moonlight the wreck sat regarding him through his one undamaged eye. "My God, what haven't I done to your face!"

And a gale of melancholy laughter followed Leonard's retreat through the murmuring cypresses.

III

LEONARD EUSTACE PLATT'S disappearance from Lewisburg was nobody's business but his own and his mother's. And that lady came out of her great calm and grew alarmed on the very morning when Newt Farley, giving it out that 'Lije, the wonder car, had first kicked him and then run over him, lay groaning in bed at the home of his married sister.

Mrs. Platt had sat up all night awaiting her darling's return. Her pride would not permit her to make inquiries of the hateful Garners; but long before noon she had telephoned for a private detective. Then she had run up to Leonard's blue-ribboned boudoir, where with the aid of a hairpin she had picked the lock of the upper left-hand bureau drawer and brought out fourteen pinkish envelopes addressed in an identical hand. The zestful joy of delving into her son's private affairs almost requited her for the pain of loss. From the rosy fourteen, read and reread with many an outraged pursing of the lips, she gathered the complete history of Una's hopeless passion. Una from some vague listening post she always referred to as "afar" had heard Len's tinkling dulcimer, had watched him walk in beauty like the night, had marked his devoted attentions to the sweet young girl next door. There in the fourteen rosy sheets before Mrs. Platt lay the explanation of it all. Una!

A discreet flat-headed gentleman who having failed as a roundsman had become a high-priced specialist in the tracing of criminals came at last from the detective bureau and referred time and again to some long-cherished ideal he called Foul Play. But Mrs. Platt merely showed him one or two of those florid epistles, just as you let a bloodhound sniff a rag from an escaped convict, then dragged him to her car and ordered her chauffeur to drive like mad out to the statue of Poe, which several of the pink letters had mentioned as Una's favorite stamping ground.

Fortunately for the poor lady's feelings a little rain had fallen during the night, washing the grass of gory stains round the monument; otherwise the Una theory would have lost out and the detective's favorite, Foul Play, would have come in a lap ahead. On the rolling sward toward the river they found what at first appeared to be an oddly elegant jardinière, but turned out to be Leonard's silk hat, half-filled with rain water; and though the sight of it renewed the freshet from Mrs. Platt's eyes it served as sufficient evidence to establish the Una theory. Sordid details had no place in Mrs. Platt's sublime mind. Of course, Leonard had eloped. Didn't the hat prove it?

It must have proved something, because she grew strangely calm again after two days of agitation, paid off the detective, and pulling down the shades sent out vibrations to the twelve signs of the zodiac, declaring that her Boy Blue was happier as he was.

About three weeks later Newt Farley, his arm still in a sling and a few plasters adhering to his expressive countenance, went to his office for the first time since his alleged encounter with the rebellious 'Lije. He had scarcely opened his desk and resumed his earnest work of disarranging everything when the telephone jingled and he heard Effie's voice brokenly pleading:

"Newt, I want to talk to you. I know it's asking a lot—but couldn't you come out to the house? I can't very well talk to you in your office."

"Sure I'll come, Effie!" the strange man promised with all the enthusiasm in the world. You see, in many ways Newt Farley was incurable.

He got a colored man to drive Elijah's Chariot for him and hastily chugged away toward Bolingbroke Square. On the pleasant side porch of the Garner residence he patiently awaited the young lady, and when she came down he was shocked by her appearance, as she undoubtedly was by his. She was pale and her eyes were haggard as though she had been substituting tears for sleep.

"Well, Newt," she began with an approach at a smile, "we're all playing in hard luck lately. I hope you're feeling better."

"I'll get well," he wanly promised. "And I reckon I'll go into training next time I start to wrestle with a flivver."

"If You Want Him Kicked Out Do It Yourself"

"Appearances are deceptive," she bromidically informed him.

"Aren't they!" He groaned and sat down.

"Next," she began, folding her thin hands and giving him a widowed look, "I suppose I ought to apologize for the way I talked to you that Sunday morning. But I just can't bring myself to do it. Whatever your motives were I shall always think that your publishing those horrid pictures had a lot to do with driving poor Len away."

"You weren't exactly coaxing him to stay the last time I saw you together," he gently reminded her.

"That doesn't excuse you. The fact remains that Len's gone, and—and I want you to find him for me."

"I see."

He studied her silently for a long minute. Certainly Newt Farley was learning about women from her.

"Len's mother is doing nothing—nothing. She says she's sent him away to cultivate his voice; and I don't believe a word of it. I know how desperate he was when he left me that day. Newt, you've got to do something. Can't you see?—it's killing me!"

She sat dry-eyed and staring, and Newt could see by the way her thin hands clutched at her gown that she was not exaggerating in her last appealing outcry. How like a scorpion his conscience stung him then!

"Of course, you saw him after I did," he said mendaciously, realizing that it would do no good to tell her about the Una letters and that fight under the moon.

"I took a drive with him in the park on the day that horrid page came out," she slowly explained. "We didn't seem to look at things in the same way, so I told him we couldn't be married. The last I saw of him he was near that statue by the river and ——"

"What statue by the river?" guilty conscience stung him into asking.

"The one of Poe."

"Oh yes."

"What's the matter? You look so queer. Do you know something more about him?"

"No."

He all but broke into a confession as he recalled the bruised and bloody mask that the town Adonis had worn away with him through the shadow-haunted woods.

"I—I told him," she was going on, "that he was too good looking to be genuine. I told him his beauty had spoiled his character. What I said must have hurt him dreadfully. It's breaking my heart to think I could have talked like that—because, Newt——"

She paused and sat looking away, for tears had come at last.

"Because, Newt," she managed to get out after a second try, "I—I think it was his beauty I cared most about after all."

"So you want me to fetch him back," he said dully.

"It wouldn't be any more than justice. You drove him away; and I think you can do anything you set out to do."

The last remark was disagreeably similar to old Garner's character estimate, which had got him into this mess.

"I'll start the wires for you," he reassured her with a certain grim cheerfulness as he said good-by and limped toward the much-maligned Elijah. Those who may disapprove of the Una-letter type of trouble-making must admit that Newt Farley was worse paid than many a knight-errant who has done less hazardous work for love alone.

That very evening, neglecting dinner, he loaded his faithful gangsters, Waid and Torrence, into the asthmatic 'Lije and, Torrence at the wheel, they journeyed to the end of the trolley. At the sheet-iron garage a young Caucasian, black all over, including his teeth, recalled how, two Sundays ago, he had taken a bruised stranger across the state line and left him at a wayside drug store. The gent, who was a swell dresser with his face wrapped up in the tail off a silk shirt, said he'd been knocked down by a jitney—Newt made a mental note on the similarity of lies told under given conditions—and he wanted to see a doctor but wouldn't go back to Lewisburg.

Newt took road directions and they drove out a few miles to seek the druggist, who proved to be a purblind gentleman in a greasy skullcap. Well he recalled the eccentric and damaged young man. The regular doctor had been away on a vacation, so the druggist had done his Spartan best to set the broken nose and stitch together the torn lip. He gave the patient a cot out back of the store, but all that remained next morning was a five-dollar bill lying on the pillow. He reckoned the young fool had walked to the junction and taken the train for Cincinnati.

That night Newt Farley made a call on Mrs. Platt. She was rosy with transcendental cheer, and the journalist hoping to win by shock tactics began bluntly: "Mrs. Platt, it's getting round that Leonard has been killed and spirited away."

"What malevolent influences ——"

"A detective told me," said Newt, shooting wildly and hitting the mark.

"It's a base calumny!" she flared up. "My Boy Blue is safe and very happy."

"I'm delighted to hear it," he quite truthfully said; "but can you furnish some satisfactory proofs? You see, we've

(Continued on Page 61)

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FIFTEEN millions of people are in the cast.

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Tonight—*as you step out* of the motion picture theatre—

happy, smiling faces all around you—*there* it is!

The Greatest Motion Picture! Why, you've probably thought of it yourself. Of course, such a picture would be the picture of the people who see Motion Pictures—and what Motion Pictures do for these people; the thousands who can go anywhere money will take them and do go to the Motion Pictures by choice; the millions who knew little or nothing of fun or joy until Motion Pictures came into their lives.

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Paramount Pictures TRADE MARK

An Appreciation by Wm. G. McAdoo of the War Work of the Motion Picture Industry and of its co-operation with the War Loan Publicity Department, Frank R. Wilson, Director.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON

Mr. W. A. Brady, Pres. National
Association of the
Motion Picture Industry, New York

Dear Mr. Brady:

The great financial enterprises of the Government incident to the conduct of this war could not have been carried out successfully without the enthusiastic cooperation of all elements of business activity.

The great motion picture industry has been conspicuous in its enthusiastic support of these enterprises. Mr. Zukor and his associates who have represented your organization in its relations with the Treasury Department have given unstintingly of their time, talent and labor to help get the Liberty Loan and War Savings appeals before the American people. In this patriotic activity I know they have reflected the attitude of the entire motion picture industry.

I want particularly to express my thanks to the stars and producers who have collaborated in the thirty-five motion picture subjects in behalf of the Fourth Liberty Loan. I believe these animated appeals are very effective in strengthening morale and in helping arouse the public to its responsibilities in connection with the financing of the war.

Cordially yours,
(Signed) WM. G. McADOO.

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Bridgeport Wood Finishes		Farm Explosives	
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DU PONT

(Continued from Page 58)

got an article all set up for the morning Inspector saying that foul play is strongly suspected."

"Oh, my dear Newton!" She became natural for a moment. "You wouldn't let such a frightful thing appear about my boy!"

"That's what I've come here to prevent. If you can show me some evidence ——"

"That would be the easiest thing in the world," she replied with a return to her sirupy manner. "The very week of his disappearance a soul message came to me."

"A what?"

"Just a minute."

She rose and sweeping majestically over to a little desk across the room rummaged in a pigeonhole and brought back as strange a collection of evidence as any criminal court has ever seen. They were all bundled together in a wrapping of tissue paper and Newt was more puzzled than ever when the exhibits were spread out before him.

"First," said she, holding up a scrap of baby-blue ribbon, "this came to me by mail. It is the color of happiness, of perfect souls—my Man Child's color."

Next she displayed, held preciously between thumb and finger, what was undoubtedly the withered mummy of a common field daisy.

"A few days later this came—the daisy, you know, is to our cult the emblem of health, safety, purity—and with it this message."

She produced a scrap of paper, evidently torn from a paper bag, and on it distinctly penciled: "Fear not for Zolno, who has sought Una and found the Baha."

"Hm!" said Newt Farley, fingering the pile of esoteric rubbish, which included a white pebble, a page torn from a theosophical work, a scrap cut from a necktie, a chicken feather, and something that looked suspiciously like a prune pit. On several scraps of paper were cryptic lines such as, "Zolno finds the earth magic beautiful," "Zolno seeks contentment in the Ninth."

The last message, somewhat reminiscent of baseball, seemed very beautiful to Mrs. Platt.

"All these symbols have significance to our cult," she smiled. Newt was going to ask her what the prune pit and the chicken feather signified, but he was afraid of wasting his evening at a lecture.

"Well, where is he?" he asked forthwith.

"On the Happiness Plane," she told him.

Newt cast his eyes rapidly over the collection of envelopes, and noting the postmarks he concluded that the Happiness Plane was somewhere in Cincinnati. Therefore he promised to publish an item to the effect that Leonard Eustace Platt was away studying music and on the wings of that promise he departed.

That very night he wheedled his managing editor to send young Torrence to Cincinnati to fill a vacancy among the correspondents. Torrence, the tall reporter, who later became famous in the great war, would have shed his life's blood for Newt Farley; and that is why he took the train next morning bearing secret orders from his Sunday editor.

As summer cooled to fall and fall to winter it became horribly apparent to Cassius Garner that Mrs. Platt was doing nothing about her lost son; for the flat-headed detective had come round to him full of the Foul Play theory. He made a sort of truce with Mrs. Platt in order to remind her of her duty, but the amateur sorceress smiled sweetishly and informed him that Boy Blue was oh! so happy. He was even more disgusted when he found in Newt Farley merely a tolerant listener to the Foul Play hypothesis.

"You wanted him killed," the Sunday editor would point out. "Now what're you moaning about?"

Green grass had followed snow on the Lewisburg lawns when at last came a message that caused Newt to clap on his hat, speed his chariot of fire to the station and entrain for Cincinnati without taking so much as a toothbrush. The note had been hammered out with a crooked-lined typewriter on a sheet of yellow copy paper and said:

"*Dear Newt:* Got him. What are your instructions? "Y'rs, "J. T."

It was late the following afternoon when J. Torrence, playing Vergil to Farley's Dante, stood on a high bluff near Cincinnati and pointed out the infernal scene below. They were concreting a river wall, and the two spies were looking down on the wonders of a modern engineering job in full blast. Donkey engines puffed and churned, giant cranes creaked and groaned, monstrous creations, striking thunderous blows with lightning rapidity, were driving sheet pilings deep into the river mud, while a great concrete mixer, shaped like a cocked die, rolled boisterously over and over as it churned its load of sand, gravel and cement. It was toward the mixer that Torrence pointed his long finger.

"Why, they're all niggers," said the puzzled Newt, marking the antlike line of dust-covered Ethiops, their bare arms veined with black where perspiration had rilled down as they shambled along with wheelbarrow loads of food for the cast-iron monster.

"No, no! The one in the gray jumpers standing on the little platform, bossing the coons."

The gray-jumpered one stood on his elevation making short truculent gestures, while the air was sulphurous with his exhortations. Spellbound, Newt Farley slid down the incline and mounted the rostrum whence came the orator's volley of hard language.

"Hey there? What's the matter with you, you hammer-headed, fish-eyed son of a slave? Take that empty out of the way and be sudden about it—I mean you, you pock-marked tar ball!"

The third giant in the line of wheelbarrows looked up dustily and showed a row of teeth.

"Y'aint mad, is yo', boss?" he asked lovingly.

"Mad? What do you think I'm doing—singing a love song? Now get out of that before I come down with a shovel and bash about six of you!"

The offending empty was removed with hysterical haste and the line resumed its march toward the mixer. In the interval the slave driver, who had been too absorbed in the grandeur of his theme to take note of his surroundings, turned somewhat gruffly and saw Newt.

Recognition was mutual; but if Farley had expected some alterations in the face of Lovely Leonard he was certainly not prepared for a work of such completeness. All sorts of things appeared along the contour of a nose that once was Greek. The perfect architecture of its bridge had caved in slightly at the base, had bulged toward center—along about the tip heaven knows what had happened to it! The surgeon druggist apparently had set it entirely by guess, and in healing it had warped seriously to one side. There was a deep scar, too, across the lower lip, which caused a pugnacious outsticking expression. One tooth at least was missing in the lower row. Altogether the face of Leonard Eustace Platt, showing much tan under the powder of dust, had become weather-beaten and somewhat brutalized. Even the soft blue eyes with their wealth of lashes didn't seem to matter any more.

"Hello, Newt," said the reconverted Leonard quite casually. The scar on his lip gave his smile a sidelong twist.

"Hello, Len. I've come all the way from Lewisburg to tell you ——"

"That's good. Stand to one side just a minute, will you? I've got to throw the wrath into these nigs!"

Another line of powdered black men was coming down the plank, swinging as they shambled behind their laden wheelbarrows.

Leonard opened up the relic of his former beauty and bawled out of the side of his mouth: "Hi, you Number One man! Are you crippled? Either get on or get off. Come aw-w-w-wn!"

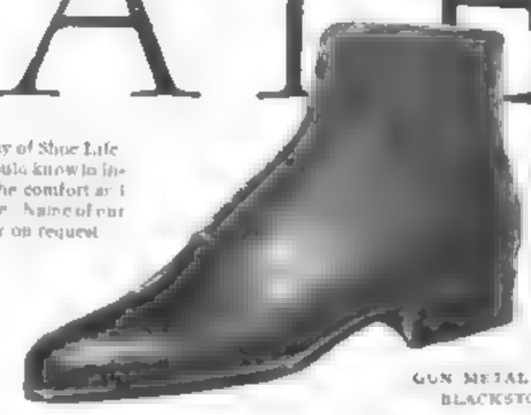
After all, reflected the philosopher, nothing is strange in this world. If the arrogant tyrant standing there in the notch-brimmed hat and gray jumpers had been eugenically bred to be a straw boss on a concrete mixer nothing more complete than this could have resulted. The voice which to the tinkling dulcimer had crooned Mona, Mona, Weave Thy Starry Hair had coarsened now to the timbre of lime and gravel. The softly cultured hand had become horny in the palm; profane and forceful words distorted the once perfect lips.

When the whistle blew and the cranes, engines, mixers and pile drivers along the rapidly growing river wall were silenced for the night, that which was once Lovely Leonard came over and looked somewhat bashfully at the envoy from home.

"Why don't you come back, Len?"

Newt put it baldly, realizing the virtue of speedy attack.

BATES



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Two out of every three experienced wiremen have been called into our Nation's Service.

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Wiremold is a metal raceway specially designed for the proper protection of surface wiring. For this purpose it is, therefore, far superior to ordinary conduit. It costs only about half as much and saves 70% in steel.

Wiremold does not require experienced workmen to install—inexperienced men will make a good, quick, safe job with it.

Do not compare Wiremold with ordinary metal molding. It is a surface conduit, not a metal molding.

We will send you an introductory quantity of 100 feet of Wiremold and 15 packages of fittings (covering all requirements for the average job) for $15.88.

Send for illustrated Catalogue and Installation Manual that shows many model installations. Free on request.

The American Conduit Manufacturing Co.

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WIREMOLD

A Surface Conduit—Not A Metal Molding

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William Rogers and his Son
The BEST AT THE PRICE
Connecticut has been for three quarters of a century the home of fine craftsmanship in silver. Here the famous Rogers Brothers invented and perfected the art of electro-plating silverware; and here today their successors maintain the high standards set by the founders.
The Clinton Pattern in Wm Rogers & Son well exemplifies these standards and, just as 1847 Rogers Bros is the criterion of value in the heavier ware, so in the less costly grade Wm. Rogers & Son is familiar to Americans everywhere as
"The Best at the Price"
The Clinton Chest
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At Your Dealer's
Wm. Rogers & Son
Bears the Guarantee of the International Silver Company of Meriden, Conn.
Made in Canada by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

"Why should I?" Len leveled melancholy eyes and with a sudden twisted smile pointed to his misshapen nose. "The glory that was Greece!"

"At least you ought to see your mother."

"With this?" Again he indicated the broken ornament.

Newt Farley saw no adequate argument for that. With an inward shudder he recalled what Effie had confessed to him—it was his beauty she loved most, after all!

"Let's sit down," said Len, crouching on the end of a beam. There was something touching the humorous in the smile with which he asked, "Didn't mother get my—soul messages?"

"Yes. That's how I got a trace of you. Why in the world did you send her all that junk, Len?"

He sat kicking the dust with his loose brogans and at last replied: "You see, I couldn't come back to her with this face. I understand mother, I think. I knew that if I sent her ordinary letters she'd go wild, so I sent her that cryptic stuff just to keep her quiet. I told her I was working up to a higher spiritual plane; that's about the truth too—but she might not agree with me."

He pulled a damp cigarette from his side pocket, lit and reflected.

"I've often thought of coming home," he said. "And then I look at myself in the glass—it's a habit. I simply don't dare bring this face back to her, poor old dear!"

"I had no idea I'd done all that to you," lamented Newt.

"Don't blame yourself. Anybody but a Boy Blue and a Lotus would have had sense enough to go to a good doctor. I let a druggist sew me up, and then I ran wild like a mad dog. I came here and lived in a cheap boarding house until it healed up—crooked. When my money gave out I got a job with the sand hogs in the cofferdam. And do you know, Newt, as soon as I found I had lost my face an awful weight seemed to slide off my shoulders? I suddenly discovered I could be one of the gang. The superintendent of works found I had a genius for scaring coons, so he put me in charge of a shovel crew for a while, and last week he promoted me to the mixer."

"You don't really like it?" asked the philosopher from Lewisburg.

"Well," came the answer, which might have been scrawled among the cryptic messages, "burlap is not so soft as velvet, but there's a sort of goshawful independence about it. It's a giant's game, this concrete-construction business. I'm taking a night course in engineering. If I could get hold of some capital I know a chance—I wonder if I could get mother interested. . . ."

Len had smoked his cigarette to the butt and lighted another before he turned full face upon the envoy and asked, "Who sent you here?"

"Effie Garner," came the reply, as brief as the question.

The young concrete boss hugged his knees and looked away across the river. No sculptured head of the dreaming Poe could have regarded the waters more sorrowfully.

"She'd never know me," he said huskily at last, "with this mug." With an impetuous movement he pulled from his head the pathetic remnant of what was once a hat, and crumpling it savagely between his hands covered his eyes. Newt Farley let him be until the spasm was over, then he came and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"You should worry about that," he said, leaning down and speaking as one would to a discouraged child. "You'll always look like the morning sun to her, Len. Come on, old boy. Better hurry and change your clothes. We've just about got time for the train back."

The next evening, the moon now riding cheery and full in the heavens, Newt Farley sat in his madly vibrating Chariot of Fire, which was banked at a side of the drive near the cypress grove in Lewisburg Park. As he sat there chewing the stub of a dead cigar he grew weary of whimsical reflections on life's twisted channels. A cold wind was rising and he wished those two would either quarrel or make up and not be so long about it. Through the silvery leaves the top of Mr. Poe's carved head gleamed brilliantly in the moonlight.

Presently a masculine form appeared out of the crooked path, and there followed the little fluttering figure that Newt Farley never saw without a heart thump.

"Newt," implored Len in a discreet whisper as he leaned over the front wheel, "do you think you could find a J. P. or something who could do the job to-night?"

"Nothing's impossible," stolidly replied Lewisburg's Diogenes, swinging open the side door and admitting the couple, who if they had been quarreling had got most bravely over it.

Faithful to his last duty in this comedy that had progressed thus far under his mismanagement he tortured the creaking 'Lite into first speed and glued his eyes to the road ahead. It was not until they had left the park and swung into the turnpike that an echo of her rapture floated to his ears above the roaring of controls and spirit rappings among the cylinders.

"I adore you this way," she was saying. "Your face seems to have so much more—character."

"Can you beat it?" asked Farley of the low-powered engine, which was doing its best to draw at least two of them toward happiness.

Sense and Nonsense

Highwayman's Song

THERE'S a smell of burning wood in the air
That comes with the turning year.
The road unwinds in a silver coil
As the autumn moon rides clear
Of a patch of cloud; and there, etched sheer,
Swings the coach through a burst of light. . . .
Oh, a harvest of louis d'or is ours,
A flood of golden sovereigns is ours,
If we screw our courage tight!
With a heigh and a ho
As we rob 'em so
In the gaze of the great white moon.
Though every thief has his piece of rope,
Every thief has his piece of rope
That hangs him, late or soon.

Now there isn't a game in all the earth
That only one can play;
The blackest of crimes needs fellowship
To hearten or gainsay.
And we are rollicking, singing lads,
Although we'll get for our pains
A gibbet on a bleak crossroad
To swing on the wind in chains. . . .

Oh, the stage draws near and the moon rides clear
As we wait where the shadows lurk.
And, bursting forth, we make 'em stand—
All in a row we make 'em stand,
With many a jest and quirk,
As with heigh and ho
We rob 'em so
In the gaze of the great white moon.
Though every thief has his piece of rope,
Every thief has his piece of rope
That hangs him, late or soon.

—Harry Kemp.

Gone

BROWN and dead as a frayed-out rope
The matted marsh grass lies,
And the wild ducks come with muffled call
Out of the winter skies.

Mallard and teal, with flurries of wind
From the northland whence they came;
But the hunter is gone from the driftwood blind
To seek another game.

Needless the wary craning watch;
The lake front holds its peace,
Till the hunter returns to his old loved haunts,
What time the wars shall cease.

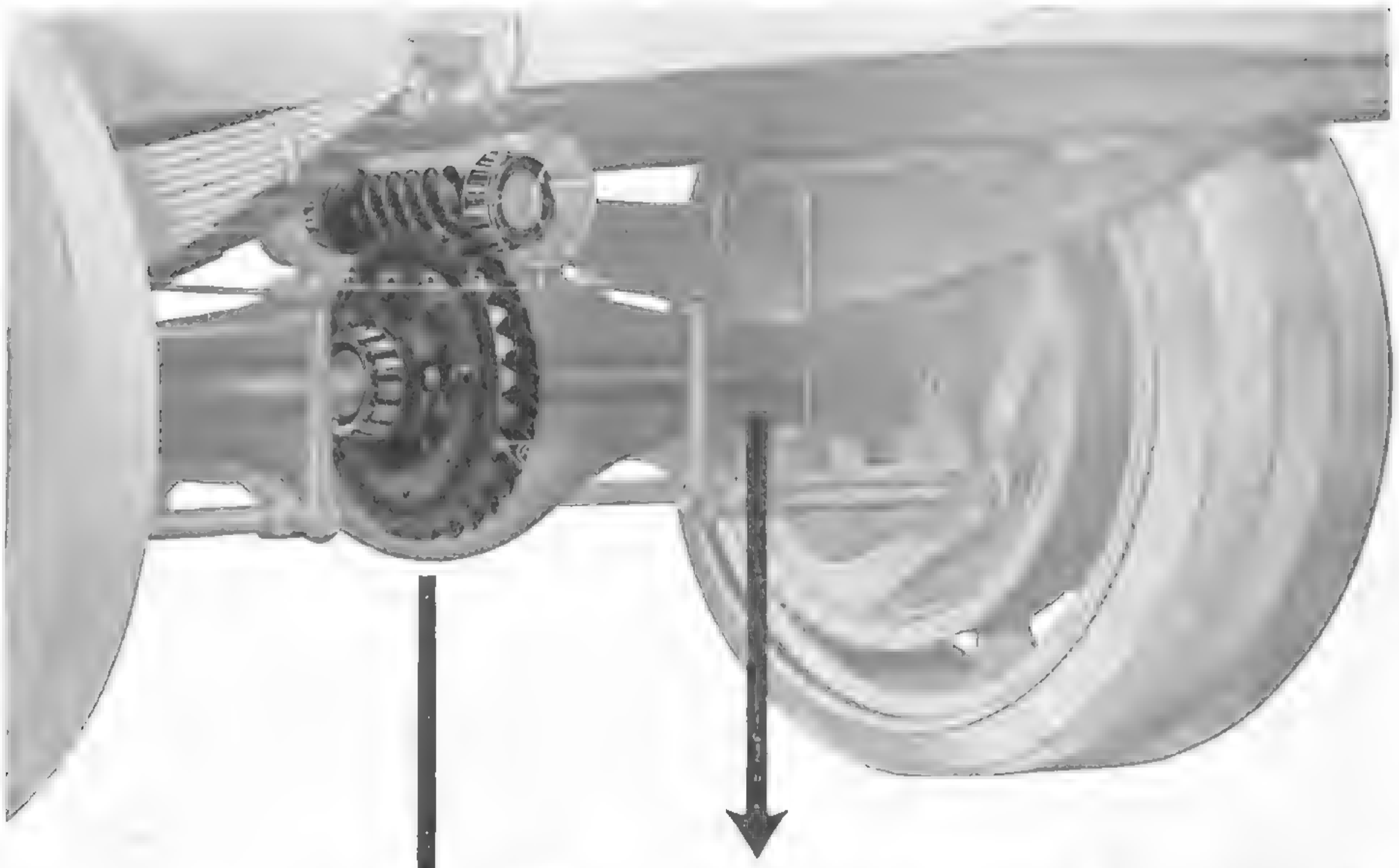
—Ira South.

Gas-Proof Yanks

A GERMAN lieutenant was making record-breaking time in the direction of the Rhine and Berlin with the detachment of troops he was commanding.

He was halted in his mad flight by an *Oberofficier* of the German Army, and inquiry was made as to the why of his retreat, and why he didn't use gas on those *verdammte* Americans.

"I did, sir," pleaded the poor lieutenant, "but it wasn't any use. All the gas does to them is turn their skin black and their hair kinky, and they keep on coming!"



The Bridge that Supports and the Gear that Drives

In a Timken-Detroit Worm-Drive Rear Axle one of the big vital problems of efficient commercial haulage finds a practical and simple solution.

The axle has just three jobs, to *carry the load*, to *drive the load*, and to *stop the load*. Timken-Detroit Worm-Drive Axles do these three things *with everything that is superfluous left out*.

The axle housing is a steel bridge in which the greatest amount of load-supporting and strain-resisting strength is obtained with the least weight of metal through a scientifically correct combination of the hollow tube with the rectangular, or box-like, one-piece housing.

The problem of load-driving and gear-reduction is by the use of worm and worm wheel reduced to its simplest form *—direct drive through two strong, simple units, with only one reduction.*

Brakes are of ample size, and correctly designed to bring the truck to a dead stop in the shortest distance without jolt or jar.

The one greatest cause of wear to truck axle parts is eliminated by enclosing the driving members within the housing, making positive lubrication possible with no entrance of dust, grit, sand, mud or other foreign substance to grind away gears, shafts and bearings.

This type of axle construction has now had over six years of continuous and successful demonstration under the best built motor trucks in America and many years of service in Europe.

In all that time not one of these gear units has worn out in legitimate service. The only cases of worn gear trouble reported to us have been caused by deliberate use of a lubricant containing material which would wear out any part in rolling contact. Scores of worm-drive trucks have traveled over a hundred thousand miles (many over two hundred thousand), and are still going, with the worm drive unit in as good working order as when the truck was new.

A prospective buyer needs no argument other than the actual facts of service, which can be obtained from any user of trucks equipped with Timken-Detroit Worm-Drive Axles.

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FRONT and WORM-DRIVE REAR
AXLES
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One purchaser writes: "I have used it on my hide for nearly four years—no sign of senile decay—other brushes came and went."

Ask your druggist for it first. If necessary, send a dollar to us for the brush. If you don't feel you have more than your dollar's worth, send to us for your dollar. Keep the brush.

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THOSE BEASTLY BOLSHEVIKI

(Continued from Page 10)

Mrs. Esmeralda is even more inviolable than when given elsewhere, and I determined to abide by it at cost of my life if necessary. But eventful as our walk together had proved thus far, in reality we were only at the, as I may say, beginning of things.

We had covered a considerable distance during our interchange of confidences and were now emerging from the seclusion of the wilds and coming upon the outskirts of the village—an impossible little place devoted to the necessary but unattractive sites of fishmongers, butchers and tradespersons generally, who depend upon the summer colony as their chief source of revenue. The little town, or hamlet, as our dear English cousins would call it, is situated about a common, or park, having shockingly ill-kept lawns and harboring at this moment a series of gigantic shabby tents.

In point of fact a circus was in town, and as the garage for which I was headed stood directly opposite the flimsy structure I was bound to notice it. So did Mrs. Esmeralda, and instead of mounting and taking leave of me as I had anticipated she gave an exclamation of pleasure, announced her intention of giving the circus what she termed the "once over," and tied her horse at the greengrocer's.

Now though the village of Longhampton is a mere market center, as it were, and nobody knows the persons inhabiting the cottages which constitute it, still the fact of its being a market center implies that occasionally one does meet someone there, if you know what I mean. Indeed I have several times had jolly encounters at the tobacconist's when we ran short and someone else had, too, don't you know. And so the thrill of dismay which pierced me at sight of Mrs. Esmeralda's next move can easily be imagined—occurring as it did just as I had been feeling she had swung over to our side and was at last on the verge of showing the results of her contact with dear Mrs. DeWynt and becoming one of us in spirit as she was already in blood.

Outside of the long and dingy circus tent toward which we were progressing lounged a man. There is nothing remarkable in the statement, I am aware, and there was certainly nothing remarkable in his appearance, it being distinguished from that of any workingman in overalls only by a certain jauntiness due to his build, which was long and slender. He was engaged in the repair of an equally long and slender whip, about which he was winding a bit of leather or some such thing. He was unshaven and not overclean, and most unprepossessing. But at sight of him Mrs. Esmeralda emitted what can only be described as a whoop of joy, and actually ran toward him, both hands outstretched.

"Clem!" she positively shouted. "Clem Davis, you old coyote! Where did you come from?"

"Well, if it ain't Essie Sprunt!" exclaimed this awful person, detaching himself from the wall of the tent against which he had mysteriously contrived to lean, a slow grin overspreading his unshaved countenance and displaying a set of large, very strong-looking white teeth. "By all that's mentionable, if it ain't Jack Sprunt's little gal! Howdy! Howdy!"

And in another instant these two were doing a sort of bear dance right on the public common, holding on to each other's hands and prancing in what I take to be a sort of Far Western ritual of greeting, and wholly unmindful of the impression they were creating on the public mind, to say nothing of displaying any consideration of me. When they had finished their outrageous performance Mrs. Esmeralda did actually recall herself sufficiently to perform the to me more familiar rite of introduction, though she did so in an untrained and altogether incorrect manner.

"Mr. Penny, meet Mr. Clem Davis!" she said. "Shake, boys!"

And before I could stammer anything by way of an acknowledgment I found my hand in the grip of this, as I may say, cave person, who then proceeded to manipulate my arm as though it were the bit of the auto one turns over when the beastly self-starter will not work, if you know what I mean.

"Pleased to meecher," he grinned, mercifully releasing me at length. "Any friend of Essie's is welcome," he added in a tone which somehow seemed to imply a peculiar generosity where I was concerned. But instantly both he and Mrs. Tugwell appeared to forget my presence.

"Well, Essie, I hear you got hitched up in double harness!" Mr. Davis said. "English fellow, eh?"

"That's right!" replied Esmeralda, to whom this remark was apparently perfectly intelligible. "And pulling very satisfactorily."

"This ain't it?" inquired her friend, dropping his voice and glancing anxiously in my direction. Mrs. Esmeralda gave a little laugh.

"Nope!" she replied. "Just a friend whose wagon broke a little way down the road. But last time I saw you you were out at Point of Rocks breaking horses. What on earth are you doing with this outfit?"

Mr. Clem Davis heaved a sigh and a dreary look became perceptible through the three days' growth of beard.

"I was real sorry to give up that job," he said sadly. "They was some sport to it—the worst horses in the county was broken on that ranch."

"But what are you doing here?" she persisted.

"Just taming lions," Mr. Clem Davis admitted shamefacedly, his tone apologetic.

"Why, Clem!" exclaimed Mrs. Esmeralda, all sympathy. "What a come-down. Was it liquor?"

"You got me right, Essie," he acknowledged. "One big drunk too many, and—fired! And joined this outfit, and if the blame state didn't go dry right afterward! If it had went dry a week sooner I'd still be on a man's job—and now here I am in the East, liquor, lions and all!"

"Too bad!" murmured Mrs. Esmeralda. "Why not go into the Army, Clem?"

Her friend brightened considerably at this, and took a brace—both, as I may say, spiritually and actually, as he prefaced his remarks by a hitch, I believe it is called, to his rather lax nether garments.

"I am!" he said excitedly. "I'm going to be an officer, Essie! The Government ain't such boobs as you'd think, because I told 'em what I knew about hosses, and they tell me I kin go over in charge of the stable end of a cavalry division—the hosses all under my command. I expect to hear where to report at, any day!"

"Good for you, Clem!" cried Mrs. Esmeralda, and for an instant she showed every evidence of being about to recommence that dance of greeting. Then a new line of interest struck her. "How about the lions, Clem?" she asked interestedly. "Are they vicious?"

"Naw!" replied Clem disgustedly. "Tame as kittens. We have to feed 'em red pepper just before the show. Wanner see 'em?"

"You're on!" replied Mrs. Captain Basil Tugwell enthusiastically. "Do show us! Come along, Penny!"

But it seemed to me that I had suffered sufficiently in the cause of friendship. The proposition held no attractions for me, and Mrs. Esmeralda's interest in her newly discovered acquaintance not appearing likely to slacken for some hours I felt this an auspicious moment at which to take my leave.

"The car!" I murmured. "If you will pardon me, really!"

"Oh, all right!" exclaimed Esmeralda. "Toddle along, old chappie. But be sure and show up at Catherine's by luncheon time to-morrow. The room and bawth will be ready; and the meeting, you know, is at three!"

Whereat I made my escape, leaving that terrible young woman and her friend to the inspection of his beastly pets, or whatever you would call them, and an interminable string of reminiscences.

As they vanished into the tent I heard Mrs. Esmeralda sniff and say, "Great Scott, what have you been eating?"

"Oh, a little garlic, I guess," he replied; at which Mrs. Esmeralda exclaimed: "Get out! There's no such thing as a little garlic!"

I was so indignant and distressed that not even the prospect of stopping at the Collinses' gave me any comfort—and so preoccupied that I was almost run over by Wynnett St. Johns, who with his wife and Mrs. Langdon drove by at that second. They fortunately caught sight of me in time, however, and stopped the car.

"Get in, Allie!" cried Mrs. Langdon, who as everybody knows is our most distinguished divorcée and perfectly devoted to St. Johns. "We need a fourth for a rubber!" And you may be sure I climbed into that tonneau with a sigh of relief, feeling that I was almost, as it were, leaving a morass, and breathing the pure air once more. And despite the fact that St. Johns, who was driving, had undoubtedly been indulging in alcoholic stimulants, and my nerves were not at their best, I have seldom enjoyed a drive more, it was so good to be back—well, to be back among—well, to be back, if you know what I mean!

I feel moved at this juncture to observe, as most curious but undeniably true, that the one thing which we most ardently desire and demand for ourselves—to wit, personal liberty of thought and action—is the most difficult for us to grant to another if we happen to disagree with him.

This truth was borne in upon me next day very shortly after my arrival at Mrs. Ted Collins' and my introduction to Gregg Winterbox and his, as he prefers to have supposed—er—his wife by her own name, if you know what I mean. There was no doubt as to his erudition, yet we were scarcely introduced before I began to develop certain belligerent instincts, the existence of which I had not hitherto suspected in myself. There was a certain something about the chap which caused in me a strange longing to smite him—and yet all he did at the time was to speak of peace—indeed at no period of our brief acquaintance did he do much else. But I anticipate.

I came over according to instructions, before the luncheon hour, having first gone to bid a regretful adieu to dear Mrs. DeWynt—or would have if it had been possible, which it unfortunately was not, she having left without remembering to notify me, the senator's plans having been, I suppose, accelerated in some fashion. I traveled light, as one might say, taking over to the Collinses' only a couple of bags, a dressing case and hat box, one trunk and a special case which I had designed to hold my uniforms—a box so constructed as to keep them in perfect shape under the most trying conditions and bound to be a useful addition to my luggage in the event of my ever being sent abroad. Well, thus lightly but adequately equipped, I arrived at Mrs. Ted's, and was most sweetly and graciously greeted by that lady in person. A female servant took my things. Then we walked out onto the Japanese veranda—a most exquisite bit of architectural fantasy—and met the other guests.

Let me record that my wildest expectations had not reached the flight necessary to have visualized them. For Mrs. Ted, though Bohemian and all that, is exquisitely gotten up, and her house is in the best of form. Mr. Winterbox and his wife, Madame Crillier, were, to put it mildly, far from properly groomed. And beside Mrs. Esmeralda, who despite her Western eccentricities of dress always contrived to look attractive, there was another guest, a Miss Boilingbrook—doubtless an alias for Mrs. Somebody—a gaunt handsome young woman who was not stopping in the house but had merely put in an appearance with a view to being chairman for the afternoon. It is doubtless a Russian peculiarity to have the chairman a woman—though to be sure Miss Boilingbrook was not Russian, but merely, as she explained while Ted Collins mixed the preluncheon cocktails, Bolshevik.

I may mention that contact with this lady also roused in me those fighting qualities which Winterbox evoked and I confess with less shame than ought justly to be expected that for the first time in my life I felt a strong inclination to strike one of the weaker sex! Possibly her shoes, which were peculiarly massive and of an unfeminine appearance, were as much the cause as anything. I understand perfectly that she had a legal right to wear those shoes, but her doing so roused in me almost as deep an antipathy as did the conversation which ensued.

I wondered how Ted Collins endured it either, but his alcoholic experiments doubtless had something to do with his acceptance of the situation. Like many of our best people he has for many years been a devotee of Bacchus, realizing how dull the average convivial party would be with the,

(Continued on Page 67)

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25¢

(Continued from Page 64)

as I may say, conviviality omitted. And now with national prohibition imminent the impulse to have as amusing a time as possible during these last few precious months had obsessed him, if you know what I mean—a fact which greatly distressed his wife, who I have been given to understand had often disputed the subject with him. Be that as it may, however, he was seldom if ever separated from his cocktail shaker—and it is well known that when a man no longer trusts his own butler to mix his drinks he is in a bad way.

When Ted passed his latest concoction on the occasion of this amazing luncheon party, rather to my surprise, the outsiders did not hesitate to imbibe. And though up to this point they had been rather uncomfortably silent they suddenly became at ease—indeed rather more than at ease. Miss Boilingbrook, who shared the swinging seat, leaned over me rather alarmingly:

"It is not for long that the rich shall enjoy these luxuries!" she remarked in a sepulchral voice. "The people are coming into their own, Mr. Penny!"

"Indeed?" I ventured.

"In Russia they are even now trampling through just such palaces as this!" announced Gregg Winterbox, his ascetic hair seeming to stand on end with emotion, the while he drained his glass for the second time. "And soon we shall be doing the same!"

"Oh, surely not to Mrs. Ted!" Esmeralda cooed softly, her manner so ingratiating that I was filled with amazement.

"We shall spare no one!" replied Mr. Winterbox. "Once capital is gone it will be gone! May I have another of those delightful drinks, my dear Collins?"

Needless to say Ted was only too eager to comply with the request of his appreciative guest, who meanwhile stood in the midst of the Japanese veranda and took up the theme with eloquence, though somewhat cryptically:

"The tools must belong to the worker!" he announced. "Our Russian comrades have realized that, and they have realized also that in order to become possessed of the machinery of production they must have peace. In order to have peace one must stop fighting. In order to stop fighting one must lay down one's arms! Then the industrial revolution will follow as a matter of course!"

"Yes, but," said Mrs. Esmeralda still sweetly, playing with her riding crop in a peculiar manner, "yes, but suppose the other fellow forgets to lay down his arms—like in the Italian retreat? What then?"

"Both sides must lay down their arms!" Gregg Winterbox announced with thrilling firmness. "Both! In Russia, when Ludvich announced the taking over of all vodka by the government ——"

"Oh, I beg to differ with that!" broke in Madame Crillier, who had hitherto been silently playing with her long earrings. "I beg to differ with that. It was Trotsky, not Ludvich, who suggested the control of alcoholism by the proletariat!"

"I believe you are thinking of the Shoemakers' League for Individualism!" replied her—I suppose I may be permitted to call him—spouse, a trifle annoyedly.

"Nonsense!" snapped Miss Boilingbrook. "You are both of you wrong! It was Rosaki Baba, Lenine's mother-in-law, who was so long in Siberia! And anyhow the whole matter was abandoned later and has nothing to do with the present situation! Now, when I was over with the Ford peace party ——"

"Let me ask one question," put in Mrs. Esmeralda: "Just what do you propose to do to end the war?"

"Demand an immediate peace conference!" exclaimed all three visitors, simultaneously for once!

"And do you intend demanding it right here on the front lawn this very afternoon?"

"I do!" replied Gregg Winterbox, squaring his shoulders and accepting his fourth cocktail from the preoccupied host. "I do! Not directly, in so many words, of course! But insinuatingly, by dwelling on the beauties of peace in the abstract, and the fact that Germany is merely a misguided mass of brothers—of comrades!"

Somehow at this juncture the swinging sofa upon which I sat all at once felt most uncomfortable, and I was impelled to rise and walk about. Really, upon my word, could I have thought of a single excuse I would have left that instant! I do assure you I have never in my life come so close to losing all sense of my social obligations! But Mrs. Esmeralda sat still and continued to smile sweetly. There came over me a cold horror that somehow these strange persons were exerting upon her the same hypnotic influence which they seemed to exert on Mrs. Ted, who sat entranced and hanging upon every word they uttered.

"So you don't believe in defending yourself when attacked?" Mrs. Esmeralda went on. "Oh, do explain it all to me, Mr. Winterbox! I am so interested!"

"I certainly do not believe in physical violence under any circumstances!" replied he, warming to his theme. "The human intelligence has so far progressed during the last three—mind you—three decades, that it is farcical to resort to the methods of the primitives. When coming into dispute with a civilized and equally erudite nation such as Germany, we ought, should and can settle the matter verbally!"

"I see!" said Esmeralda. "But suppose that after you had an erudite President who had written some erudite notes to this erudite nation they went right on acting like a bunch of wild animals, and only used their erudition to lie, deceive and trick you—where would you get off?"

"I would meet their brutality with nonresistance," said Mr. Winterbox quickly. "The psychological result would be so tremendous that nothing could fight it!"

"Do you mean to say that if a couple of wild beasts came at you, you would reason with them?" she wanted to know, her fingers again playing nervously with her riding crop.

"Of course I would!" declared Gregg. "The power of the human intelligence is unlimited!"

"And you wouldn't try to defend yourself?" Esmeralda went on.

"Peace is inevitably met by peace!" replied Winterbox; and all the ladies except Mrs. Esmeralda applauded, while Mrs. Ted spoke up for the first time.

"Oh, Esmeralda, my dear!" she cried. "Can't you see how beautiful that idea is? Just think how wonderful it would be for everybody to stop fighting!"

Suddenly Esmeralda disengaged her arm, upon which Mrs. Ted had laid a hand.

"Of course it would be wonderful!" she cried. "But can't you see what dangerous bunk these people are talking? Can't you understand that they are dealing with something they have no real knowledge of? How long do you think any one of them, or you either, would stand up under an actual physical test of your theories?"

"Forever!" shouted Miss Boilingbrook, springing to her feet and pounding on the table with her empty glass, which Mr. Ted, by this time in a semistupefied state, absently refilled. "Forever! Why, if a German came up to me with a bayonet I would reply with a pamphlet!"

"Even though you knew he was only a wild beast?" demanded Esmeralda, swinging on her.

"Yes!" replied Miss Boilingbrook.

"Oh, bunk!" snapped Mrs. Esmeralda. "Catherine, I'm sorry to act like this in your house and to your guests, but it's only because I care such a lot about you, and it makes me sick to see you fooled by them! Would anything make you cut it out?"

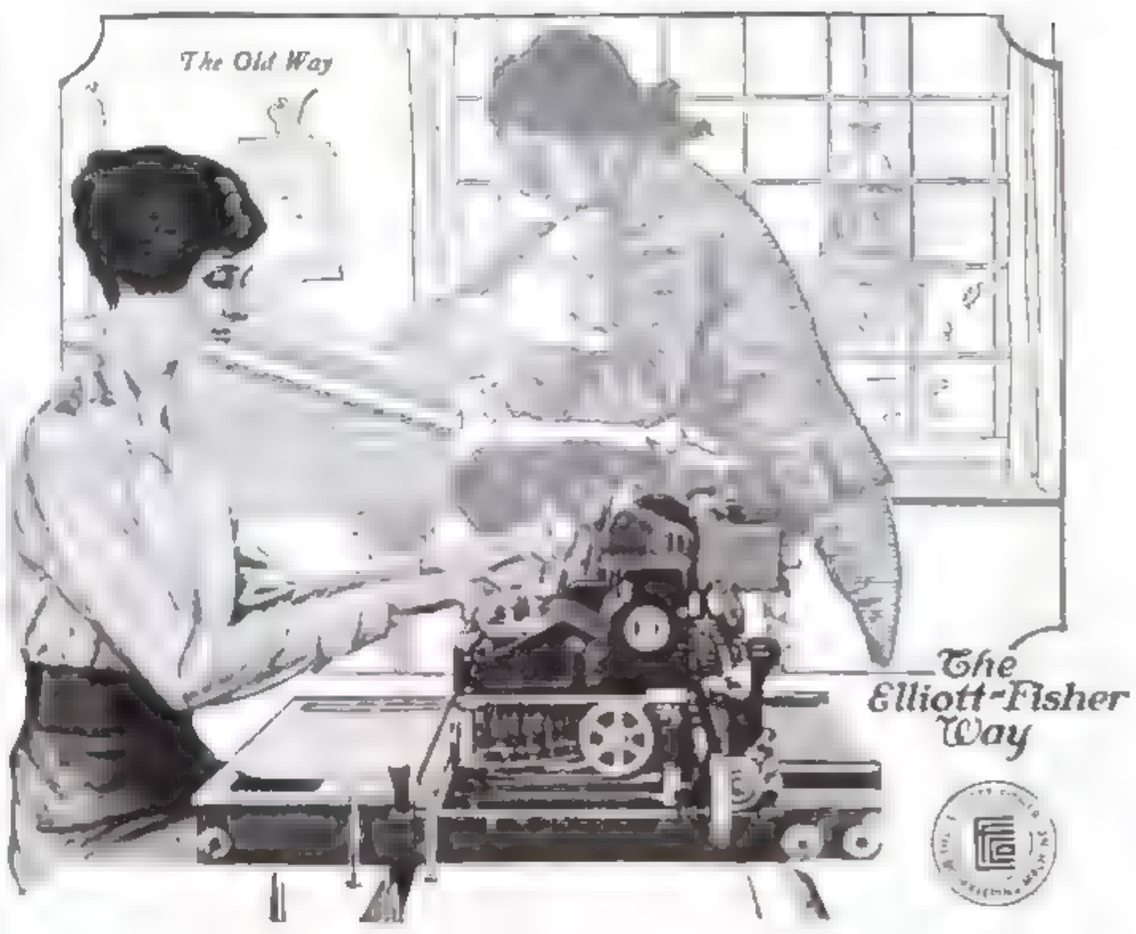
"I believe in them and their noble theory!" said Mrs. Ted with shining eyes. "I think it wrong to kill anything. I'd have to see the theory of nonresistance fail before my very eyes before I would doubt it!"

To this reply Mrs. Esmeralda made only an inarticulate noise. Mrs. Winterbox—I mean Crillier—sprang to her feet, her earrings jangling, and there was the spirit of, as I may say, Mars as well as Bacchus in the air, if you know what I mean, when mercifully one of the white-capped maids appeared in the door and announced luncheon.

What a relief! What a marvelously helpful social institution these announcements are! A tremendously ingenious person must have conceived them—so indispensable to the salvage of difficult situations have they proved, time and again!

At any rate we all collected ourselves and turned our steps toward the luncheon room, I lending my assistance to my host, who badly needed it by now. He accepted my proffered arm with pathetic gratitude, and as I do not partake of anything stronger than coffee myself I was well fitted to my self-appointed task. As we entered the house together he whispered a confidence to me in a breathy undertone of considerable strength.

(Concluded on Page 69)



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(Concluded from Page 67)

"Thanksh, ole Allie!" he said. "Shamed of myself getting stewed like thish so early. Catherine's always trying to get me to cut it out but somehow I haven't got the strength of character—it would take a hard knock. And the worsht of it is when I'm stewed I forget to kick these damn—Bolsh—Bolsh—you know what I mean—out the damn housh! Mean to every time, I 'shure you! Then I mix a round of drinks and it sh-shlips my memory!"

He patted me on the arm in a manner most flattering from a person of his social standing, and we all sat down to the awaiting meal.

Conversation, which had been so, as I may say, animated on the veranda, languished curiously, and after a moment or two of dreadful silence during which she ate nothing Esmeralda rose from her seat.

"Will you excuse me a minute, folks?" she said. "I must telephone."

And with that she walked out leaving the rest of us silent under the shower of a monologue on the changing social order by Mr. Gregg Winterbox, who seemed to have a most amazing faculty for consuming nourishment without in the least impairing his linguistic faculty, even temporarily.

I have long observed a curious phenomenon which doubtless has escaped the casual eye—or ear, whichever one would call it—to wit: the difficulty of abstaining from listening to anyone giving or receiving a telephone call if that person be within earshot. And as usual this peculiar condition rose when Mrs. Esmeralda took down the receiver from a telephone in the hall just outside. Of course, I strove not to attend to what she said, but I could not avoid catching a few remarks, and these were most puzzling.

"I don't give a German copper!" she said. "I'll pay the whole matinée seating capacity if necessary!" And then a little later: "You know it'll be a cinch compared to that stallion of old man Ezera's!"

Presently she returned to her place, a trifle flushed and with a renewed sparkle in her eye, but with a strange repose of manner. Also her appetite returned, and she applied herself to the exquisitely appointed meal with her customary rather crude relish.

I for one did not share her material enthusiasm and was more than content with a glass of milk and a biscuit. The whole situation was at once nauseous and irritating. That terrible almost uncontrollable instinct to use violence on the mild Mr. Gregg Winterbox and his female companions kept bubbling up in me and caused me a dread of subsequent nervous indigestion if I was not cautious as to food. My equanimity was further impaired by the sight of several maidservants and some caterers' assistants busily engaged in arranging for the meeting, which was to follow the luncheon and which was to be held on the lawn.

It was a divine site for a large entertainment, being a grassy basin surrounded on three sides with a carefully controlled wilderness of underbrush and young trees. On the fourth side was a terrace, also Japanese in character, and containing a lovely miniature lake or pool. This lake being elevated slightly above the turf, a table and chairs had been placed on its margin, and was evidently intended to serve as a pulpit from which the unholy doctrine of Bolshevikism was about to be preached. Below, in the grassy hollow, some three hundred odd seats had been placed, their backs to the woods, and over at the right a group of wicker chairs was arranged to accommodate the, as I may say, aristocracy of the Bolshevik.

A little later, when the audience which was to listen to the doctrine of Comrade Winterbox began to arrive in the automobiles Mrs. Ted had provided for their transportation, I looked in vain for any Russian costumes, and again my doubt of the thorough genuineness of the organization rose, though to do them full justice it must be admitted that many of the male members were bearded—which fact might possibly have a pecuniary basis as well as a radical and racial one. There were a great many foreign-looking persons among them, and some odd-looking American females faintly reminiscent of the sort of maiden relation one ignores whenever possible. There was, I am thankful to relate, nobody who could by any chance be mistaken for one of us. But I was so deeply upset that I could take no part in the, as I suppose I must call it, social prelude to the meeting, during which the guests wandered about the house and grounds, handling Mrs. Ted's possessions in a manner which caused me to fear that some of that seizing of the possessions of the rich which Winterbox had mentioned with so much confidence was about to take place under my very eyes.

I suppose—indeed I am sure—that Mrs. Collins knowing my capacity in such matters had anticipated that I would be of assistance in this interval. But such a thing was utterly out of my power. My will seemed paralyzed, as it were, and not even my weeks of training at the Y. M. C. A. hut had hardened me in speaking to social inferiors without an introduction to the extent of enabling me to approach these neo-Russians. I had given Mrs. Esmeralda my solemn word to stand by, but literally standing by was the uttermost I could bring myself to do, and even this I did in the close proximity of Ted Collins, who had installed himself near the speaker's table, a small stand containing the necessary ingredients and a capacious shaker, conveniently at hand. Drunk though he was he was at least a recognizable species, if you know what I mean.

But an entirely different spirit seemed to be actuating Mrs. Esmeralda. Her red hair flashed here and there among the crowd, and a strange elation seemed to be carrying her along, for she chatted amiably with each group of newcomers, however strange, and altogether displayed a social capacity such as she had never evinced on ordinary occasions. It seemed indeed as if she positively were delighted to get these creatures seated, and her marked cordiality was a surprise, to put it mildly. Even Ted Collins commented upon it.

"Fine gel, that!" he said, shaking a new round of drinks meditatively. "Could cure a fellow of the booze habit, even! S-strange thing, fate!"

And just then Comrade Gregg stepped up to his improvised pulpit on the edge of the pond, and Miss Boilingbrook took the chair by, as I may put it, storm, and called the meeting to order. As she did so two burly persons, who palpably belonged neither to the Bolsheviki nor to the reporter class, entered as unobtrusively as their bulk would permit, and took seats just behind me.

"Wake me up when it's over, Bill," said one to the other in a heavy whisper. "These peace meetings make me tired!"

"Yes—they don't even end in a scrap any more!" replied his companion. From which conversation I deduced that they were representatives of the Department known as that of Justice. And then the meeting began with, to my horrified amazement, Mrs. Esmeralda on the platform!

'Twas a strangely peaceful scene for the setting of any portentous gathering. The day was perfect and had the company but been entirely different the occasion would have been charming. A fair degree of attentiveness settled upon the audience as Miss Boilingbrook announced that she had no need to introduce the speaker, and having left him at that, spoke for quite a lengthy period on her personal opinion of the ultimate destiny of labor. Then she remembered Mr. Gregg Winterbox, who had been somewhat restless during her address, and reiterating the fact that he needed no introduction, waved a hand at him and sat down, leaving him in possession of the narrow ledge between the edge of the pool and the, as I may say, brink of the terrace. Mr. Winterbox took the floor, if so it may be correctly termed, with the ease and assurance of long habit. Tossing back his, as I may call it, dramatic hair he acknowledged the applause and began to speak in a voice which fairly dripped with emotion.

"Comrades!" he said. "Shortly before coming here to speak to you it was my fortune to talk with a person who quite unconsciously gave me a most apt text. 'Mr. Winterbox,' she said, 'in the event of a wild beast being turned loose upon you would you not defend yourself?' 'My dear lady,' I replied, 'I would not! I would at once try the power of my good will upon it!'"

Here the audience broke into rapturous applause which startled one of the detectives behind me from the gentle slumber into which he had dropped a circumstance for which I was grateful, as he was given to snoring a most disgusting habit that was in no way lessening the feeling of nausea which was creeping upon me. But this was only the beginning. Comrade Gregg held up his hand for silence, and his countenance took on a sterner mold.

"The psychology of absolute nonresistance has never been properly practiced!" he thundered. "No one knows to what lengths it might succeed. And should the opportunity come to me I would practice it with all the strength of my conviction! Should at this moment a wild beast—a—a wild beast, a—wild ——"

His voice broke suddenly and strangely, and his face lost what little color it had, becoming positively blue; his jaw dropped and he was staring straight out over the heads of his audience at something that was emerging from the woods behind them. Every eye instinctively turned to follow his.

The forest was disgorging two full-size African lions, which quite unattended were making their way directly toward the Bolsheviks!

"Help!" shrieked Comrade Gregg Winterbox, and taking two instinctive and unfortunate steps backward he disappeared into the Japanese pool.

How can I find adequate language to describe the scene that ensued? I cannot. Words, as it were, fail; they are meaningless beside the reality. The confusion was, to say the least, clamorous and overwhelming. Nobody stopped to assist Mr. Winterbox, but the pond fortunately not being very deep his head and shoulders soon appeared over the edge—a situation from which he seemed unable to extricate himself further, though he constantly called for help. Chairs were scattered as the crowd fled; and it is curious to note, in the quiet of retrospect, that the various qualities of the Bolshevik came out quite clearly. I had an excellent opportunity to observe them, having almost immediately upon the alarm found myself in the lower branches of an ornamental pine tree.

A few of the comrades had followed my own instinct and, as I may say, perched near by. A few threw the camp chairs upon which they had been sitting at the charging beasts, and some swept the refreshment tables clean of the sandwiches, and so forth, and tossed them in the same direction as sort of, I take it, sacrificial offerings. Many simply fled, the scenery eventually engulfing them. One or two inadvertently joined their leader in the pool, and yet again others sought shelter in the house. But with all this variety not one—not even one—attempted anything like reasoning with the brutes! In point of fact there were only three persons who even met the animals halfway, as it were.

The first of these was Ted Collins, whom the surprise had caught cocktail shaker in hand. With a howl he charged on the beasts, throwing the shaker away as he went, and shouting at the top of his voice:

"Are they real? Let me feel of them! I'm off the drink for life! For life, I tell you!"

It was terrible—truly terrible! His wife, who had gone inside at the first alarm, now reappeared, running at full speed toward the lions, and brandishing a small revolver.

"It's all right, Ted, I'm coming!" she screamed, and was taking aim when Mrs. Esmeralda's voice halted her.

"Don't shoot!" she called, her voice cool and sharp. "Those lions have cost me enough money already! Don't shoot, Catherine, you fake pacifist!"

Then she blew a shrill blast on a whistle and began shouting at the top of her voice:

"Come on, you Clem Davis! They've had enough! Come on—defeat 'em for us, old sport!"

As if by magic there appeared from the woods the stalwart figure of that terrible circus person with whom we had talked on the previous day. He was now clad in a rather ill-fitting uniform, very new and inexpensively tailored; and with him were two assistants—both in khaki! Just how they did it I cannot tell, but in a very few moments both beasts were securely held in leash, and almost immediately thereafter my whole joy in the moral lesson was destroyed by that vulgar Clem Davis person stopping directly beneath my tree and commanding me to descend.

"A Y. M. C. A. uniform!" he said. "Hey, big boy, jump off your perch and telephone for the lions' cage! Then report to the commissary officer and say Davis sent you to get his other chaps—I mean leggings. The lions has bit through these. Hop along, now!"

And though technically he had absolutely no right so to command me I somehow obeyed

I think perhaps it is best to close at this painful moment. The situation speaks for itself. Do you now perceive what I mean when I say our set will never stand for the way this war is being run—never?

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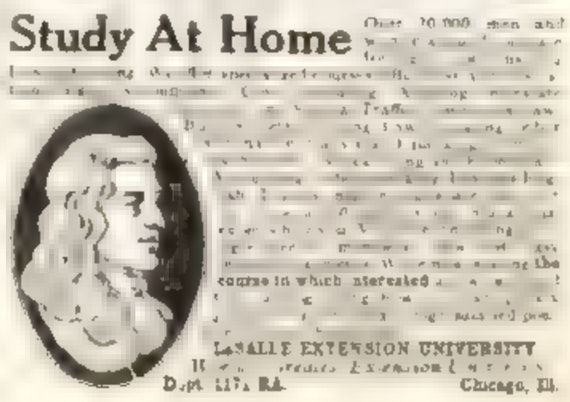

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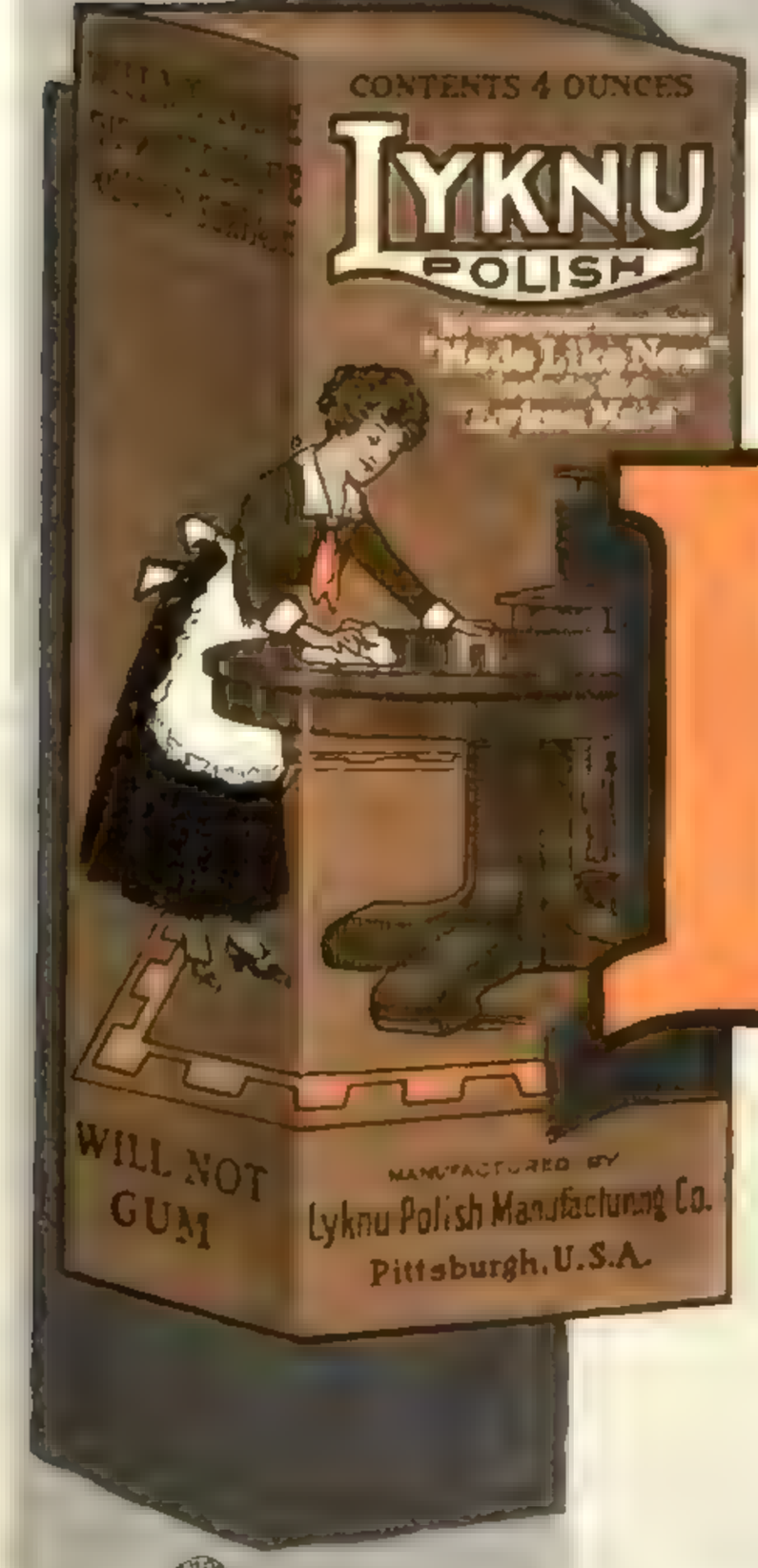

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THE BUTTERFLY

(Continued from Page 7)

At Châlons the hopes of France were staked upon a new venture. Marshal MacMahon, instead of retreating to Paris, as he had been expected to do, turned north in a desperate attempt to strike at Metz and relieve Bazaine. Alas! He himself was driven still farther north by the Prussians and the Saxons, who on September first surrounded the French Army at Sedan. The next day occurred the disaster that decided the war, changed the map of Europe, delivered Louis Napoleon into the hands of Prussia, and converted France into a republic. The army and the fortress were compelled to surrender. Besides the emperor himself, forty generals, four thousand officers and eighty-three thousand men were made prisoners of war.

Among them was Roland de Valterre, who, in company with many other French officers, was ordered to be sent to Germany for confinement. But, tortured by his fears for Gabrielle's safety and imbued with the recklessness of despair, he leaped from the train that was carrying him across the border and, bruised but unhurt, hid in a ditch until nightfall. Then he made his way to the house of a peasant, and the next day, concealed in the peasant's cart amid a load of cabbages, was borne joltingly southward. From that time forward he traveled as he could, moving only by night, lying concealed by day, and generally avoiding towns and villages, not knowing when he might stumble upon an enemy patrol.

At last he reached the valley through which he and his bride had ridden only two short months before disaster had befallen France. One more night's march and he would reach the château!

Trembling with impatience, he lay in a thicket upon the edge of a forest and watched with burning glance the slow descent of the sun. When it had disappeared and darkness veiled the earth he crept out of his hiding place and took the road. His clothes were in tatters; his beard was matted and unkempt; his face was pale, his figure emaciated; but his eyes gleamed with a feverish light and he trod the familiar route with eager step.

Finally he reached the base of the mountain and, skirting the village asleep at the foot of it, began to mount the slope. Up and up he toiled, until the stars grew pale overhead and a gray tint came into the east.

"What!" exclaimed Roland in dismay. "Is it morning already! I must hurry."

He redoubled his efforts and a few moments later reached the hem of the little wood that extended almost to the rear wall of the château. Panting and breathless, he stumbled through this wooded tract, in which there walked the ghostly forelight of the dawn.

Suddenly he emerged from the shadow of the trees and saw the château standing black and bitter against the reddening sky. At first he did not comprehend what had happened; he knew only that the massive pile looked fearfully strange and—dead. Then he understood; and a wild cry burst from his lips.

The château was only a hideous empty shell. It had been sacked, gutted, burned. It stood against the on-coming day like some horrid mansion of despair. It breathed unspeakable tragedy.

A wave of madness overwhelmed Roland's brain. He rushed about the sinister smutted walls with inarticulate shouts, mounted the terrace and entered the great salon. There he stopped short and stared about him like a man who has received a blow upon the head.

The once noble chamber was a cell of ruin. Its rich woodwork was a cinderous mass that clung like a horrible fungus to the walls. Its beautiful draperies were charred rags. Its proud portraits were hacked or marred, its windows smashed in, its furnishings scorched and broken. The massive ebony piano was scorched by fire. A smell of burnt wood, acrid and sickening, contaminated the air. In the midst of this scene of destruction hung the crystal chandelier, whose myriad pendants, reflecting the level beams of the dawn, seemed to drip blood.

At that instant Roland heard a low moan. He started violently and gazed in terror about him. The sound had seemed to come from the far end of the room. He crept slowly forward, dragging his feet as though each constituted a tremendous weight. In the dim light he saw, piled in one corner, a small barricade of débris, and behind it, lying upon a heap of rags, the muffled body of a man.

He stooped as though pressed down by a crushing curiosity and peered into the man's face.

"Mathias!" he cried.

The figure stirred; the eyelids fluttered; the lips moved.

"Monsieur!"

Roland seized the old servant's hands.

"Mathias," he stammered, "what has happened? Tell me—for the love of God!"

A tremor passed over the body of Mathias. It was evident that he was making a supreme effort to speak. Roland leaned forward and placed his ear against the other's lips. Slowly and in a gasping whisper the words came forth:

"The Uhlans!—I did not dream —— It was very sudden. . . . I fought them; but I was old. . . . They laughed and beat me with their swords. . . . I lay upon the steps—until the fire scorched me."

"But—madame?" wailed Roland. "What of her? Speak! I implore you!"

"I—do not know, monsieur. . . . I only know that—she—is gone; vanished!"

"Oh, my God!"

"I have waited—to tell you, monsieur. I have put off dying—to tell you. . . . There was a little bread and wine—enough to keep me alive; but that is finished. . . . I am dying fast. . . . You must not die, monsieur. . . . You must live! . . . Live! . . . Revenge ——"

The frail voice rattled suddenly in the old man's throat; he gave a little shiver, and died.

Roland got to his feet and stood gazing stupidly at the body of his former valet. Then the full horror of Mathias' story burst upon his mind. He saw in his imagination the approach of the Uhlans; the attack upon the château. He saw Old Mathias beaten down by those fiends who laughed! He saw Gabrielle, his beloved, his frail butterfly, seized, bruised, broken!

He began to call to her, shrieking at the top of his lungs: "Gabrielle! Gabrielle!" Only the gruesome echo answered him. Was she dead? He prayed that death had claimed her. The thought that she might still be alive, a Prussian captive, a Prussian slave, drove him half insane. He must know! He must summon her out of the stillness, the awful stillness!

Suddenly a light came into his face. He stumbled across the room, smiling terribly, and seated himself at the piano. His hands fell upon the keys. A weird tone trembled through the devasted chamber; a tone that was the very voice of ruin itself. Then, while the sun rose in a blood-red sky beyond the gaping windows, he began to play La Danse des Papillons.

It was the mockery of all music. It shrilled and jangled on the brooding silence of that dead house like the rattle of a dancing skeleton. Yet Roland played with a fervor, a high artistry that triumphed over the very hideousness of his medium.

He had got half through the piece when a white butterfly fluttered in through the window and settled itself upon the piano top. There it remained, slowly folding and unfolding its beautiful wings, glistening like a great jewel in the sunlight.

The music ended with a crash. Roland sprang up, sobbing in a delirium of joy, and thrust out his hands toward the butterfly. Immediately it rose and, after circling twice about the room, flew out of the same window through which it had come and fluttered away into the glowing east. Roland gazed after it with streaming eyes.

"Oh, my beloved!" he cried. "It is thy soul that I have seen! And now I know that all is well with thee indeed—for thou art dead!"

Then he fell down in a stupor. When he woke it was night. He dragged himself to his feet and stumbled down the mountain side to the village. Everything was dark and still. He groped his way through the narrow streets, in which not a light showed, until he came to the house of Père Currie. Summoning the last atom of his strength he knocked upon the door, and when it was opened fell in a faint across the threshold.

For many months he lay beneath the priest's roof, while the angels of life and death struggled for possession of his soul. Père Currie nursed him with a woman's tenderness and by some miracle kept his presence an absolute secret; but it was Roland's own effort of will that finally saved him. He had an indomitable determination to live. Even in his delirium he would repeat the words that Old Mathias, dying, had planted in his mind: "Live! Revenge! Live! Revenge!"

Autumn evolved into winter. The war raged on. Paris was besieged; defended itself with a heroism that excited the admiration of the world, but at last was forced to capitulate. Word reached the village under the mountain that German soldiers had bivouacked in the Champs-Elysées. There were many rumors. Then one day Père Currie came in from the street, pale and excited, and clasped Roland's hands.

"You may show your face again, my son," he said. "They have signed the articles of peace!"

Roland rose to his feet. He was still weak. His hair and beard were as white as snow, but there was a good fire in his eyes.

"Peace!" he cried. "Can one make peace with a murderer? Mark my words, Père Currie, it is nothing but an armistice! As for myself," he added, drawing a deep breath, "I go to recover my health. After that I shall wait—and prepare!"

Here the Marquis de B—— paused in his narrative, and for several moments there was no sound but the murmur of the fire upon the hearth. It was as though an invisible curtain had been dropped briefly to indicate a natural period in the story. Then the marquis continued in his calm imperturbable voice:

For several years Roland de Valterre traveled abroad—in Italy, in Egypt, in Algiers—devoting himself with undivided purpose and dauntless spirit to the reconstitution of his shattered health. Then one day in the early spring he returned to the village and knocked on Père Currie's door.

"Come!" said he when the greetings had been exchanged. "I want you to climb the mountain with me."

The old priest uttered no comment, but took his hat and stick and together they climbed the mountain. The château still stood, a charred ruin, against the blue of the sky; but time had dulled the sharp edges of its tragedy. Its grim walls were overrun with vines and its stones were covered by the peculiar golden moss that grows in our beautiful Lorraine.

Roland de Valterre stood upon the terrace of his former home and looked out over the valley to the east. A few kilometers away appeared the red roofs of a small village exactly like the one under the mountain; but with this difference—that over the former floated the flag of imperial Germany!

"Yonder runs the new frontier!" said Père Currie, with a note of grief in his voice; and he indicated the line of a small stream that spun its silver thread beneath them.

Roland de Valterre smiled; and his face, tanned by the sun of many countries, gleamed hard as bronze.

"*Eh bien!*" said he. "I am not in such a bad position, after all; for if one is to have an enemy it is just as well to keep him in plain sight."

The next day workmen ascended the mountain and began the task of restoring the château. When the labor was completed the Comte de Valterre moved in, selecting as his own quarters a suite of rooms in the east wing, the windows of which looked out upon the new Germany. The first view that greeted his eyes in the morning—and the last that forsook them at night—was the distant panorama of the lost land of Lorraine.

From that time forth Roland de Valterre lived the life of a recluse. He saw no one but his servants, Père Currie, and one or two of his oldest friends, of whom I was one. As death thinned this small company he wrapped his solitude about him like an impenetrable cloak and became a veritable hermit on a mountain.

He wrote no more music; but occasionally, after dining in lonely grandeur, he would enter the great salon and, taking his place at the piano, play far into the night in the most brilliant fashion, and always extemporaneously.

For the rest he raised butterflies. They were his occupation, his passion, his religion. He had begun to propagate them in a

(Concluded on Page 73)

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(Concluded from Page 71)

small way that first summer of his return, keeping several pairs in the conservatory off the dining hall. But soon he had acquired so many of these lovely pets that the place became choked with them. Thereupon he had sent for the carpenters and had ordered them to build him a new conservatory, which was constructed with a glass roof and possessed extravagant facilities for heating. It was filled, moreover, with all the herbs and flowers upon which butterflies feed. Several years later he built another such conservatory, and still later a third. By that time he counted his playthings by the tens of thousands.

It was a curious collection—one of the most curious, perhaps, the world has ever seen. It contained specimens of every sort, from the blood-red butterflies of South America to the huge white butterflies of the far north. Nor was there any single species of his collection that the comte did not know; he would recite their histories by the hour, as though they had been precious jewels or priceless paintings. He called them his blossoms of the air.

He loved to walk through the conservatories, between rows of flowers in bloom, while swarms of butterflies circled about his head or settled upon his shoulders or perched in his long white hair. I remember him always as having several butterflies clinging to his clothes. They made unexpected rainbows in his dull and somber existence. The château itself was bright with their agitated wings. Wherever M. le Comte went, indoors or out, he walked in a little colored cloud of them.

Eventually the fame of his collection spread abroad. All through the valley he was known as the Old Man of the Butterflies and was accorded a sort of legendary significance. In time his eccentricity became a distinction to the countryside and a profit to the village under the mountain; for tourists came, with jingling pockets, and paid good silver to have their curiosity satisfied—three francs to climb the slope and stare at the towers of the Château de Valterre; five francs to hear the tragic tale, which usually concluded thus:

"You inquire why M. le Comte raises butterflies, then? *Voyez, mesdames et messieurs*, it is in souvenir of a great love that is dead. For if one knows where one's true love is buried one may put flowers upon the grave; but if there is no grave one must give one's garlands to the breeze. Also, was not La Belle Gabrielle known as The Butterfly? Oh, it is a fine sentiment, truly! Of course M. le Comte is a trifle mad; but it is none the less beautiful."

Forty years passed.

Then one summer morning in August, 1914, M. le Comte de Valterre, now a man of seventy, saw a long column of French soldiers marching through the valley below him, with the sunlight glinting on their bayonets. Late that same day he heard a muffled, lazy, rumbling sound, like the boom of distant thunder.

He hastened down the mountain side and turned into the main street of the village—a white-haired bent old figure, whose glance, nevertheless, flashed fire. Pushing his way through the crowd he read the order of mobilization. The German barbarian was marching once more, resolved this time upon the conquest of a world! France had declared war.

"At last!" cried M. le Comte; and, wheeling about, he strode away with a fierce smile burning upon his lips.

The people of the village observed him with awe.

"It is the day of his revenge," they whispered. "But what can he do? He is old. He has waited too long. It is very sad to be old on such a day as this."

But the comte did not hear these remarks. He climbed back to his height and sat at his window, looking out over the lost land of Lorraine toward the enemy's country, while all about him played a swarm of butterflies.

The war went on. Belgium was overrun. France was invaded. England dispatched her immortal thousands to check the onrushing gray tide. The war went on. Von Kluck was sent reeling back from the Marne; back from Paris. Bitter was the fighting on the Aisne. Men died without number. The panting armies dug themselves into the earth.

The war went on. It spread over the whole of Europe; over the Seven Seas. Nation after nation, as the face of the German brute was revealed to it, took up arms in defense of human liberty. Soon the enemy was surrounded by a ring of foes. Against this ring he hurled the weight of his tremendous armies, but he could not break it wholly. He began to grow desperate. His food supply was failing. He launched the submarine, that foul serpent of the deep. In reply America took up the sword and crossed the seas, bringing the new world to battle. The war went on.

M. le Comte de Valterre walked in his conservatories, with a strange brightness in his eyes, and talked caressingly to the butterflies that hovered about him.

Two—three years he waited; and it was not an easy task to wait. He burned continually with a fever that was slowly consuming him. He scarcely ate. He scarcely slept. Yet he forced himself to be patient, sitting at his window, talking to his pets, reading eagerly every scrap of news he could find concerning the enemy's country.

Finally, in the spring of 1917, he learned from a neutral source that the economic condition of Germany was very grave. If the next food crop failed, or was even a partial failure, the enemy population would be in dire straits.

M le Comte de Valterre smiled and waited a little longer. Then one glorious day, when the wind was blowing steadily and strongly from the west, the comte summoned his servants—such as the war had left to him—and commanded them to open the conservatories. After which he went into the great salon, seated himself at the piano, and with his old hands began to play La Danse des Papillons, which he had not played for nearly half a century.

In the village far below a man ran through the streets crying: "The mountain is in eruption!"

So, indeed, it seemed. For above the wooded height rose a dense cloud that spread out like ashes from the mouth of a volcano, covering the heavens and darkening the earth beneath. The whole valley, terrified, hastened out of doors to stare up at this phenomenon.

Shortly the strange cloud, driven by the gale, began to move in the direction of the German frontier, and the astonished people saw that it was composed of thousands upon thousands of butterflies!

Meanwhile, in the grand salon of the Château de Valterre the old comte sat playing the music that he had made for La Belle Gabrielle long years before. His cheeks were stained with a high color. His eyes blazed. His lips smiled. He was transfigured.

All about him swirled a tempest of butterflies, brushing him with their gauzy wings, sweeping over him like a jeweled wave; but the wind came blowing through the room and sped them in brilliant cascades out of doors and windows until all had vanished but one.

The music ceased. The comte's hands dropped feebly into his lap. His head sank upon his breast. Then he raised his eyes and saw, resting upon the piano top, a single huge white butterfly, which poised there, slowly moving its beautiful wings.

"Gabrielle! Gabrielle!" cried M. le Comte. "Thou art avenged!"

The next instant he fell forward against the keys. When his servants reached him he was dead. They lifted him in their arms and bore him tenderly from the room. As they did so a white butterfly rose from somewhere about his garments and flew out of the window into the clear light of the morning.

Again the marquis paused in his recital; but it was only for a moment. Placing his hand in his breast pocket he brought forth a small portfolio, from which he produced some indistinguishable document.

"Messieurs," he said, "I should like to read you, in conclusion, a brief clipping from a Zurich newspaper. It is dated October 1, 1917, and runs as follows:

"'Secret information from Berlin is to the effect that a disastrous plague of caterpillars has laid waste the harvests of Central and Southern Germany. Last summer, it will be remembered, an enormous multitude of butterflies appeared over the afflicted regions, which, despite all counter measures taken against them, have rendered the present wheat and potato crops a practical failure. As a result, Germany faces actual starvation.'"

The voice of the Marquis de B—— ceased abruptly. A log fell into the ashes of the hearth, with a little crackling shower of sparks. After that it became so still that one could hear, faint and far, the low growling of the guns of France.

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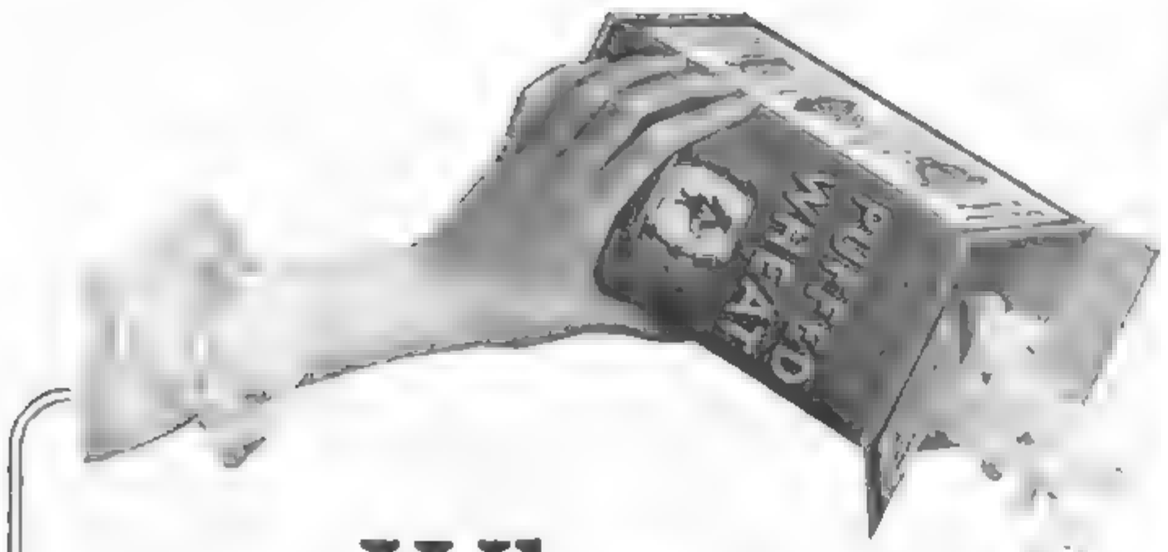

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BILGE AND MA GET A SUB

(Continued from Page 16)

The eye of their blinker system began to wink very rapidly. The signal man in the Judson who read its message became excited also as he translated to the captain. Captain Bill's eyes lighted freshly.

"Here's where I win that five pounds," he chuckled, and then uttered some short sharp words to the men at the annunciator and wheel, so that the Judson was picking up speed like a Liberty Motor and coming about for a straightaway dash down where the men in the dirigible were having their little cat fit.

The first hint Ma had that he and his boat's crew were to be temporarily abandoned in midchannel was when he saw the Judson go whizzing round him like a long chameleon-hued ghost, during which maneuver Jimmy Roser wigwagged him from the port wing of the bridge: "Pick up Bilge on raft three hundred yards to starboard and hold position. Will return and take you up."

"Bilge on raft—three hundred yards to starboard," muttered Ma in amazement. "The durn poet must 'a' fell overboard."

"Bilge went overside to rescue pup," Jimmy added, of his own motion, by way of postscript information.

Standing up Ma made out the form of a man signaling to him from the top of a wave.

"The durn dog catcher can just stay there a while till I get through with my present business," the boson's mate decided and, while holding his craft on its way toward the water-logged boat but with none of his oarsmen hurrying because of what they feared to find there, he permitted his own eyes to wander off in pursuit of the Judson, already half a mile away and kicking up a wake of foam that to the boat's crew was sufficient evidence of the importance of the errand upon which she was going.

"That old sausage down there must 'a' sighted the sub," Ma remarked wistfully. "Wisht I was on board"; and he gazed forlornly southward while the Judson streaked it another mile into the haze.

"Listen to that now!" ejaculated Spud Murphy, as an echo rattled and rolled in the clouds above them. "They're shootin'! There's another. Gosh! I never did have any luck."

A sound like a faint cough came back across the waves.

"What do you think of that now?" demanded Dyckman. "Sub shooting back at a destroyer."

"Must be one of them big cruisers with the five-inch guns," reasoned Ma. "Figures 'at she can outrange us, I reckon. Well, ain't this yere a yell of a mix-up? The Judson yonder shootin' and gettin' shot; us here puddlin' along on a fool's errand to look over a lot of dead men in a boat; and old Bilge, the fightin'est man of us all, yonder on a raft rescuin' a fool dog."

"Bilge would go farther after a dog than he would a human bein' any day," suggested Spud.

"This ain't war. It's farce comedy," decided Ma disconsolately.

"It's always just like that," volunteered Bunny McIntyre eagerly as he eased up on his oar. "It's that way at the Front in France, the fellers at the French base tell me. It's all kind of crazy. One minute you're sweatin' round because you lost your spoon, or you can't find one of your socks, or you're worrying because M Company got an Athletics' pitcher in the new draft and how in time are you going to win that fifteen francs if they stick this new pitcher in the game to-morrow; and then all at once shells are dropping on you and hell's popping everywhere, and socks or no socks, spoon or no spoon, pitcher or no pitcher, you hop up and go over, fighting like the very devil and wading up to your knees in blood maybe. Then in an hour it's back to the same old story; you're dead and you don't give a damn, or you're off to the hospital where a man with a pair of sugar tongs is picking pieces out of you, or else you're beefing and bellyaching along in the same old trenches with the same old troubles, howling like a colicky baby because the rats have et the filling out of your alcohol stove, and while you're drinking your coffee cold you can't help but wonder if the alcohol made the rodents drunk or not. That's the way it always goes."

"Well, if you make that oar of yourn go a little faster and your tongue go a little less we'll git to where we're a-travelin' some considerable quicker," rebuked Ma sternly. "You shore are some little philosopher though, ain't you, Bun?"

"The point is," argued Bunny, "you can't never figure what's going to happen next, nor how it's coming off. Things break out the way you can't never imagine 'em at all. There's Bilge going after the dog and the Judson going after the sub, right here in the same little back yard, you might say."

"But with this difference," piped Dyckman, who was in a hyperpessimistic mood through not liking to row: "Bilge got the dog. I can see him once in a while holding it up to us; but the Judson hasn't got the sub."

"How d'you know?" Instinctively six pairs of eyes turned off southward.

"Well, she's not firing any more."

"She may have got the sub."

"One thing's sure—the sub didn't get the Judson. I can make her out, all right. But gee! She must be four miles away, and I suppose the sub was five miles off when she began cracking away."

"Steady now!" ordered Ma sharply. "Back water. Take the boat hook there, Spud, and hold alongside, but keep her off, so one of these lazy ones don't roll us all over on top of her."

These remarks of the boson's mate were of course apropos of having arrived alongside the water-logged boat toward which they had been pulling.

"Gosh!" gasped Spud, standing up. "They's bodies in it."

Exploration with the boat hook, however, revealed that this was a mistake. There was a wash of heterogeneous things, but no bodies—some storm coats, a collapsed suitcase, torn asunder as if by shell fire, a woman's jacket, a life preserver, and on the end of the boat hook a baby's knitted cap.

"Gosh!" gasped Spud again.

Human life had been here but it was gone. How? Conjecture was easy, but unpleasant. Perhaps, shrinking from the shrapnel, the occupants had leaped overboard to a kinder death in the waves; or perhaps ——

"Shove off!" ordered Ma. "It makes me sort of sick. Le's go and get Bilge. How I hate a Hun!"

They went and got Bilge, and they were telling him about the boat, with the splintered ends, with the shattered suitcase and the woman's jacket and the baby's cap. Bilge's blue eyes blazed.

"Holy Father in heaven," he said, "but I'd like to get 'em!"

This was not profanation. It was prayer.

"Look!" exclaimed Spud excitedly. "Look!"

Every eye followed the thrust of his agitated finger to where, two hundred yards away, a stubby periscope had broken the surface and was turning gradually in their direction.

"The other submarine!" murmured Bilge in awe-struck tones. "The radios said there was two of them in this area."

The thing was still rising in the water, but with observation tubes telescoping as the craft rose, in order to decrease its own visibility as much as possible; for it mounted until two feet of the bridge was above the surface. At the same time it was straightening out its course, increasing speed and bearing directly down upon the men in the boat.

They stared at it curiously, helplessly, wondering at what moment a squad would emerge and demand their surrender or assail them with rifle fire. But no sign of the crew was apparent. Yet the submersible came straight on, faster and faster, that wedgelike prow at the base of the bridge fashioning itself into a relentless instrument of destruction.

"It's going to ram us!" the men murmured weakly, one to another.

"Hell's cahoots!" exclaimed Ma, excited for once in his life, as he discerned the meaning of this maneuver. "Back water, there! Back water for your life! Now—now let her come round! Lay off on your starboard oars. Pull like hell to port! Now—now!"

The whaleboat swung to starboard just in time to escape the peril of that axlike prow.

"Ain't she the helpless thing though!" Ma snorted, breathing quickly but turning

(Continued on Page 76)

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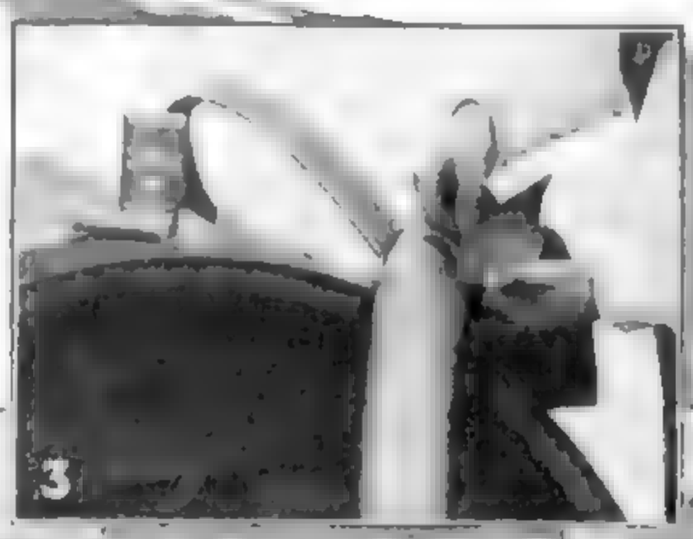

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ScotTissue Products for Personal Hygiene

(Continued from Page 74)

a sarcastic eye on Bilge in malicious memory of that argument of the night before. "Judson's three miles away now if she's a mile. Dirigible is one mile away if she's a hundred yards. Airplane? Where—where in thunder is that darned airplane?" Ma lifted his chin and searched the sky. "Plumb out of sight. That's the way with these hundred-mile-an-hour machines. One minute she's here and the next minute she's hoverin' over Liverpool."

"But," argued Bilge hopefully, "the next minute she's back here maybe."

"Look! The beggar is turning and coming back at us!" stammered Dyckman.

"You're an able navigator, Ma," encouraged Bilge. "You dodged him once. I bet you can dodge him again."

"You fellows git up on your toes," the boson's mate demanded of his oarsmen "I bet I kin too."

"Ain't this war comedy, though, just like I told you?" broke out the philosophic Bunny. "Look at us out here playin' pussy wants a corner with a submarine, and balloons and airplanes and the Judson with guns and torpedoes and ash cans all round us but just out of hailing distance."

"I look for 'em to turn a machine gun on us pretty soon," said Spud, eying the veering submarine apprehensively.

"Ain't it funny about these damn Huns?" observed Bunny, still reflective. "They'll try to smash the boat and drown us all, but they won't open up and pick us off with a rifle. They got compunctions about that apparently."

"They got compunctions about coming up high enough to open the hatches for fear the balloon will sight them," growled Spud.

"Yes, or compunctions about shootin' off rifles or machine guns, for fear the balloon'll hear it and wigwag the Judson and she'll turn and drop a shell on 'em."

"Here she comes back again!"

Once more the pronglike prow came stabbing down upon them, and again Ma by clever seamanship maneuvered his boat to one side, though this time she was nearly capsized by the wake. For a moment there was no conversation in the whaleboat. Every face was white, mouths were open, men panted for breath and looked into each other's eyes curiously. Ma's spirit, however, was still stout. After a moment he could even indulge another shaft of sarcasm.

"Ain't they the helpless little things though?" he demanded. "What are you so still for, Bilge? What you thinking about? Ain't scared, are you?"

"Plumb to hell and gone," admitted Bilge, his teeth chattering. "Ma, I haven't never been so scared in all my life before. Not even in a dream, I haven't."

"Well, you shore are honest, for once in yore misspent life," responded Ma. "I admire you for it, Bilge. You give me courage to speak the truth too. I am just so dog-goned scairt that ——"

"I got an idea, though," blurted Bilge suddenly. "Quick! Quick! It's a pippin too! Pull over there to that hatch cover with the coil of rope on it."

"Clean nutty, ain't you?" reproved Ma witheringly.

"I suppose yore idea is to tie on to the sub's propeller and then it can't ram us because it keeps pullin' us out of its own reach all the time. Sort of a game of pussy chasin' its tail, huh?"

"Get over there, fellows, quick, will you?" pleaded Bilge before replying, and as if any diversion, no matter how sterile and unpromising, were preferable to the dread suspense of waiting to be rammed or fired upon by the submarine, the men bent to their oars while Ma swung the tiller.

"That's just all the strategical imagination you've got now," chided Bilge. "You're figuring to keep the submarine from getting us. I figure to get the submarine."

Ma said nothing at all to this, but contrived to look extremely bored and disconsolate.

"You haven't got the proper faith in brains and initiative, Ma," complained Bilge.

"You haven't got no proper brains at all," peeved Ma.

"The Judson's coming this way fast," reported Bunny, taking a squint over his shoulder. "The balloon must have seen the sub."

"This U-pirate's got about one more chance at us," calculated Bilge, "and if he misses that he's done. He's got to get down. Then it's our turn."

"Then he'll open up the hatch and turn loose on us with the rifles," declared Ma dejectedly.

"Just about," admitted Bilge. "But we can all pile over the off side and let him whang away. He'll have to submerge before he can pick off a single one of us. I'm going to put a ball and chain on him."

"What's your scheme?" inquired Ma, with a sudden change from mocking pessimism to respectful interest as they swung alongside the hatch cover.

"Watch me!" crowed Bilge. "Just watch me!"

Swiftly he was tying the end of that coil of line about the middle of an oar.

"Here!" he said, thrusting the oar into Ma's hand. "Now when the sub comes at you next time don't back off so sharp. Kind of swing alongside and pitch this oar through under his jump wire. It'll turn crossways and the angle of the wire and the drive of the boat will pull it under till it comes to where the jump wire is made fast to the deck. There it'll jam and hold like an anchor just as long as the sub keeps pulling on it."

"But ——" Ma began to object.

"But nothing. I'm going over the side now and make the other end of that coil fast to the ring in the hatch cover. There's three hundred feet of line in that coil if there's an inch. The sub can't go down more than three hundred feet, so we've got a permanent marker on him. Here! Out of the way, pup!"

In another second Bilge was on the hatch cover, searching for the inner end of the coil and tying it in the ring.

"Pull away now," he ordered. "I've got to keep the line running free."

"Well, I'll be blowed plumb up to heaven with a depth charge," exclaimed Ma, "if that there nut hain't got hold of a perfectly reasonable idea. All we got to do now is to put it over. Up on your toes again, you-all. Remember, we got to keep her broadside on till the bridge gits apast us, so's I can tuck the oar under the jump rope. It don't make no difference if we do upset after that, because if they miss they'll be shootin' at us in ten seconds anyhow, and we got to take to the water. Everybody kick their shoes off and stand for a duckin', and not a man of you get hisself drowned or I'll—I'll—durned if I know what they do to a gob for gettin' hisself drowned, but I'll put you on report for it anyhow."

The cold impersonal eye of the periscope bore down, staring at them mockingly.

"Reckon they're on to our scheme?" inquired Bunny.

"On? I reckon not. They ain't smart enough. Just naturally ain't."

A humming sound came down from above.

"Airplane's back," affirmed Spud, sparing one glance for the upper regions.

"They'll see him and get under quick's they can," opined Ma. "But they'll take a shot at us before they duck. The sky pilot can't drop a bomb for fear of hittin' we-all."

The conning tower split viciously through the waves with a loud ripping sound. The whaleboat swung, careened, righted, grated on an edge of passing steel and with a sharp pop crumpled up like paper and rolled right through under the jump wire, so that all Ma had to do was to let go of his oar to make sure of its performing its intended function. For a moment there was wild scrambling in the water, and the voice of Bilge rang out from his observation post on the hatch cover.

"My pup! Save my pup!" he was shouting; and he continued to shout thus till suddenly the hatch cover leaped from under him like a thing alive, with Bilge describing strange acrobatic stunts as he screamed frantically: "Dive! Dive or it'll hit you."

There was an instant scattering of the heads and hands that a moment before had been clinging to the wreckage of the overturned boat.

"The dog! Where's the dog?" clamored Bilge, swimming with long expert strokes.

"I got him," yelled Spud. "The durn little hedgehog! He's scratching the hide off me."

"Hold on to him!" bawled Bilge. "Don't let him get carried away. He's so dog-goned little we couldn't never see him again."

As this conversation was shouted from wave crest to wave crest the eight huskies in the water were swimming from one piece of wreckage to another, strategically abandoning smaller pieces for larger ones, till

(Continued on Page 78)

Hamilton Watches Time American Railroads in France

THE American Government has built a railroad in France. It connects our big seaport there with Pershing's army afield. Already it is as large as the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, and is still growing.

The fate of the war hangs on the efficiency of this American road—built of American materials, with American rolling stock, run by American men—and timed by the Hamilton Watch.

Crowded troop-trains, heavy artillery, munitions and supplies pour ceaselessly forward and the wreckage of war flows back from the lines—over this road. Model No. 992 Hamiltons were purchased by the Government for the train crews to time the traffic of this great highway.

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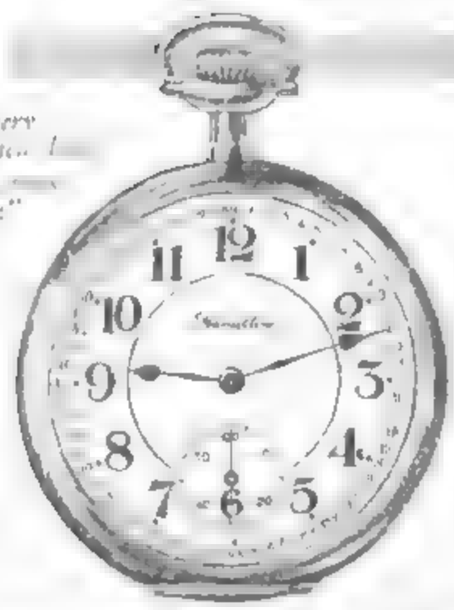

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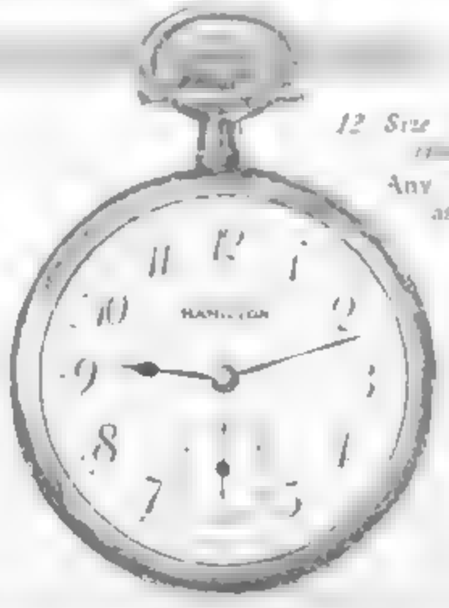

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EVERYBODY loves to sing this wonderful song—not just because it's a rollicking can't-get-away-from-it melody, but because it's terrible news for Berlin. Yes, sir—it sure is bad news for the Hindenburg line! Dixieland—fighting Dixieland—is in France! You'll love the snappy words and great music of this new Yankee song-hit—try it out now.

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"The Rose of No Man's Land"

A NEAT to-be-forgotten tribute to be the Greatest Mother in the World—the Red Cross Nurse. The tender, beautiful words and the inspiring melody will tug your heart strings as never before. It is the most magnificent of our war songs—one that will live forever, and make the work of "the one red rose for the silver stars" mean a real, heart-now—and you'll learn to cherish it always.

The Rose of No Man's Land

Get them for your Player Piano

"I Ain't Got Weary Yet"

WHEN war work makes you a wee bit tired—sing out "I Ain't Got Weary Yet." The writers of "Where Do We Go From Here" (a Liberty Bonds and W. S. S. pitch your pocketbook if you can't drive your car on Sunday from the boys in the trenches and sing out "I Ain't Got Weary Yet." It's a wonderful song—a song the Yanks sing back at Fritz when the mud's muddy, the rain's wet and the bullets are pesky. A wide-awake melody and live wire words—you'll like 'em.

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(Continued from Page 76)

presently they were all lined up with hand or arm holds on a spar.

The Judson, meantime, having exchanged shots with a submarine which had dived, and thereafter sprinkled the waters round with depth charges, but with no obvious result, came charging back to pick up her boat before going in further pursuit, when a cry from the crow's-nest tube created renewed excitement on the bridge and caused an instant leveling and concentration of glasses on a spot dead ahead in the sea.

"Whale!" declared one.

"Torpedo!" suspected another.

"Flotsam!" insisted a third.

"Wake of some kind, all right!" decided Captain Bill, who after many disappointments forced himself to be conservative.

All at once the wake disappeared. Where a few minutes before there had been leaps, splashes and an odd commotion in the water there was now nothing at all. While the Judson drove steadily forward the bridge contemplated the phenomenon in wonder; but the bridge of a destroyer becomes blasé.

It has experienced so many alarms and eager anticipations in these eighteen months; it has pursued so many bobbing tin cans or nodding champagne bottles that it thought were periscopes; it has glued its eyes so many times to drifting spars or bits of wreckage that it took for broaching submarines; it has piped its crew to general quarters so frequently to face what looked like an enemy and turned out to be some inert bit of flotsam—that it is prepared for anticlimaxes. It has even stood with trembling knees and a feeling of helplessness when a broaching torpedo came sizzling and frothing toward it, only to have the engine of death dive under the bow and pursue its onward care-free way like a playful porpoise it really was.

Hence now it was only with a sort of empty feeling of recurrent boredom that its various watchers—captains, executives, lieutenants, ensigns, quartermasters, yeomen, bunting tossers and lookouts—experienced this sudden relaxation of tautened nerves and gazed lassitudinously at the phenomenon of an ordinary sloppy sea where a moment before had been turmoil and the flash of the unusual.

"Hell's bells!" ejaculated the captain suddenly. "Where's our boat?"

"Gone, sir!" echoed several amazed voices, as its absence was suddenly recognized.

"Row of heads clinging to a spar, like turtles on a log," reported Lieutenant Cherry, whose battle station was with the lookout in the crow's-nest.

"Count 'em!" called up the captain anxiously.

"Eight!"

"Thank God!" grumbled the captain. "That includes the red-headed nut that went over after the pup. Have they got the pup too?" he inquired dryly.

"Yes, sir," reported Cherry with a laugh. "He's running up and down on the spar."

"All is not lost, then," remarked the captain, with a sarcastic sneer at his own fortunes. "We have missed the sub and lost a boat, but we have rescued one spotted pup from the watery deep. What would have happened to the boat, though?" he suddenly demanded.

"What would?" inquired the exec., completely mystified.

Ordering his helm to port and slowing up to put the second lifeboat down Captain Bill passed to windward of the men upon the spar, some of whom had now straddled it perilously and were employing both hands to wigwag the story of their misadventure to the signal man upon the bridge as well as to anxious and inquiring friends who strung themselves out along the deck, in whatever positions they could find that were inconspicuous from the bridge and easily visible to their comrades in the water.

"He says a sub rammed them and sunk their boat!" reported the signal man to the captain as he gathered the first intelligible sentence from all this eccentric waving of arms.

"A submarine!" ejaculated Captain Bill unbelievingly. "Can it be that the other one was lying round up here?"

"Piece of wreckage about four hundred yards to starboard behaving very strangely, sir," reported Cherry from the crow's-nest. "Seems to be moving in opposite direction from other drift, with some sort of commotion in water."

"It might be the sub. Maybe it's fouled something," speculated the captain excitedly, and with his own eager hand snatched the wheel and gave it a spin to port.

"They say they tied a hatch cover to the submarine, sir," drawled the signal man imperturbably, his face still bent toward the enthusiastic gesticulations on the spar. "They say it went to starboard, and you can follow the wake."

"Tied a hatch cover to it? How in blazes!" and Captain Bill broke into shouts of laughter. "Hell's bells! There are just two men on earth could have done that stunt, and they are Ford and Kennedy."

The rescue boat was quickly launched, and the Judson, swinging again, was soon where, from a spot as low as the bridge and at a distance of one hundred yards, the oddly behaving hatch cover was plainly visible, now moveless in the water, now bobbing slightly like the cork on a line in the old fishing hole back home when you get a healthy but tentative nibble.

"That's him all right," gloated Captain Bill gleefully. "He's gone down as low as he can stand and is nosing along looking for bottom to lie on. I'll bet he don't know we've got a tag on him. What do you think of that, hey?"

And the jubilant Captain Bill turned to note that the boat had reached the spar and picked up its load.

"Get those men on board quick," he ordered, "so I can drop a can. There's no time to lose. The line might part."

"What's this about tying a teakettle to a U-boat's tail?" Kirk demanded shortly as the boat came up the falls.

"Kennedy done it, sir," reported Ma modestly.

"The captain wants you on the bridge, Kennedy," the executive announced; and Bilge, considerably agitated, dashed for the bridge.

"Here! Here! Put down that pup!" shouted Kirk.

But it was too late. Bilge was rushing up the ladder.

"Still a-huggin' that wet pup! You never can tell what a plain ordinary gob will do, kin you?" remarked Ma, though more in admiration than in censure.

And Kirk, exasperated, admitted that you can't.

"What's this about the submarine?" demanded the captain.

Bilge jerked out his story in one breathless sentence.

"How much line did you say?"

"Three hundred feet, I guess, sir," reported Bilge. "Maybe more; maybe not so much."

"Set the depth charges for one hundred and fifty feet," directed the captain.

An ensign hurried aft to execute the order.

"Permission to keep the dog, sir?" inquired Bilge respectfully, appealingly. "He's a game little tike, sir."

The shivering pup, nestling close for warmth against the wet bosom of Kennedy, which could hardly have yielded much, looked up inquiringly into the captain's eyes, and after a moment's scrutiny put forth an approving paw as recognizing that like himself this man belonged to the blood royal of a fighting line. That paw swayed the wavering captain, who was naturally in a mood to grant Kennedy most anything.

"Yes," he said; "but I didn't know you were going to jump overboard after him."

"There wasn't time to think, sir," apologized Bilge. "He was going by fast, and he was a game little devil, so I just jumped in and got him."

"Same way about tying a can to the submarine, I suppose," said the captain, unsmiling but with a humorous twinkle in his eye. "No time to think and so you just tied a tag on him and let it go at that."

"We're out to beat the Hun," grinned Bilge. "I just figured if we could hang a buoy on him you'd do the rest, sir."

"I will, Kennedy!" said the captain grimly. "I congratulate you. It's fellows like you that make the war absolutely hopeless for Germany. Here, stand by and see the show. Fact is, we'll let you drop the can."

The bridge looked at Bilge curiously, in his soaking nether garments, but to their curiosity added smiles and admiration. The captain had motioned Bilge to the small hand pump, the piston of which was filled with glycerin and water. The lifting of the handle would release a depth charge far in the rear.

(Concluded on Page 81)

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1918.

U.S. TEETH.

One thing about the American soldiers and sailors must strike English people when they see these gallant fighters and that is the soundness and general whiteness of their teeth.

It is all the more striking in that it is such a contrast to the teeth of the British people. The "Yank" was at one time laughed at for his hygienic theories, but most of us now realise that there is a great deal in them.

From childhood the "Yank" is taught to take care of his teeth. He has "tooth drill" twice daily and visits his dentist at fixed periods say every three or four months. If by chance a tooth does decay, the rot is at once arrested by gold or platinum filling. American dentists never extract a tooth. No matter how badly decayed it may be, they save the molar by "crowning" it with gold.

The result of all this is that our United States cousins, besides adding to their appearance, gain in health by having good, clean teeth, and when war came very few men were turned down by the American military authorities for having decayed teeth. So daily we see them, their faces tanned, smilingly exhibiting perfect sets of teeth. It is a distinctive mark of the American—as distinctive as his uniform or his slang.

• • • • •

Now take our own case. Daily you see young boys and girls with mouths full of decayed teeth. British parents have neglected their children's teeth too long. It is really time that the parents of to-day took more care of their children's teeth. Bad teeth hinder digestion and indigestion is the curse of many a man's life.

Mothers should see to it that their children use their tooth-brushes daily, after every meal if possible. Sweets will not decay teeth if the latter are thoroughly cleansed at frequent intervals. The first teeth will fall out themselves; it is with the second set that most care should be taken. Once these decay, then ill-health and needless expense follow.

The United States soldiers have set us a splendid example in this matter. They fairly shame the ordinary "Tommy" by the brilliance of their molars, but they will do so no longer if young English mothers will only wake up to the fact that bad teeth cause bad health, and that doctors' and dentists' bills will be saved by the regular use of the tooth-brush.

C. DOUGLAS KISSACK.

American Teeth Impress Our British Allies

THIS article from the London Daily Mail will interest the fathers and mothers, wives and sweethearts of the boys who have gone "Over There."

To our Government goes much of the credit for the splendid dental condition of our Army and Navy. Uncle Sam makes certain, by regular inspection and constant supervision, that his boys shall have good teeth.

And in this connection

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(Concluded from Page 78)

Getting up the speed necessary for the safe firing of depth charges, the course of the Judson was set to cross the bow of the slow-moving hatch cover at a distance of fifty yards.

"Let go!" the captain ordered as they cut the angle at the spot his judgment had computed, and Bilge pulled the piston.

For a few seconds there was silence on both bridges and along the deck, and every eye turned back on a spot in the wake at which, when two hundred yards astern, the solid sheet of the ocean seemed to crack with a sound like smothered thunder, and bridge and deck pulsed sharply under the feet of captain and crew.

Swinging, Captain Bill tried to sight the moving hatch cover again with intent to repeat his maneuver, but at first could not discern it; and when he did it was no longer moving but floated innocuously. While they circled it the surface of the water changed from blue to dirty gray and mottled brown, with specks in it and streaks and swimming shreds of things.

"There's a piece of the oar," exclaimed Bilge as they passed through this dirty gray, which is the color that oozing oil makes upon the waters. "You must have dropped it right on him, captain."

They came back over the spot once more, and this time the dirty gray patch was much larger, with air bubbles discernible, and bits of floating fabric, some horseshoe life preservers, what looked like part of a mattress and several pieces of wooden gratings. Again the second whaleboat went down the davits and took samples of all this scrambled mess. Among other things they gathered scraps of a newspaper printed in German and various bits of flotsam that suggested Teutonic origin.

"Blew her wide open," declared Kirk.

"Looks like it," admitted Captain Bill solemnly.

Bilge by now was down on the deck, where, having beguiled the cook into producing and heating some condensed milk, he was feeding it to the pup from his own mess plate.

"That's getting 'em!" said Ma as he lounged up, still soaking and too excited with the deeds of the moment to think yet about donning dry garments. "That's getting 'em!" And he reported what the boat was gathering in.

"That's fighting 'em with our hands and our feet," Bilge laughed, recalling his poetic effusion of years and years ago in the night before.

"'And a bomb in their innard parts,'" chuckled Ma. "Anyhow I feel better about that baby's cap in the boat now."

"Me too," said Bilge; and for a moment the two friends were grave, but wore a satisfied air.

Next day as the Judson lay in port the carpenter's mate was painting a star on the forward stack.

"I put her there," said Bilge, gazing at it proudly.

"You did, durn you, with some mighty good assistance from me," grunted Ma. "Not to mention Captain Bill."

And they both looked respectfully toward the bridge, which, though empty now, was still the symbol of his presence.

FROM THE ROMANOFFS TO THE BOLSHEVIKI

(Continued from Page 24)

went out with seeming unwillingness, being a good man, and with little to do since our household was small and he had been content with his place and wages, and had lived with Madame Ivanoff for fifteen years or more; but he was told he must also profit by the new liberties and "protect the revolution"; otherwise he would be punished by his fellows who were less content than he. So, dressed in his best clothes, he went out to meetings during all the day, returning home only to eat and sleep, and doing no work of course.

During the week of their strike a deputation of *dvorniki* came to call on Madame Ivanoff. The deputation was announced, and waited in the hall, and seeing our little hostess really frightened Mike offered to receive them for her. She accepted; and Mike—followed by Prince Kourakine, who was visiting us, by the ever-faithful Davidka, and by a small buttons who ran errands for the household—threw both panels of the door open suddenly with a loud noise. The deputation hesitated. The men had expected to face one small, old, feeble woman, and not three solid men in uniform, besides a grinning boy.

"What do you want here?" Mike shouted, with his most ferocious scowl.

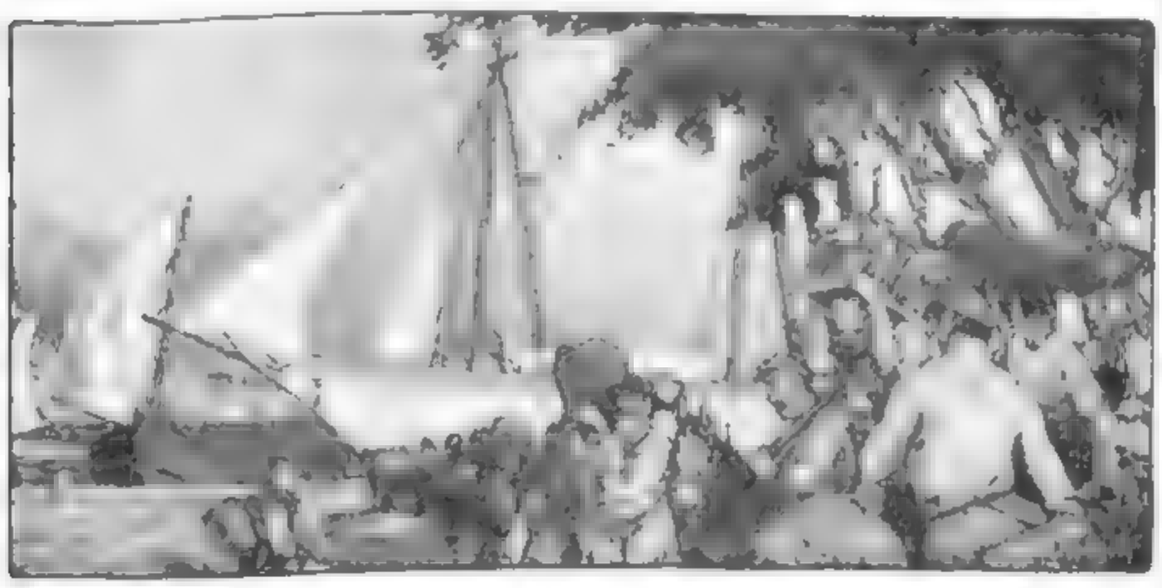
The leader of the band stepped forward. "Comrade," he began in the revolutionary phrase, but he never got any further.

My husband's vocabulary, already rich for such occasions, had coined new treasures of speech in these revolutionary days; and one after another rolled forth sonorous arguments and appellations, red-hot! What he thought of these times, with their disorders, of the strikes in general, and what of the *dvorniki* and of this deputation in particular, he said; thoroughly enjoying having an occasion of letting himself go.

We couldn't follow his speech from where we sat in the salon. Our impression was merely of a single terrific explosion; but when he had concluded the men before him thoroughly understood that Mike did not consider himself their comrade. He ordered them out without taking breath; and they without a word turned and all together rushed frantically to the front door, pushing and stumbling in their haste as they fumbled with its fastenings. At last it opened. They tumbled over one another down the three steps out into the street, and fled, running at full speed to the corner, where they disappeared.

They never returned, and we never heard anything further of the strikers' pretensions. A few days after this the house owners, having formed a committee for self-defense in such cases, categorically refused to grant any of the demands made of them, whereupon the *dvorniki* gave up their strike and took up their work again quietly on the old terms! Our own dear Grigory returned to us, removed his best clothes, and with a contented smile went on with his sweeping as of old.

As yet our country place, Bouromka, was quiet, which was a great blessing. We gratefully attributed this to our intendant's personal talents. He was of peasant birth, and of our province, and he showed himself most adroit in handling men. Also, he got on with the village committee, where we knew he was expending money as well as eloquence; but we were grateful to him, since he succeeded in getting the year's crop



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sown, grown and harvested, and kept the gardens, park, stables and château unmolested. Bouromka was furnishing us with provisions, and also supplying my mother-in-law with them in her Crimean villa. When the harvest was disposed of we found there had been a slight deficit instead of the usual fine revenue; but we were so pleased to have the estate still untouched that we carried this burden easily enough. In September there came to Bouromka village, however, a committee from outside; Ukrainians and Bolsheviki, the intendant reported they were, and these preached the most inflammatory doctrine, which the peasants were resisting, explaining they were content with us and that their work had always been well paid for and themselves well treated. The agitators then said that the land was by right the peasants' and declared the house, buildings and stock should be appropriated by them now, as everything according to the law of our new republic belonged to the people.

Still the peasantry were quiet; but we knew our hour would soon come, and this anxiety for the old family home was added to our other troubles. Mike was eaten up with the weight of his responsibility and the strain of pouring oil on the troubled political seas of Kief. Life became so exhausting that we quite gave up all effort to go into society, and we never moved from home, where my salon was generally filled by various people who came to talk of their troubles and vexations, and to tempt us to reply with tales of ours.

I caught myself wishing sometimes that events would go more quickly and the situation reach the collapsing point soon. The strain of waiting was so great it seemed easier to reach the end, when Mike could leave, and we should not have each day to face some new annoyance.

Kerensky's Waning Power

Though it was already September, Kerensky's government had kept none of its promises. We were no nearer to the constituent assembly than we had been in March. The army was rapidly disintegrating and was not being supplied with either food or clothing in any quantity. Deserters roamed the country and sold their uniforms and every other sort of stolen goods, intimidating inhabitants back of the lines everywhere with their depredations. Traveling had become torture from the overcrowding, the stealing, and the constant risk to life and limb through soldiers who packed the car roofs and platforms as well as the corridors.

All Russia was infested with bands of criminals let loose from the prisons, who were plundering, murdering and burning. These were dressed invariably in uniforms, and announced themselves as Bolshevik soldiers. There were in Kief, Moscow and Petrograd associations of deserters as open in their propaganda as were the political parties. Everywhere provisions and manufactured goods were growing scarce, and prices of necessities were soaring tremendously. On the other hand, money was almost worthless. In two and a half years of the war previous to the revolution only three billions of rubles had been issued in paper by the old régime, which had been greatly reproached for its extravagance. Since the revolution nine billions had been issued in six months, and the government presses were breaking down from the strain of printing so much. The design of the bills was simplified and their size cut down to save time and paper; and the people were suspicious of the new productions; said they represented no value and were not real money.

In many of the shops where the proprietors were poor the new paper was refused in payment for goods. Disrespectfully the public gave the new creations the name of "kerenkis," and it was the first open sign of their demigod's waning favor. All government officials and the army were paid in "kerenki," while the bills of the old régime were being collected in private, some even being bought at a premium. It was whispered about that these ancient moneys were passed on to agents, who were gathering them up for use by the Germans when the latter should occupy Russia.

Such was the state of the country when, at the great conference in Moscow, all parties' representatives appeared and were invited to express their opinions and advice. All save the Bolsheviki had been called. It was very much remarked that General Korniloff, ex-commander of the Petrograd garrison and now commander-in-chief of the army, was given a tremendous ovation when he spoke, detailing all the miserable facts connected with our situation. He implored the government to act, and with a firm hand to uphold the ideals that had been in everyone's mind at the beginning of the revolution. Especially he begged that laws might be enacted to suppress indiscipline in the army and to abolish the ridiculous measures that had made our magnificent fighting machine into the tragic farce it actually was.

Korniloff spoke splendidly and commanded admiration not only from all his hearers but also from the leaders of the various press organs, which all over Russia printed his speech next day. He offered to risk acting himself in the matter of the army, begging only that the administration uphold him by its authority and consent, and saying that he would take upon himself the responsibility and unpopularity that any repressive measures would cause to their inaugurator.

Kerensky's appearance at the conference had created comment against him, as he had quite evidently lost much of his prestige and was trying to regain it by expressing his desire to make concessions to the very lowest elements. He seemed artificial, and had lost his fire; and his catchwords, grown old, seemed meaningless and were without effect. Essaying explanations of the dramatic mistakes of the past months, he was unconvincing, while the other ministers of his cabinet who tried to speak received no encouragement whatever, as they offered the long-suffering public accounts of the general failure of their efforts, and told of the congested railroads, insufficient funds and harvests, and of the factories closed and the population victimized by six months' disorders.

This Moscow conference, from which much had been hoped, broke up without coming to any conclusion, and its results were only to confirm the general sense of danger and of restless anxiety, and to show up the hopelessness of our country's situation. At its end there was a Bolshevik demonstration in Moscow, with shouted accusations that the government had invited only conservatives and counter-revolutionists to take part. As usual there was no armed force to protect the cabinet and conservatives, so the conference broke up, and the ministers left Moscow as rapidly as possible. Then the rabble quieted down. Korniloff returned to staff headquarters at Moghileff and the government to Petrograd, while Rodzanko, General Brusiloff, and all the others who were long-since revolutionists but now were considered counter-revolutionists and quite out of public life for their intolerably conservative ideas, disappeared from view permanently.

The Arrest of Korniloff

The taking of Riga by the enemy, the complete rout of our army on the northern Front, with a threatened invasion of Petrograd, the tragedies of officers and shock battalions annihilated, the masses of our soldiers who would not fight—all this followed immediately upon the Moscow conference, proving General Korniloff to be right in his predictions. It was all too hideous. The massacres, the burning of châteaux and villages by our own fleeing soldiers gone wild, were none the less dreadful because we knew how wonderfully courageous, patient and strong they had been but a year before. We realized that Order Number One to the Army was to blame, and was of a piece with the propaganda of the German spies living in our lines all summer, and the hobnobbing across from our trenches to the enemy's as between brothers.

Immediately after these terrible events came the tremendous sensation of the "Korniloff affair." News of this reached us as a thunderbolt one morning when our Kief papers announced that Korniloff, commander in chief of the army, was arrested at his staff by government order; that Korniloff was at the head of troops going to attack the capital; that General Krimoff was marching to attack the capital; also, that Kerensky was marching at the head of the city troops to defend himself.

Then for several days all communications between Kief and Petrograd were entirely cut off, and for a time we heard nothing further of the drama, either by wire, by post or through the press. But we had our own excitement, which seemed amply sufficient. The first morning when Mike read the news

(Continued on Page 85)

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MOTORISTS! Norwesco Laboratories have taken the guesswork out of radiator protection! This winter you can ***know*** what temperature your radiator will stand without freezing. And you won't have any bothersome solution-mixing to do, either.

Norwesco chemists—who gave to the motoring world SE-MENT-OL, the Radiator Cement; SKALEX, the Radiator Cleaner, and the rest of the "Chemically Correct" Norwesco Line—offer you the perfected Non-Freeze for Radiators, Norwesco "TWELVE-TWENTY".

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As it comes in the can, "TWELVE-TWENTY" protects your radiator to 20° below zero. On an ordinary battery hydrometer the solution will read 1220—hence its name. It readily can be kept at that strength, and should be. Evaporates very slowly—occasional addition of water restores its original quantity and strength, if no leakage has occurred.

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Probably your dealer carries Norwesco "TWELVE-TWENTY"—comes in 1-gallon cans, $1.35; 3-gallon cans, $3.90; 5-gallon cans, $5.75. (West of Rocky Mountains, $1.60, $4.65 and $7.00). Get a can now —and stop worrying about your radiator.

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—and here, dad, is another little side light that will interest you.

Over there, the American Officer has earned the respect of everybody, from the Generalissimo down to the most obscure poilu.

Along with his other qualities, the American Officer is a gentleman in appearance. That counts in the Army as much as it does in business.

It was really surprising how many of the best-looking uniforms at our mess were tailored to measure by the Kahn Tailoring Company.

Believe me, when these officers get back into civil life they are not going to forget the Kahn label. Kahn uniforms surely do stand up under the strain of service and keep on looking *right*.

I know now what you meant when you used to tell me that Kahn Made-to-Measure clothes are always a good investment.

The Kind of Clothes KAHN MADE TO MEASURE Gentlemen Wear

CIVILIAN AND MILITARY TAILORS

(Continued from Page 82)

he foresaw the possible complication that presented itself for our Kief garrison. Korniloff and a group of his followers were evidently trying to demolish the authority of Kerensky and the provisional government, which they had sworn to serve. Our soldiers' committees would meet to discuss the problem: Should they follow the military leaders' movement or stand by the government? Probably it would mean bloodshed, a division of opinion and the town upside down.

Mike decided to take the bull by the horns and to meet this crisis as he had that of the revolution in March. Calling together his regimental and squadron commanders he ordered them to see that the soldiers' committees in each of his units met at once, and that all the published and contradictory telegrams were read before them. The officers were to tell their men that they themselves had but just learned this news and knew nothing beyond what the printed sheets contained; that if anything further reached our staff headquarters it would be given out; and that meantime in the crisis the commander wished everything to be done to keep order in Kief; also, that in his estimation everyone's first duty was to stand by his sworn allegiance to the provisional government. This move would make the officers and soldiers seem at one in their sentiments, would keep the officers informed as to the committees' intentions, and would prevent unnecessary difficulty till more could be learned from the north.

Korniloff's Counter-Charges

The officers present wanted my husband to accompany them and speak to the men himself, but Mike refused, saying that their strength would be augmented if each officer acted on his own initiative and spontaneously, while his own influence could be called in as a reserve authority in case things went less well than he expected. Nearly everyone present at this meeting of officers admired Korniloff and sympathized with his desire to better matters, but all agreed the move, by its vague and disconnected character, could only create ill feeling everywhere between classes—making indignation rife among the lower members of society, who would be for Kerensky, and who would accuse Korniloff and the upper strata of desiring to replace the present independence by ancient severities. Consequently this whole movement would mean renewed persecution for officers all along the line.

Within an hour all of Mike's subordinates had joined their units in Kief and its environs, and my husband's orders had been carried out with tact and intelligence. After some discussion the decision was taken everywhere by the troopers to await further news quietly. All that afternoon members of soldiers' committees crowded our anteroom and Mike's private office, questioning personally their old commander, while my salon received a continuous stream of officers, who spent the hours in conjecture as to what was happening in the north and what the result of Korniloff's move would be to Russia. No one talked or thought of anything else. It seemed evident to us that after his speech at Moscow the commander-in-chief, who was a self-made man of the people and a true patriot, had lost all hope of the helpless administration ever being able to improve matters, and he had decided to take things into his own hands and strike a blow to save the army and our national honor—engaged to carry through the war—but how and why he had acted in the mad manner the reports indicated was quite incomprehensible. In case of failure he would make matters worse, and it was almost certain such a plot must fail.

In truth, this was exactly what happened. The soldiers sent to fight with those of the capital's garrison immediately deserted to the side of the latter. After the troops had fired a few vague shots they fraternized, and deciding then that it was a counter-revolution planned by officers and retrogades they proceeded to persecute the former element all along the Front, in every garrison and on all our warships for their supposed knowledge of and sympathy with the movement. In some cases the troubles amounted to little more than a disrespectful expression of suspicions. In other places it took the form of arrest and dismissal of officers by the committees of soldiers, accompanied by threats; but in a great number of cases groups of officers were tried hurriedly and executed, or were even killed without trial, in the most appalling circumstances, after the infliction of tortures going back to the middle ages for their inspiration.

Certainly Korniloff had been animated by the best sentiments, but it was equally certain that he completely missed this lofty aim, and that his conduct aggravated a thousand times our already terrible plight. As one of the officers said with great bitterness: "We had lived through six months, and in many cases had won over our men to believe in us, and often we had even managed to work in with the committees, getting the best from them and suppressing the worst. And now all that ground is lost and we stand on a volcano with our lives in our soldiers' hands."

In various units the fermentation took different forms, but in none was there the brilliant showing of the Cuirassiers, always an exception to the rule. Two or three days after the bomb of the Korniloff affair had exploded, a soldiers' committee meeting was held at the Cuirassier camp, when a vote of confidence in all their officers was passed unanimously, and a young officer, Prince Tcherkassky, was elected president of the soldiers' committee. After this Mike walked on air as far as the behavior of his own troops in any emergency went; but, alas, these were only a very small part of our army, and the rest were scarcely better than a vague horde of wild men.

All the people I had ever met in Kief came to have tea with me in the few days following this act of the Cuirassiers; principally to find out if the fairy tale of their behavior was true, and to congratulate Mike upon his triumph and his power over the men of his command. Soon communications were established with Petrograd again, and we read more of the fiasco, and of the large group of generals who were supposedly mixed in the plot and were arrested and confined with Korniloff at the staff. Curiously enough, in spite of his proclamations and acclamations, Kerensky never pursued the accused by court-martial, while Korniloff invited a trial, and announced in the newspapers over all the country that he had positive proofs to show that the whole plot had been of Kerensky's invention, and that he had only followed positive orders, which he had received from the Prime Minister himself.

German Poison

Round this there was much talk, of course, but nothing was proved; and we heard of the farcical battles about the capital, which had lasted but a day; and of the disturbance in the city; and of General Krimoff's suicide or murder, after a prolonged interview with Kerensky, who, now dictator by his own nomination, made a proclamation to all Russia, accusing these generals, "upheld by certain other retrograde elements," of making a disloyal attempt to upset "the people's government." He came before the public in his final rôle of demagogue, and his hysterical utterances from that moment on confirmed the theory that he was rapidly degenerating in health and brain power, and could no longer be relied upon. In fact, to us it seemed now quite evident that the Russian Government as at present constituted was doomed to fall from sheer incapacity; that the power would go then surely to the Bolsheviki, who being in German hands would make peace or even an alliance with Germany.

Mike felt he must still stay at his post and do what he could to hold Kief, till the death of the provisional government. He decided to give up his service, however, when the Bolsheviki took over the power; using at last the right given him by his severe wound, through which he had obtained a complete discharge from the service in 1914. He was deeply distressed over the situation, but though some of the nobility with whom I talked felt our worst enemy was the revolutionary disorder in all its forms, and our only hope was in getting discipline reëstablished at any cost—even through conquest by the Germans—Mike thought that the poison which had sapped our vitality had come to us through German channels and not those of the revolution; that we could have weathered all the storms if the enemy's spies and propaganda had been eliminated. He, therefore, following his theory to its logical conclusion, said that the worst that could happen to our country was its mastery by Germany, which would inevitably come with the Bolshevik triumph; and he refused to remain in his place to see it.

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The harder your beard and the more tender your skin, the more you appreciate the keen smooth-shaving qualities of the "Radio" blades that come in each 'Ever-Ready' set.
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It seemed but a question of three or four weeks, with the German Armies overflowing the Riga Front, till Petrograd might be invaded. We had left in the capital a number of valuables in the bank, both papers and jewels, and all our furniture was there, as well as some trunks containing clothes and personal effects, which had remained at the lodging of our intendant. We were anxious to get at these and either store them permanently or destroy them in the face of the coming storm; and as Mike could not leave his post at Kief I volunteered to go to the capital for a few days and attend to these details.

With some hesitation my husband consented to my plan; and after much red tape as to my passport and the permissions from the soviet of soldiers and workmen of Kief "to travel northward on business," I departed with the ever-faithful Elène.

It seemed to me heart-breaking to see our proud capital brought so low. The pavement blocks in the streets were pried up in many places, and these holes remained unfilled. On the great palace square grass grew between cobblestones, and market women were established along the edges of the Nevskii sidewalks, calling their wares to the passer-by. All the main thoroughfares were packed with vast crowds, standing, walking, pushing, shoving, and all shouting. I had an intense impression of dirt and din and chaotic movement, with all kinds of merchandise piled up and being sold. The streets off the main arteries were, on the other hand, uncanny and silent. Here and there a frightened-looking pedestrian hurried or an untidy hooligan soldier slunk along intent on evil. Everyone who was well-dressed looked anxious, and many shops were closed. Several proprietors in the better shops where I went told me of their difficulties and said they were closing out their business as soon as possible. They advised me to fly from the city, as life was no longer safe.

An Owl for Luck

All seemed amazed to see me, and warned me of danger, but I was fortunately able to attend to all my business most satisfactorily; and I found many willing hands to help me in it; not only those of my own class but also humbler friends, shopkeepers or workmen, whom it seemed I had helped in various insignificant ways in the past, and who now showed themselves only too ready to serve me. I was greatly touched by these demonstrations, which only went to prove once more how much good and gratitude there is in our people; and how devoted, gentle and kind they can be when left to their natural instincts.

We accomplished miracles in the way of having things packed and moved to the places which seemed to offer most safety, and I attended in schedule time to every detail on my long list. The hotel servants, who had served me for several years, gave me admirable care, and even in the abominable conditions I lacked for nothing in the way of comfort. They even took very special pains to call me by long and complicated titles of the old régime; and they did me many little extra services, with their most willing smiles.

It was said to be impossible to get places on trains leaving the capital, everything being taken for weeks ahead, so numerous were those leaving to take refuge in the south; and the general strike of railroads was expected any day; but I was lucky as usual. A friend of mine, the hotel clerk, obtained for me two places for the day on which I had planned my departure.

When I told of this last triumph my words were received with laughter, and it was said: "No doubt the strike will be held over till you reach Kief in safety! You are certainly the spoiled child of the revolution, and lead a charmed existence."

I began to grow really superstitious, and to attribute my success among so many dangers to a present given me some years before by an old comrade of Mike's. It was a delightful tiny owl, carved by Faberger from a precious Siberian stone. I was just starting on a journey once, and he had come to see me off, and had given me the thing, saying: "Keep it near you. It will inspire you with wisdom in emergencies, and also it will bring you luck by finding you a solution for all difficulties."

Since then the lovely little creature had always accompanied me in my dressing case, and during my revolutionary experiences it had remained even in my pocket, till I really began to believe in its virtues, since my extraordinary luck held good in the face of my so often daring Fate to do its worst.

In Petrograd, though everything seemed to me so dreadfully sad, I was, nevertheless, deeply interested in the development of the historical drama. In spite of the harm it was bringing us personally I kept my faith in the country's strength to live through its sufferings and recover from the reign of terror which I knew would surely come.

I found time to see a number of friends during my short stay in the capital. Their aspect had greatly changed, for no one wore elegant clothes; and even if one dined or lunched out it was in a business suit or tailored gown, as if we were all on the point of traveling. In this connection my husband accused me of remaining incorrigibly bourgeois in my clothes in the midst of the anarchistic surroundings; but I continued to dress much as usual, as even if I had gone about in torn and dirty red rags it would not have helped me to favor with the multitude, and certainly would not have reflected my own mental attitude. On the same theory I still desired more than ever to see the old group, those who were in touch with events especially, and to hear their opinions of the present and their forecasts for the future. Therefore, my work leaving my evenings free after five o'clock, I quite naturally took up my old habits again, and spread my tea table for a number of its old habitués. Since the summer their attitude had changed beyond recognition. They had no confidence in the present government. Many were the anecdotes told of the life and the waste of time and the dire disorder of the clan living in the Winter Palace. Kerensky had lost his hold. He lived from day to day, doing an hour's work, giving a few audiences and then collapsing. His colleagues complained of his inattention and vacillations. The people complained of his bourgeois luxury. All those approaching him complained of his despotic ways. In the palace itself dirt and danger reigned, and Kerensky feared all those surrounding him, even to the enormous bodyguard of troops, whom he had stationed in the palace himself and who were always plotting his destruction

General Kamaroff, in charge in old-régime days of all the imperial palaces, and who had been left in his place by the new government because they had no one they could trust, told me that after an acute illness he had been away for a week's treatment recently. When he had returned he found the Winter Palace overrun with noisy soldiers, and in the palace courtyard were stationed six heavy cannon, with their accompanying men, horses, baggage and feed. In indignation he had demanded why all this; by what right and whose order; and he had been answered with a smile by those under him that it was by Kerensky's own order; by right of his self-attributed qualification of "dictator" and "supreme commander of the Russian Armies"; and because he feared an uprising of the people!

The Korniloff Affair

Then Kamaroff, realizing the palace could not be turned into barracks without danger to the treasures it contained and for which he was responsible, had himself ordered the removal of the artillery, which stood absurdly pointing guns into the windows of the palace, upon four sides of its court. Then he limited the dictator's guard of honor to certain localities of the great building; and from these he removed the collections, paintings and the most valuable furniture. Kamaroff also told me the palace servants, who were used to quiet lives, had come to him in a body, complaining that the soldiers of the guard stole their boots and watches and money. He had reported this first to the guards' officers, and was told they could not manage their men at all and had no power over them; so finally Kamaroff had embodied these complaints in a personal note to the dictator, and the reply had been given to him by one of Kerensky's personal staff, sent to tell him that the poor Prime Minister could do nothing about it, as he feared for his own life as it was, and could not control these masses of men under him. He begged Kamaroff to please arrange the matter of the boots, and so on, as best he could himself.

From two friends of Téréschtchenko, who had no knowledge of one another, I received the following story of the Korniloff affair, as having been given them by the

(Continued on Page 89)

Our Service

AT the present time we are devoting ourselves entirely to the Government's program, and our whole productive organization is enthusiastically geared to mesh with the tremendous effort in the prosecution of the war.

Until such time as the Governmental requirements shall have been satisfied, there is little or no possibility that the regular products of the corporation will be manufactured.

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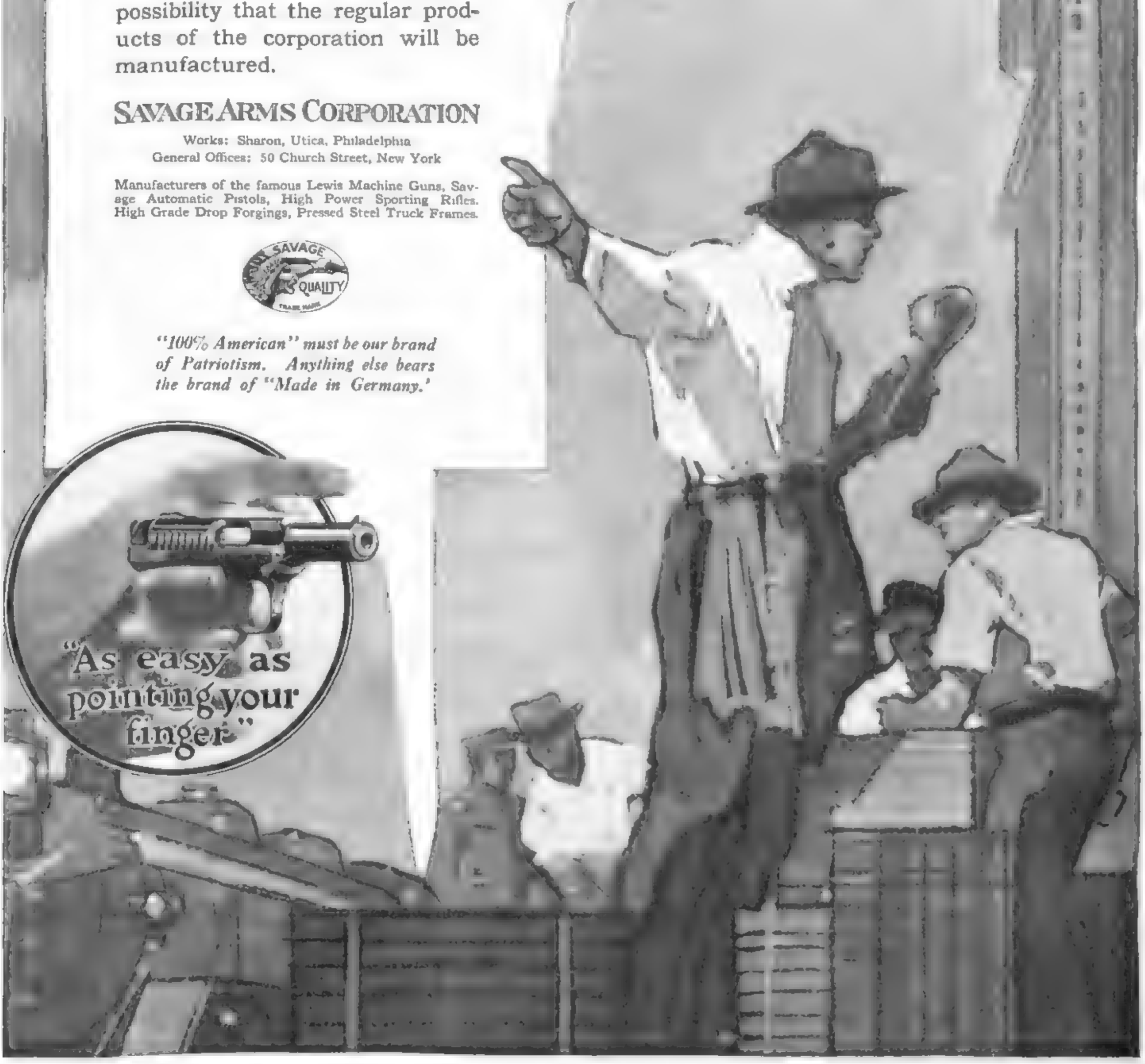
"100% American" must be our brand of Patriotism. Anything else bears the brand of "Made in Germany."



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It is inevitable that in the course of a year hundreds of thousands of overloads occur on these lines. For the protection of lives and equipment it is necessary that all electrical circuits be guarded by fuses, in order to eliminate the accident and fire hazards of overloads and short-circuits. Each time a fuse operates, expense is entailed. Formerly this was the cost of a whole new fuse. Today it is the cost of an inexpensive "Drop-Out" Renewal Link used in an ECONOMY renewable FUSE. The difference means a saving of many thousands of dollars each year in this plant alone.

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Economy Fuses are used by most leading steel and powder mills, by railroad and steamship lines, public buildings, homes and prominent firms in all branches of industry. The annual savings to these users are approximately 80% of the fuse maintenance costs as compared with the use of "One-Time" Fuses.

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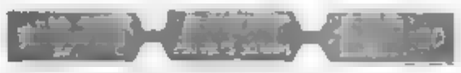
Be sure to specify ECONOMY renewable FUSES for the protection of all electrical circuits—not only at your place of business but in your home as well.

Sold by leading electrical jobbers and dealers



The "Drop-Out" Renewal Link is the heart of the Economy Fuse. It's the work of a moment to replace the link and renew the fuse.

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Sole manufacturers of "ARKLESS," the Non-Renewable Fuse with the 100% Guaranteed Indicator
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Foreign Minister himself. After the Moscow conference he, Téréschtchenko, himself in despair at Russia's situation, had gone to Kerensky, asking the latter to act in conjunction with General Korniloff to bring the country's dramatic drifting to a stop. When others of the cabinet had upheld the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Kerensky had agreed to the plan, and a consultation was held with the commander in chief, Korniloff. Plans were made for picked troops to be ordered from the northern Front, under General Krimoff—who was one of our strongest commanders—and sent to the capital to arrest the heads of the anarchist party, put the present garrison of the capital in its place, and start the government on a new chapter of achievement, with some chance of success. It would then be possible, they hoped, to act in like manner in the provinces and with the army; and, bringing the country to its senses, continue the war.

This was, of course, the last hope and a desperate one; but it had chances of success, given that the leaders, hand in hand, would be Kerensky, the Socialist, hero of the masses, and Korniloff, who was esteemed by all classes and adored by his own soldiers. Conservative elements were so sick of the results of our revolution that they would be glad to back any group that was supposed to be able to inaugurate law and order.

This plan obtained the consent of the two men chiefly concerned, and of the cabinet of the one and the staff of the other. The day was set for the execution of the scheme and Krimoff was ordered to start from the northern Front, where he was then with his corps. Téréschtchenko was sent by Kerensky to the staff for some last settlement of detail; but he had no sooner started than Kerensky's courage gave out and the man changed his mind completely, seeing only a plot against himself now in the whole affair. He wired counter orders to the staff.

A Stormy Meeting

Korniloff wired him back that it was too late and that he could no longer reach Krimoff, who was already on the road, to recall him. Kerensky had then published a proclamation dubbing Korniloff a traitor, and the movement a counter revolution; and he declared the capital in a state of siege and sent the garrison troops out to meet Krimoff as an enemy. The latter, greatly surprised in finding himself faced by an official army, which he heard was sent against him by the man whom he had supposed to be his ally, had rushed into the city to demand explanations of Kerensky, while his army, already converted by the city troops, remained fraternizing with their enemy at the gates of Petrograd.

After a discussion with Kerensky, Krimoff had died in the Winter Palace of a revolver wound; and it was said he had committed suicide through humiliation and disgust.

Téréschtchenko added to this tale, that he had rushed back from the staff, only to find the capital topsy-turvy, the garrison and Krimoff's regiments the best of friends, all the cabinet dreadfully frightened, and Kerensky hysterical. Driving straight to the Winter Palace from his train and bringing into play all his temperamental powers, Téréschtchenko treated the dictator to a scene of such violence that the attendants were vastly impressed. Finally the Minister of Foreign Affairs having relieved his mind handed in his resignation, and departed, slamming the door.

I heard that Kerensky wept, and having quieted his nerves sent for Téréschtchenko, begging him to reconsider his measure, as he was the last conservative in the provisional government, and if he retired Kerensky would be obliged by the "ultra-left" to replace him with Tchernoff, uneducated and extreme Socialist—and then where would Russia be, all through Téréschtchenko's lack of patriotism? And how could she negotiate with her Allies; and how would the foreign ambassadors confer with such a person as Tchernoff? Téréschtchenko had accepted again the burden of his portfolio after Kerensky had gone on his knees to him.

I don't know what truth was in this story, which came to me twice over at secondhand. It was much talked of, and Téréschtchenko had since grown immensely in public esteem, especially with the upper classes. It was being said that if the present dictator and ministry fell perhaps the present Minister of Foreign Affairs would make a good head for a new provisional cabinet, in spite of his youth. People were so tired, worn, depressed and puzzled they seemed quite tragic and unable to react any more against the slowly advancing tide of destruction; and they were anxious to discover someone upon whom to lean.

Certain ones with whom I talked saw in the Minister of War a man evidently ambitious to dethrone Kerensky from his pedestal, and to replace the demagogue himself. In all this confusion and pessimism the attitude of the diplomats was interesting to note. I was told by one or two people who had to do with them officially that the Japanese Ambassador, having judged our situation to be very grave and our only salvation to be through military help from the Allies, had offered in his government's name a sufficient number of troops to stiffen our faltering army at the Front and to keep law and order on the railroads and in the big centers back of the lines. He had said that as the other Allies were busy upholding the wavering French on the Western Front the Japanese were the ones whose evident duty lay in the helping of Russia through the crisis. He had brought up this question at one of the ambassadorial conferences. Sir George Buchanan had replied to him that as long as our government did not ask for aid the Allies could not very well force it upon Russia; also that he thought it impossible for one Ally to act alone; therefore the Japanese suggestion had fallen through.

I heard also the French representatives were expressing great discouragement and disgust at the turn the Russian revolution had taken and at the behavior of the people; and that though they expressed sympathy with the upper classes, especially with the officers of our army, they were not overdesirous of helping us.

All this came to me at secondhand, but from reliable sources, and it seemed probable that each Ally's representative took exactly the point of view described. It did not surprise me that none of them felt particular confidence in the government of Kerensky after the past six months, and after having seen the defeats at Tarnopol and Riga, the Korniloff affair and the Bolshevik triumphs in the capital; but I was surprised they did not decide to bring Japanese troops in to hold the Front and to save the war cause for themselves. Most of the thinking military element would have been glad to see it done, though it would have meant of course humiliation and suffering for us in other directions.

Mr. Francis Optimistic

My curiosity on one occasion led me to ask Mr. Francis something about this; and I said that Mike and many officers had realized from the beginning of the revolutionary period the only way to save Russia's Army for the war was to have Allied troops called in to stiffen ours. The ambassador answered me, saying he had once or twice given Kerensky and Téréschtchenko a chance to get such help by telling them that the United States Government wanted to uphold Russia in every possible manner, and would gladly send supplies or men or anything needed which they chose to suggest, and that the then Prime Minister had replied, asking for various other things, but saying that the Russian Army was bettering its morale and would soon be in a state of excellent voluntary discipline, and able to take the offensive again.

I invariably found the attitude of the American Ambassador entirely different from what was represented to me as that of his colleagues. He was the optimist of the ambassadorial conference; and he almost inspired those about him with his own traits. He had had little to do with Kerensky, I imagine, but Téréschtchenko, who was a very charming person, had made an excellent impression, and Mr. Francis instinctively trusted him and what he said; and through the eyes of the young Minister of Foreign Affairs he saw Russia's future full of renewed reforms and hopeful developments. The cabinet had to admit their record in the past was bad, but Téréschtchenko himself perhaps was a victim to rosy illusions; or he saw in his rôle an obligation to throw sand in the eyes of foreign representatives and regarded his pose as one of patriotism. For some reason, certainly, he took pains to convince Mr. Francis that the power of republican ideals was great enough to mend everything, given time, and that it could even reëstablish Russia's military strength; so that

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Mr. Francis judged the spirit of our nation to be about that of the American colonists after their revolt and their establishment of a new republic. He counted on our people falling into line, repairing the damages of the past six months, establishing law and order, and carrying on the war, since they must realize their life as a great power depended on such action.

I ventured several times to dispute these possibilities, and several people about me upheld my point of view; but though Mr. Francis told me of various members of his embassy—especially General Judson, chief of the American military mission—who saw things as we did, and who had said so to him, he maintained he had met enough other people who judged the situation from his own angle to keep him fast in his ideas. He was one of those who spoke to me much of the Minister of War, Verhowsky, who at that moment was advertising himself to the foreigners.

A very clever and adroit manager and talker, this man was spreading the impression that within a month he would have withdrawn from the army all its undesirable elements, and would then concentrate the remaining troops into a *corps d'élite*, who would be reliable and ready to act offensively if the Allies so desired it. He actually said to the ambassadors that the thousands of drifting dirty soldiers seen in the cities and on the trains were being disbanded by his orders, and were not, as was supposed, deserters; and he affirmed that though he could not answer for what might occur back of the lines or for the stability of the present ministry he knew his department and the army well, and could count on them to act as he predicted. On several occasions he affirmed that the difficulty with our army was that it was too large, and his making it smaller would create a new effectiveness.

Verhowsky somehow managed thus to confirm the hopes Téréschtchenko created, and Mr. Francis seemed to believe in them and in the present government's intention to act. I asked him if he was not leaving Petrograd, as rumor had it that all the government was moving to Moscow, and I feared for foreigners if they remained behind. It seemed to those who thought as we did that the capital was dreadfully threatened, both by Bolsheviki and by Germans, not to mention famine; but to this Mr. Francis replied that Téréschtchenko had said there was no cause to disturb himself, as the diplomats would be warned and could depart with the government, and each embassy would have its own train, with every comfort for the members and every security for transporting its papers, funds, and so on.

Society's Little Aunt

Since, immediately after his nomination to the War Ministry, we had suspected Verhowsky, whom Mike had known many years, to be unscrupulously ambitious and plotting Kerensky's overthrow for his own ends, to find the diplomats thought this a possibility was interesting.

It was upon this basis, perhaps, that some of them without saying so built their security.

Mike and his colleagues did not draw the same hope from this prospect, as they thought no better of Verhowsky than of Kerensky, and wasted no admiration now on either. Mr. Francis and Monsieur Bark, General Kamaroff and a half dozen other Americans and Russians were all of my old group that were still in Petrograd; but these reflected nearly every shade of opinion, save that of extreme socialism. We discussed endlessly the experiences of the summer, and the future which Fate held in store for Russia, and though no one talker ever succeeded in converting the others to his views we all enjoyed the hours of conversation as the evenings flew by, and we invariably parted with esteem and friendly feeling unimpaired.

Pessimism in all shades was reflected in Russian society. There were those who still believed we might weather the revolution and that there would be a final mutual understanding of the nobility and peasantry which would reëstablish something of the ancient national life. Some awaited a military dictator, who would rise as Napoleon did in France. There were those who thought as I did—that a reign of terror must come, and then Russia would emerge strong and powerful, but with entirely new ideals and desires, perhaps as good as the old or better, and that one must be broad enough to accept these and fit one's life into the new frame. Others foresaw everything would be as I thought, but said they could not live and bend from their old-time traditions, and they preferred exile or death to living in a Russia no longer a monarchy. Finally there were those who foresaw destruction for Russia and for themselves, without hope of anything better than complete disintegration of the empire and its conquest by Germany.

All were frightened, and with good reason; but there were some splendid examples of courage and dignity in the face of danger. Such a one was old Princess Paskévitch. I heard by chance she was in town, and I went at once to see her, having formed long ago warm relations which on my side were based on a grateful admiration, grown up through many years of affectionate intercourse. She was called the "Little Aunt" of all society, everyone being related to her; and she was greatly surrounded always, though she was a childless widow, almost blind, and aged eighty-five.

Her great palace was on the Quai, and I found the pavement was dragged up in spots, and the building itself barricaded, as if against besiegers. As I rang the bolts were drawn, however, and I was immediately admitted by the door porter, an old acquaintance, who greeted me with surprised enthusiasm.

"What is Your Highness doing in Petrograd? It is good to see Your Highness; but not for long, I hope?"

Then, to my question, he answered: "Oh, yes; our princess will be glad to see Your Highness. It is many days since we have had a visitor, and it will do her good."

A Plucky Old Aristocrat

I was taken to the princess at once; up the grand staircase as usual, and through the state apartments to her own blue salon at their end, where I found my hostess, as she had been for the last fifty years or more at that hour of the afternoon, seated in her black silk gown and dainty lace cap. The beautiful quiet face was unchanged as with welcoming smile she stretched out a hand which in olden days had inspired sonnets, and was still admirable.

"*Ma chère enfant*, how kind in you to think of an old blind woman, in all this mess! Do sit down and tell me of yourself and your plans; and what you are doing here!"

We had a long talk, and though she spoke of the situation in deep sorrow she had faith as had I in the future of Russia. "Only it will not be for me to see. I am too old, and must go the way of my régime; but I am glad if you younger people keep your courage and patriotism; and I agree that you should all follow the movement and the new ideas. The old ones were bad in many ways, but I was used to them."

When I told her I was in town to settle some business and to carry off some valuables, fearing the occupation of the capital by the enemy, and when I asked her her plans for the near future she said: "I have none. All my family and friends want me to move, go south, and rent a villa somewhere; but I have decided not to do so. My estates at Homel are all confiscated by the peasants' committee, and the factories on them taken over by the workmen's committees; the château is destroyed; so this house is now my only home, and I am blind, and eighty-five. . . . In the best of conditions I cannot hope to live long. There is no one to whom I owe any duty, as I have no near relation; so instead of fleeing elsewhere, looking for a very doubtful safety in some place where I should be threatened with discomfort as well as danger and traveling over railroads which are a scandal of maladministration, I am going to sit still here till I am killed by Bolsheviki or Germans, or spared by them and left to die tranquilly in my own bed. Here at least I have quiet, and all my furniture and souvenirs about me, and I have space enough to take exercise in these rooms. Also, I can permit myself a certain degree of comfort till the end."

I was impressed and delighted by the princess' attitude, with its simple dignity and courage. It was not vain boasting on her part to talk as she did, for she had already gone through the disorders that had occurred from the Korniloff affair, when she had looked down out of her windows at the bloody struggle, which occurred on the Quai below, and she had also lived through the first revolutionary movement and the

(Continued on Page 93)

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(Continued from Page 90)

two Bolshevik uprisings since. Her younger servitors were gone to the war long ago, only those over fifty were still about her, and of her friends all had left or were leaving; yet she said: "I don't mind that especially. I can be read to and take exercise, and I need not look out either at the Germans or at the rabble. If they come to me it would be probably to kill me and to smash everything here; and I would just as soon be killed as to see all my collections and my home destroyed, yet live on myself."

When I left her late in the afternoon she came with me through the great rooms, where so many treasures of art hung upon the walls or stood about in their old places.

"I've put away nothing, you see," said the princess. "No place is safe, really, and I want at lenst to enjoy it all what time I can." And then she kissed me and said affectionately: "Adieu, my niece, and thanks for coming. It touched me greatly that you thought of me. God bless and keep you and yours!"

A Family Feud

Her tiny figure stood more erect than usual at the top of her immense white marble stairs, and I thought of the fine blood she carried in her veins. As I looked up at her it seemed to me her ancestors would be proud of her courage against enemy and rabble alike. In the past she and her husband had always shown the same spirit, and they had even dared to close their doors to all of the imperial family because Prince Paskévitch had disapproved of something the Emperor Alexander II had done. They had made an exception in favor of the wife of Alexander III, the present Empress-Mother, who was an intimate friend of Princess Paskévitch, and had remained so; but no other imperial guests had ever crossed this great lady's threshold, though she never spoke a word of criticism; and I had heard the facts not from her but from the Grand Duchess Marie-Pauvlovna, who, once hearing me speak of the Paskévitch collections, said: "I've never seen them. Imagine, I've never even been into her palace!" And at my surprised question the Grand Duchess continued: "My dear Joy, it is not because we do not accept; she has never deigned to invite any of us. She punishes us for being related to my father-in-law, who once displeased the old prince, her husband; and the Dowager-Empress is the only exception to the rule; and she enjoys, I believe, very much, her relations with the princess, and tells us of her friend."

Russia, always full of contradictions, had presented in the society of its capital for three reigns the amusing situation of an autocratic Emperor who allowed the whole imperial family, save one member, to be snubbed by one of his own aristocrats; allowing the latter to live in peace and plenty in his great palace near the imperial one, and to hold his great place in rank, and inviting to court the old prince's relations. The sovereigns had amiably smiled at the discomfiture of various grand dukes and grand duchesses who were dying to be invited to the Paskévitch's fêtes. This to me was as much a puzzle as it was that so many of the autocratic government's ministers should be self-made men of the people, who were invariably covered with honors and well cared for by their grateful sovereigns. My own husband's ancestor, Spéransky, son of a village priest, had been made chancellor and count; and Witte, a railroad station agent, had filled the same place in our own time, receiving also the same title from the hands of Nicholas II.

Having accomplished all I had gone to do I left Petrograd as planned, and arrived safely in Kief with a large and varied assortment of baggage. So my bird had protected me, and brought me luck again. I carried off from the north such sad impressions that I hated to think of my visit to Petrograd. I had seen no serenity anywhere save in the Paskévitch Palace and in the princess' proud old face; and had found no optimism save in the heart of the brave American Ambassador. Each time I met him I admired his energy and indomitable will to help Russia and to believe in her powers, when to us she seemed so helpless. Nothing one could say gave him the least alarm, any more than threats against him inspired him with fear; and his embassy was a citadel of strong warm comfort to me, even though we did not agree as to what the immediate future held in store.

My husband had been very worried during my trip, feeling that the threatened railroad strike might easily catch me and keep me *en panne*, or that the Germans' arrival in Petrograd might cause a stampede from there and make traveling altogether impossible.

As it was, the Germans decided to advance no farther than Pskof, and they left the capital to their spies and their subordinate agents, the Bolsheviki.

The provisionals still kept the semblance of power, and by remarkable feats of adroit politics and concessions they held on for another month. During this month we in Kief lived the most retired life possible, except in what concerned my husband's professional work, and the ever-present group about my tea table, who came and went, bringing and gathering bad news. One could not get away from the political and military situation, ever more tense and more strained, and Mike was frightfully harassed. To make matters more difficult, Oboroutcheff was sent to Denmark to inspect prison camps, and he was replaced by a nonentity; so that Kirienko and Mike carried augmented duties as best they could.

Everyone was nervous now, and the crowds in the streets became greater than ever. One had a feeling that the slightest spark would set fire to the whole situation. Mike no longer let me go out alone; and after dark it was admittedly dangerous to be on the streets, and no one not obliged to went out. The French units were leaving, or trying to do so, as rapidly as possible. Many of our class were going to the Caucasus or the Crimea, saying the Germans would soon be in Kief; and the peasant committees having taken over their estates, anyhow, under Ukrainian encouragement, they had nothing to gain by remaining and falling themselves into enemy hands. Others of the nobility, deciding that traveling was dangerous and difficult, did not join the exodus; and these said quite frankly that when the Germans came there would at least be law and order, which they preferred, at any price, to the eternal anxiety of the last few months and the present topsy-turvy conditions.

The Country Estate Looted

Most of us felt the need for expression, and the rumors which floated about were wildly exciting and extremely wearing to nerves already racked. I was so sorry for all the sufferers, not excepting ourselves. We had horrid news now from Bouromka, and none at all from the other estates, and we were seriously concerned. We ordered the intendants and certain faithful house servants to bring to Kief what smaller objects they could from the more valuable collections: The ancient silver, the snuff boxes, the jewelry worn by various ancestresses, as well as a very rare and beautiful collection of old cameos, and the jewels of my mother-in-law and sister-in-law, which they had left in the safe in the country, and finally the necessary papers of identification in case the estates should be confiscated and the château destroyed.

The bronzes, pictures, furniture and collections of ancient china could not be handled or transported without attracting attention, and above all it seemed important to avoid arousing suspicion among the village committeemen. So all these, and twenty thousand volumes in the library, some of them of infinite value, intrinsic and sentimental, all the family archives, and a cellar of rare vintages—many of which were more than a century old—remained to their fate.

Since the committee had been reënforced with men from outside and these latter had mixed with our own people there had been constant friction between the villagers and our intendants, and the latter lived in fear of what was coming. Their worst fears were realized, as first our cattle and horses were confiscated, a few days later the distillery was broken into and burned, and the drunken crowd invaded our farm buildings and took possession of the château stables, with all their contents of state carriages and harness. Then our house cellar was rifled, and the faithful servants were driven out to the village, while the crowd took possession of the parks and gardens, the orchards and *espaliers*, and rifled the mill and storehouses, destroying all machinery, workshops, and so on. The château itself was still spared, though the strangers advised its burning; but the canny elders among the peasants said it

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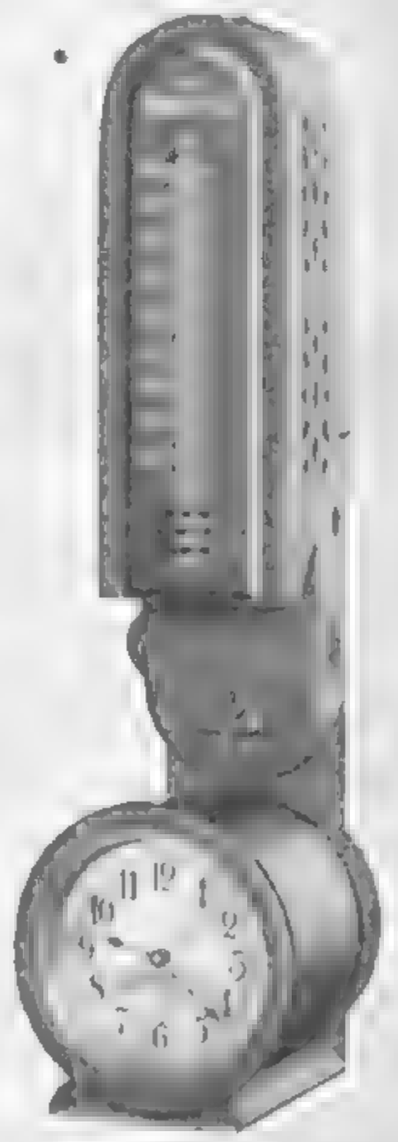

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would be a pity to do away with so good a palace, better let it stand and use it sometime. And so it stood for three or four months more, when it was given in prey to the flames amid a frantic, drunken mob of what had once been our quiet peasantry.

With this news to disturb my husband while he was trying to liquidate his mother's business affairs and to dispose to the best advantage of her ready money and capital and city property, so she would be enabled to tide over the crisis, and with all his work to keep Kief orderly, Mike's life was a real martyrdom. I scarcely moved now from our rooms, where I saw enough people to satisfy any desire I might have for sociability, and where I found occupation enough in some Red Cross work, preparing bandages for the hospital near by, and in my books. I took the air in our garden, which being back of the house was entirely protected from outside street excitements. During this time housekeeping became a difficult art. The price of every necessity and luxury soared in a most preposterous manner. Toilet soap, which had been twenty kopecks a cake, reached three rubles and fifty kopecks; and there was no laundry soap at all. Butter had gone from sixty kopecks to ten rubles a pound. Rice was seven rubles a pound, when obtainable. A blue serge, ordinarily five rubles a yard, was anywhere from seventy to one hundred rubles now; and for a yard of white crêpe de Chine, whose old price was four-fifty, I had recently paid forty-eight rubles. A ready-made dress ordinarily worth about sixty rubles cost one thousand now.

We had reduced our meals to coffee and black bread with a little butter in the mornings; at lunch, two dishes, generally a stew of some kind, and the second course of potatoes, cabbage or tomatoes; while our supper consisted of one dish only, which was generally cold and prepared from the remains of lunch, with coffee, bread and a little honey as dessert. We had a large supply of honey brought in from Bouromka in the summer. We had collected supplies during a year past and more, and I counted there was coffee, sugar, and such things as oil, enough to last a year. Also we had potatoes, cabbages and various dried vegetables enough to last, with care, through the whole winter.

The H. C. of L. in Kief

Most precious of all was a bag of white flour, which we reserved in case of illness and had divided up into small packages, hidden in the walls and woodwork and in various pieces of furniture. Everything was now sold by card system; but almost never could the quantity allowed be really obtained. Sometimes, even after the servants had spent hours waiting in line before the shops, there was nothing to be had; and for our whole household, consisting of seventeen people, we could get only ten pounds or less of black bread each day, and frequently several days would pass when none could be had.

Everything was divided up by the household in excellent good humor. The cook showed himself truly a *cordon-bleu*, since he managed to make all our meals tempting in spite of their sameness; and he prepared for the servants daily excellent thick peasant soups of milk, dried vegetables and pieces of cheap meats. Luckily dairy products, fruits, green vegetables and the native coarse cereals were still plentiful, but the outlook for the winter was very unpromising, and we foresaw food riots, with the famine which must soon come upon this city through the disorder in transportation.

There was lack of fuel too. We had put in our supply of wood in the summer, and we hoarded it with care, heating the baths and kitchen stove with utmost economy. We all took our tubs as nearly successively as possible, and the kitchen fire was reduced to what was necessary for one hot meal each day. Wood, in the old days twenty rubles for the cubic sagene, cut and ready to burn, had climbed to fifty and sixty before the revolution; since then we had paid four hundred rubles in the summer for the same measure, considering it a bargain, and now in October it had reached six and seven hundred. There was no coal at all, save for factories and government use.

I was more afraid of our provisions being requisitioned than of any other danger; but our luck held, and when we left Kief we passed on fuel and dried vegetables to our successors in the house, and we took my mother-in-law a royal present of our coffee, sugar, and so on. For this the family was immensely grateful, as they had not believed in the dramatic conditions until quite recently, and they consequently had very few stores to fall back upon. When people met now in Kief there were only two subjects discussed with any real interest: First and foremost came that of our daily food, and the small economies and arrangements to save it; and secondly, of course we talked of politics. Everyone seemed thin, and people hesitated to accept an invitation to stay and eat a meal in the old Russian manner. One felt indiscreet also in accepting a candle or a scrap of ribbon, while a jar of jam or a little sugar was a serious gift and represented a warm demonstration of generous friendship.

Few had as much as we, for somehow Mike and I had long ago realized the threatened misery; and we had had money at hand to buy, and space to store our purchases; but, nevertheless, even we felt very poor and gloomy, and the days dragged on in constant fear of terrible things, about which we avoided talking. And so we reached the twenty-fifth of October, Russian style, when we received the first news of the great Bolshevik uprising in the capital, the attack on the Winter Palace, Kerensky's flight and complete eclipse, and the arrest of the remainder of the provisional government. Chaos evidently in Petrograd; and then complete silence, with the telegraphic, postal and press communications all cut off.

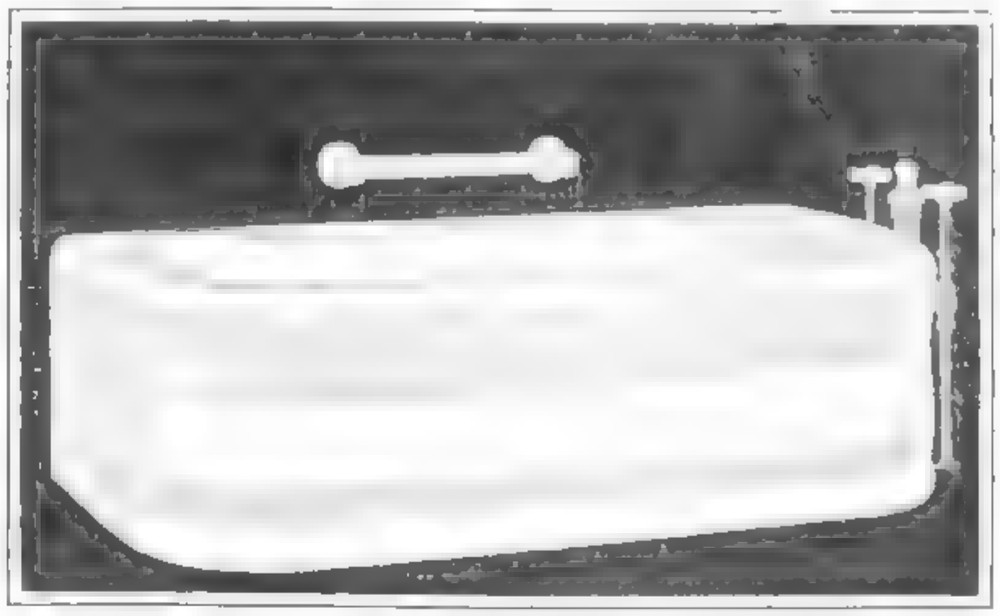
Cadets on Guard

In Kief there was naturally an instantaneous reflection of the drama in the north. At the first signs of uprising Mike put the Cuirassiers in charge of the arsenal and the railroad station, while young cadets from the two military schools for future officers were used to garrison the staff building, telephone, water and electric stations; and when the Bolsheviki began disorders in the neighborhood of their own quarters at the imperial palace these were attacked by the cadets and some Cossacks, and in three days two battles were fought about the palace and in its gardens, while the place passed from hand to hand.

The cadets found large quantities of provisions which had been gathered and hidden by the soviet's men for their own use, and the poor building itself was frightfully ill-treated—by our men, the soviets claimed, while ours insisted it was the hooligans themselves who were guilty. At any rate the place was sacked; and all documents of the passport department were lost. On October twenty-fifth were the first demonstrations in the factory districts, and in some outer streets of Kief. Mike then used his strongest and only reliable troops, as I have said, and putting some Cossacks in the streets as patrols, since there were no police, he thought he could still keep the town quiet until news came through from the capital. If a triumph for the government was reported all might still be well. Thursday and Friday there were no riots, only processions, meetings and the general feverishness, and factory strikes out of town. Then the trams stopped; and Friday night mob crowds began to form, making threats of attack on the staff buildings, which necessitated a strong defensive force quartered there. I watched the arrival of this, which consisted of the young cadets. It was after dark, and their heavy tramp attracted me to the window toward one in the morning. A first group entered and disappeared in the buildings, occupying the courts back of the offices; then another large unit arrived, and the boys spread themselves out all over our sidewalk and street, lighting their camp fires, stacking muskets and settling for the night. They looked immensely spick and span, and were evidently delighted with their sudden call to duty; and gay young laughter and talk floated in to us through our open windows.

To my expressions of regret Mike answered that such boys must do this kind of work now, as he hadn't enough Cuirassiers to go round. He had put those last in the hardest places; and these little chaps liked the excitement much better than studying their lessons. Their ages ran from seventeen to twenty; but they felt they were doing men's heavy work. And indeed, they might have it to do, and I could see Mike didn't like using them much better than I

(Continued on Page 97)



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"GET Mayo Underwear if you can. If so you will have underwear pronounced by its friends as the warmest, most comfortable underwear to be had at anything near its price." That is our best advice for 1918.

Naturally the price of Mayo will be quite a bit higher this year than before. But it will only be higher in proportion as raw materials are higher. We think cost plus a fair profit is the only right basis for price and it's the only one The Mayo Mills intend to have anything to do with.

But we might as well tell you frankly, right here, that we are doubtful of our ability to supply, this winter, all our old friends. We think you all have a right to know why.

Take the question of labor. Now we are certainly in as good if not better position than anybody else to get labor. We practically own the town of Mayodan, N. C., and practically everybody in it works for the Mayo Mills. Yet we must give men to the Army. And many of our men have heard the call of the shipyards.

We have been in business a good many years. We have built great mills and, as you know, we have built a fine reputation in the underwear field.

We expect to be in business a great many more years. That's why we are determined that the Mayo trade-mark shall always mean "Honest Underwear at an honest price." That's why we are determined that when normal conditions return, we shall find ourselves with a more than normal number of friends. Will you be one of them?

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MADE FROM Mayo MAYODAN

WINTER UNDERWEAR for MEN and BOYS
Union Suits · Shirts · Drawers

(Continued from Page 94)

did. Small cannon and quick-firing guns were established where they could sweep the street entrances. Our block was all there was of the "Bankovaia," which ran into other streets at right angles at each of its ends, with a building blocking the vista. Our defensive cannon if fired would therefore send its shells through the rabble, squarely into the houses beyond. It struck me the people living in them might be greatly frightened if they were watching our preparations; while, on the other hand, our own house, surrounded with soldiers and up against the staff building, would be the objective of the attackers; and if anything happened we were promised a very hot and exciting time.

Mike spoke little, but looked white and anxious, and he spent most of his days and nights at the staff, where Kirienko was holding a perpetual session of a commission formed to decide all sorts of questions with reference to local defensive measures and to government action. Kirienko was remarkable in the situation, cool, optimistic, encouraging; making quick and responsible decisions; receiving and haranguing people and deputations who appeared; playing poker with Fate truly, and with extraordinary bluffs winning many points, and holding on in the hope that every hour would bring news from Petrograd.

Mike found, as the hours passed and still nothing came from the capital, that his troops were wearing out, and he hadn't enough to change them off, as his men were so scattered about. More being needed at new places telegrams were sent, and two regiments of Czecho-Slovaks were brought from points where they were in reserve, back of the firing line. These arrived on Sunday afternoon, and were a great relief to Mike, for he hoped he was getting reliable help as he reviewed them in front of the staff headquarters with Kirienko. The city that afternoon was fairly quiet save for meetings in the business quarters.

About us it looked like a very lively camp now. The cadets, who had been on duty for two days, were relieved by the newcomers, who cooked their meals all about on the sidewalk and seemed businesslike and comfortable. The Cuirassiers were still at the arsenal and the station, and Mike left them in charge of these two posts. Ever so many people came to see us at all hours, to look from our windows at what was going on. My brother-in-law, poor fellow, chose this happy moment to arrive in Kief, from the Crimea, on business. He put up at a friend's near by, and took his meals with us, while Prince and Princess Kourakine, who had just come—he from the Front and she from her country place near by—met in Kief for a few days, and stayed with us.

A Dubious Alliance

Of course the whole town was vastly excited. There was some distant shooting in outlying districts, but the center of Kief was still quiet, and there was no news from Petrograd. We began to fear a reign of terror was really inaugurated there, and that the mob had seized the government. Mike's strain reacted on me somewhat, and I never supposed that days could be so long and so wearing as were these.

Kirienko, in the absence of orders from the capital, decided to act now on his own initiative. On Monday morning he called together a commission of government men, and he formally invited the Ukrainian rada and the soviets of workmen and soldiers to send deputies to discuss the situation with him, and to take measures together to insure the tranquillity of our city and the safety of its inhabitants. The soviets made no reply at all; the rada sent representatives.

After long discussion and much wrangling these Ukrainians came to an understanding with the government party. They would take over certain administrative departments, principally in connection with the relations between peasants and proprietors, and also certain lines of government control in town. For this gain in power they in exchange would police the whole province, keeping law and order in the rural districts; also they would help to police Kief and prevent a Bolshevik uprising. Their deputies showed themselves polite enough, and plausible, and though Kirienko as well as my husband had never liked or trusted them, the commissioner was obliged to come to terms in this emergency; and he even felt it would be a great advantage to have thus separated the Ukrainians from the Bolsheviki, and to see the former, at least, our allies in a crisis.

When it came to settling where the different military units should be stationed the Ukrainians claimed as a "compliment" that their national soldiers should receive certain honorary posts in the city; among others they wished to be guardians of the arsenal. Mike protested violently at so much being put into the hands of such uncertain friends; but the rada made it the price of its coöperation, and Kirienko thought our party could not risk losing the Ukrainians' help. So the concession was made them, and Mike was in despair over it. Before the deputation left the staff office that evening their leader had signed a formal treaty with Kirienko accepting in the rada's name an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the provisional central government. From now on these two parties were to act together, and their united efforts, it was hoped, would quiet and intimidate the Bolsheviki, and give a respite from the strain of the last four days.

During the discussions a deputation of invalided officers had waited among others on Kirienko at the staff. At their head was a most exceptional personage, a Jewish officer, decorated with the St. George's Cross, and discharged from the army because of four wounds, which had completely incapacitated him. These offered the services of all their group, a large association in Kief, saying they were ready to carry guns or be useful in any manner. Kirienko had declined their offer, however, answering they had already done their duty, and would not make enough difference in our strength to warrant his putting them in the helpless and terrible situation they would find themselves in afterward if the provisional cause should be lost.

Another Scrap of Paper

That night we went to bed feeling we might sleep tranquilly, and though the soldiers were still established in our street we were secure in the belief of their departure on the morrow. The servants brought me in annoying rumors gathered among their acquaintances that the Czecho-Slovaks said openly they were willing to fight side by side with the Russians, so long as this was against Germany and Austria; but that they did not care what party reigned in Kief, and would not take part in any shooting against Ukrainians or Bolsheviki; also the Ukrainian soldiers seemed, according to reports from the same sources, which might be only gossip, to be fraternizing on the street with the Bolshevik soldiers.

We tried not to believe all this; but it turned out to be only too true, for early next morning we were awakened by firing all about us. Mike could not dress fast enough to reach the staff, where he remained some time, while we waited anxiously for news. He had found everything there in mad confusion. Kirienko sent at once for the rada leader, who had come in haste, and in answer to his summons explained with many phrases that yesterday he had signed with the provisional government what he considered only a temporary agreement; while last evening the soviets had sent him at the rada a deputation asking for his coöperation, and offering the Ukrainians such advantages in case of acceptance that at the desire of all their people, the rada and ministry, himself at its head, had felt obliged to tie themselves definitely to the Bolsheviki. If the people's party came into power the Ukrainians would be given over the entire administration of the provinces round about Kief, consequently in their nationalist interests he had now become the ally of the people's party, or Bolsheviki.

Kirienko protested, threatened, bluffed; but could do nothing. The shooting all over town was violent by now. The Ukrainians and Bolsheviki were joined together, and he stood alone without even the background of Petrograd to uphold his authority, and with no troops to rely on but the handful of Cuirassiers and the little cadets. As the rada's representatives retired, reports began to come in giving dramatic impressions of our group's desperate condition everywhere about. At the aviation camp in one suburb the soldiers had mutinied and killed and wounded several of their officers; while the remainder of the latter had fled, after having removed the magnetos from their airplanes, so that these could not be used by the soldiers for bombing the city. The artillery batteries'

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IF the amount of water wasted annually in the United States, through leaky valves, faucets and fixtures, could be computed, the figures would be astonishing.

For every gallon of water wasted, the fuel required to pump it from its source is wasted. This water waste, plus fuel waste, is preventable.

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Consult Your Contracting Plumber

Have Him Go Over All the Plumbing in Your Building

1. Have all valves, faucets and fixtures inspected to detect water leaks.
2. Have your hot water supply system examined to insure maximum heat from fuel consumed.
3. Remove exposed water pipes to protected positions to prevent unnecessary use of heat to keep them from freezing.
4. Have every fuel-consuming device tested to reduce to the minimum the amount of fuel required.

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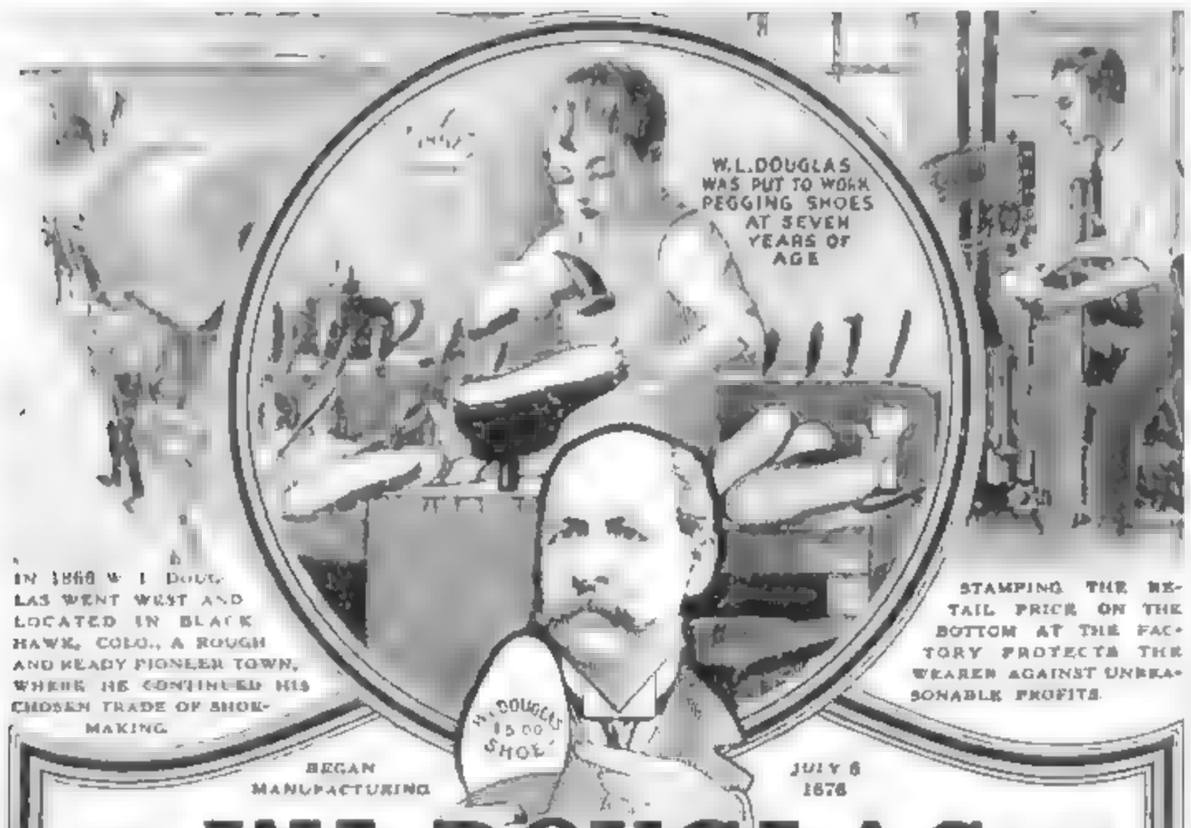
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men had behaved in the same way, only the officers there were not able to put out of commission the heavy guns, and every now and then a shot fell into the center of the city, causing great havoc. We still had water, electricity and telephone service, but it was a question of how long this would last. The Cuirassiers kept the railroad and station yet, and the little cadets returned to the staff buildings. Firing grew more violent all through that day and night. Wednesday morning Kirienko was still at the staff. Mike also, but there was nothing anyone could do now, and the city was in an uproar. Officers were being shot on sight anywhere, bombs were exploding, bullets whizzed through the air and broke windows or embedded themselves in walls. We felt vastly alarmed, especially as in our neighborhood several houses were sacked, hundreds of people were arrested, and from time to time it was reported the mob of Bolsheviki were marching in our direction to capture the staff buildings. If this happened it was merely a question of how long the boy cadets could hold out before there would be a general fire and massacre.

In the afternoon the Ukrainians demanded that for the general safety and the protection of the revolution the troops of the provisional government retire from Kief and be disbanded, and that the cadets return immediately to their schools, where they were to be considered prisoners of war. Kirienko was obliged to hear orders given to that effect. It was quite evident that in Kief the reign of the provisionals was over, and that the power was in the hands of the mob.

Mike, with his soldiers dispersed and banished from the city, could do nothing but hand in his resignation, which he did. He was consequently without a command or service; and that afternoon we talked of what we should do with ourselves if we got out alive from the hornet's nest; and we decided to go first to the Crimea for a rest. Since noon the shooting had been steadily augmenting. A quick-firing gun had been installed on our roof, besides all those lined up below our windows, and our street was waiting for the attack. I knew Mike would be doomed as soon as the Ukrainians took over the power, since all through the summer he had bent his energies to fighting their propaganda, and revenge would seem sweet to them. Besides, we were both very tired; and he especially was worn by his work. His nerves were stretched to the limit and his wound was giving him constant pain; so a change of air and scene seemed to recommend itself.

Flight to Safety

We sat talking of all this, saying that the Bolsheviki and Ukrainians had shown their cards at last by joining forces and had proved their common enemy origin. Two or three friends were present, and shooting still accompanied our conversation as it grew late. Suddenly Colonel Sakhnowsky, then commander of the Cuirassiers, was announced, and saying he must speak with Mike on urgent matters he was received in the latter's workroom.

When my husband returned he said to me without preamble: "Can you leave the house in ten minutes?"

I answered I could; whereupon he added, "Sakhnowsky has just come from the staff. He says the crowd in power have already shot the commander of the garrison's infantry and are going to arrest any Cuirassiers' officers left in town, and that I am being looked for to be judged and executed; Kirienko is also condemned, and has disappeared, having fled. Sakhnowsky wants me either to go out and stay in the Cuirassiers' temporary camp outside town or to hide in town for the first hours of the enemy's triumph. I've decided to do the latter, as at least I won't be exposing the regiment to trouble and attack. We can spend the night at the hotel if you like. There is a room already engaged there."

With a small bag, into which I put a few valuable papers, with some of my jewels and money which were in the house, I threw on a cloak and my furs and hat. Mike and the servants meantime had opened a trunk containing his civilian clothes, and he had made a hurried change. Kourakine and all the men in the house helped, and my husband was dressed by the time I had made a round of our rooms, putting out of sight a few ornaments and souvenirs which were lying about, and which I prized. I hoped to have them thus escape notice in case our rooms were visited by soldiers in our absence. It wasn't difficult to hide things, as I knew the servants' discretion was reliable, devoted and intelligent.

I gave Elene and Davidka orders to bring us later in paper bundles what clothes and food we needed to the hotel. The tale they agreed to tell if officials asked for Mike was that we had left Kief that morning, on Mike's resigning, and had gone by the noon train, to return in a few days. We counted on Kourakine for telling the story, and to handle any situation which might unexpectedly rise.

Our chief difficulty we knew would be getting out of the house and through the lines of troops encamped on our doorsteps and sidewalks, and also through the streets between us and the hotel. Now all the troops were Ukrainians, who might know Mike's face dangerously well. Luckily it was cold and almost dark, and he was in civilian clothes, which he had never before worn in Kief. He put on a heavy traveling ulster and a soft felt hat, and threw his traveling scarf about his neck, over chin and beard. Under his cloak he took the precaution of carrying his revolver and sword. I felt satisfied that in this disguise he was quite unrecognizable. Pulling my own furs up high and taking the small bag of valuables in one hand I covered it with my big muff. The extravagance of my muffs had often been laughed at, but that night I was grateful for this one's size and protection. I also had my revolver loaded, and off the safe in my hand, inside the muff.

A Haven of Refuge

We made our adieus to our visitors and servants in the hall, then had all the lights put out, so the front door's opening would attract less attention from the soldiers outside. Kourakine unbarricaded the door and held it enough open so that Mike could slip out. I followed him, and it closed behind us again very quietly. I admit my heart beat very hard, and I was wet with perspiration, in spite of the cold air, as Mike and I threaded our way sauntering ly across the street and along the sidewalk of the other side toward the corner. Here stood a sentinel, with cocked gun, but fortunately for us he was of the new-régime variety, and instead of attending to his business and challenging us he chattered on, smoking, with some comrades who were having dinner; and we slunk by slowly behind him till we reached the remnants of the barricade, which stretched in a disorderly heap across the street.

Once past this I breathed more freely, and Mike spoke: "Now hurry! Shall I take the bag? Here, it seems, general traffic is allowed, and I imagine we are all right."

I insisted on keeping the bag, so he could the better hold and hide his side arms. Our walk became as rapid as possible, and for this the still occasional bullets flying about seemed reason enough.

We passed a general, with his head down, going at a quick pace. It was my brother-in-law, Niroth.

"Théo," I said, low. He raised his eyes. "Why, Joy, what on earth? And Micha, too, in this lovely costume! Where are you going? To a masquerade?"

Mike said "Hush," and then "Come with us"; and Théo turned and accompanied us, while we told him in a few words of our experiences since luncheon time, which seemed ages ago. As we reached the next street we met a cab, and with goodbys to Théo, who promised to report at home our favorable progress through the danger zone and to send us dinner soon, we jumped into the vehicle and drove on to the hotel.

There the porter, whom we knew by having often dined in the restaurant in gayer days, nearly fell over when he saw us and recognized Mike. He took us to a room on the top floor, which my husband had kept for months in his name, for the use of any officer or business man whom he had need to detain in town. It was a piece of luck to have it now, as the house was crowded. Fortunately, also, as we reached our floor we heard that the soldiers of the Ukrainian Government had just finished inspecting there, and had gone down below, looking for arms, examining people's passports and confiscating valuables. I felt quite comfortably safe as I took off my cloak and hid our revolvers.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The third will appear in an early number.

See What Happens in an "Acid-Mouth"

Every time you eat a meal, tiny shreds of food are bound to wedge themselves between your teeth. In the constant warmth of your mouth, these particles break up, and through the action of the saliva produce "Acid-Mouth."

This unfavorable condition gradually weakens the hard enamel of the teeth and cavities are formed. Then germs enter and destroy the soft, interior pulp—*the very life of a tooth.*

Merely cleaning or polishing your teeth is not sufficient to counteract "Acid-Mouth." But Pebeco Tooth Paste does both. It cleans and polishes. And it is a scientific answer to "Acid-Mouth."

Have you "Acid-Mouth"? You probably think not. But, do you know positively that you have not? Dental authorities estimate that 95 out of every 100 persons have "Acid-Mouth."

How to know whether you have "Acid-Mouth"

Free Litmus Test Papers that we send you will quickly tell you whether or not you have "Acid-Mouth." Moisten one of the little blue papers in your mouth. If it turns pink, you have "Acid-Mouth." Then brush your teeth and gums well with Pebeco Tooth Paste which you can buy at any drug store. Then make the test again. You'll see that Pebeco has for the time removed the acid condition, and the Litmus paper remains blue.

Pebeco Tooth Paste is sold by druggists everywhere

Manufactured by LEHN & FINK, Inc., 122 William Street, New York

Under sole license granted by the Federal Trade Commission

A pledge to save is a pledge to fight. Buy W. S. S.

Making the Hard Job Do Itself

Small stores make more money, and grow more rapidly, when they do what this small store did.

Cutting meat, handling sides and loins and hams, satisfying rush-hour customers who all want attention at once—all that was easy for Sharp Bros., Butchers, Chattanooga, Tenn.

But keeping the books, and checking up the ten delivery boys, and watching bills payable and cash and customers' accounts —those were things they hated.

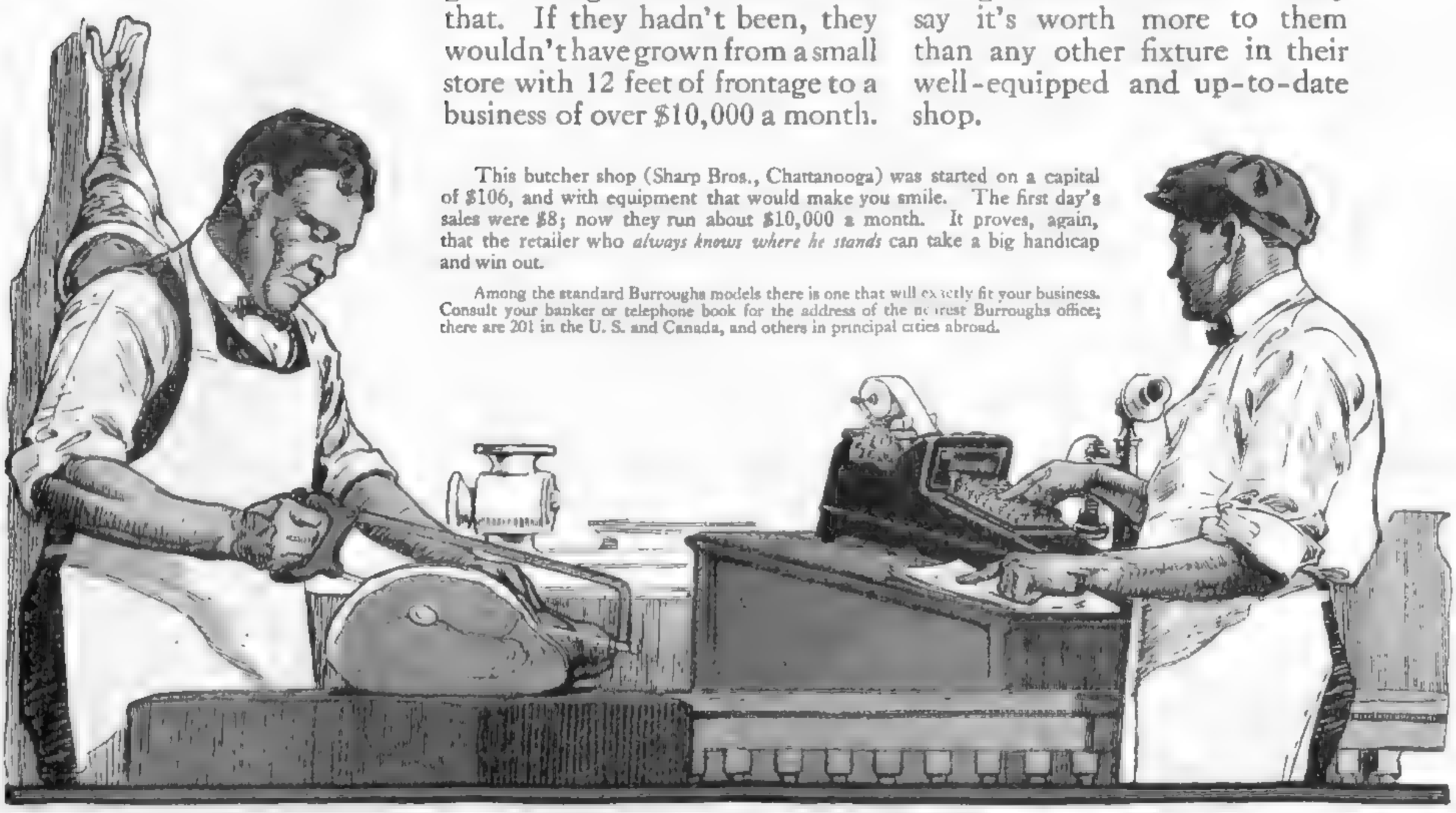
Those things had to be done, and done right—Sharp Bros. were good enough business men to see that. If they hadn't been, they wouldn't have grown from a small store with 12 feet of frontage to a business of over $10,000 a month.

Where they showed keen business wisdom was in turning over their hardest job — the figure-work of their business — to a Burroughs Machine. It proves the ledger postings, totals sales slips, verifies invoices and does all the miscellaneous figuring. The job isn't hard now, and isn't dreaded, and is 100% right as soon as it's put through.

Their Burroughs saves them two hours a day—besides a larger saving at the month-end. They say it's worth more to them than any other fixture in their well-equipped and up-to-date shop.

This butcher shop (Sharp Bros., Chattanooga) was started on a capital of $106, and with equipment that would make you smile. The first day's sales were $8; now they run about $10,000 a month. It proves, again, that the retailer who *always knows where he stands* can take a big handicap and win out.

Among the standard Burroughs models there is one that will exactly fit your business. Consult your banker or telephone book for the address of the nearest Burroughs office; there are 201 in the U. S. and Canada, and others in principal cities abroad.



FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PRICED AS LOW AS $125

PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

Burroughs

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Grand Canon Park

THE war is and ought to be the greatest and most compelling business of this distracted day; but war, even this war, is not and can never be the only business of the country. War is, at last, self-determining; it eats and ends itself. Destruction is not the really great affair of the world. We are fighting now to make that plain for all time. Growth, advance, permanence—those are the real affairs of national life, whether material or spiritual. Those are the real responsibilities, the real duties of any government. What have we gained? What have we made? What have we done? Those are the cogent questions to be asked of any nation's leaders and legislators.

In these new days of America, when you can scarcely see a smile on the streets—so sad and stern are our people—a great many things have been done by our national leaders and legislators that, in any times but these, would be called great and notable things. Overshadowed by the war activities, they have been done quietly and casually by the most troubled and harassed Administration this country ever knew. We have not noted them because our eyes were on the war.

It is a splendid thing that time has been found for such matters, perhaps to be called relatively small. It is proof that when our boys ultimately are out, and out forever, from the accursed slaughter pits of Europe they are going to have a people and a country to come back to. A necessary corollary of this proposition is that if, in their absence, we shall not have done all that we could to improve that country and the administration of its assets, then we shall have failed as a people, and our leaders and legislators shall have failed in the rôles assigned to them. We must not and dare not overlook the coming days of peace. There lies our real affair.

We owe it to every soldier and civilian of America to make an end of loose, shiftless and inefficient ways of government. The world has had enough waste and begins to revolt at the thought of it. We want our country assured to us in its richness and its usableness—yes, and in its beauty. We have had enough turmoil; we want repose. We have had enough horror; we want peace. We have had enough loathsomeness; we want beauty. We not only want but we need all these things. The government which does not give its people beauty robs its people of their spiritual birthright.

A National Heritage

Down in the far-off Southwest there lies a strip of country whose like cannot be found elsewhere on the face of the earth—never has been, so far as human mind knows; nor ever can be, so far as human soul can imagine. It is the incomparable example of the most measureless repose, the most perfect peace, the most august beauty. No brush can paint it, for it is never the same. No pen can describe it, because it was meant by its Maker to be above description.

The people of America own but do not know the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Indeed, they do not yet own it as they should, though it is the greatest spiritual asset, if you please, ever given to any people in any age.

The Grand Cañon has for some years been loosely taken into the nation's care, but it has not had either the sort of care or the measure of recognition that belongs to it. It is a national monument—a monument to our national ignorance and apathy, our national dilatoriness and shiftlessness.

There really is no reason why the Grand Cañon, the world's most stupendous landscape, should any longer be called a national monument. There is every reason why it should be made a national park forever.

The Congress of the United States can pass the pending House Bill erecting the Grand Cañon of the Colorado into the world's grandest national park, even in these times of stress. It is legislation that can be done almost between cigars, it is so simple and so easy. The question is one that really needs no argument, it is so obvious. The only question is, Why was it not done long ago? This eternal work of the immortal gods was here before war was known and will be here when war is forgotten. It is a splendid thing, and yet a very simple thing, to give it to America as it has not yet been given.

Since the war began Congress has found time to pass and ratify and enable the migratory wild-fowl treaty with Canada. It is to be hoped that it will find time this fall to pass the Greater Yellowstone Park Bill. Why not also pass the Grand Cañon Park Bill?

Surely we have no park to equal the Grand Cañon; and surely we have a score that are not fit to be mentioned in the same breath with it. But we have advanced since our old loose bureaucratic days. We have made a definite business of the administration of all our national parks. We have a law and service bureau now, assuring a businesslike administration, a standardization, a systematic development of all our national parks. Then, in the name of reason, why not give us Grand Cañon Park, the most wonderful of them all?

Under the old administration as a monument and under the care of a Department not controlling the national parks, a certain number of abuses have existed in and round the Grand Cañon. Individuals have even sought title to parts of the Grand Cañon—perhaps the most impossible personal ambition that can be credited to any human being. As well claim title to the undying stars!

Our present National Park Service, organized and conducted for that express purpose, would make short work of the obstructionists. It would systematize the whole business of showing the Grand Cañon—their greatest national possession—to the people of America.

Selling Beauty

We have no park that ever needed so little done for it. It will take a two-million-dollar road across the rugged mountains of Glacier Park to make that adequately available to the public. Millions have gone into the roads of the Yellowstone and Mount Rainier Parks. What the Grand Cañon Park needs is a broad, firm and well-standardized business administration. And that is just what our national parks are getting, and just what, in the nature of things, our natural monuments cannot have.

It might be human for any department head or for any bureau head to be jealous of infringement upon his accustomed province or any restriction upon his ancient prerogatives; but really that is not a matter large enough to stand analysis in this day of the new and stern America.

It comes simply to the question of whether it is good business to go to a furniture shop for groceries, or to a hardware store for a suit of clothes. The Department of Agriculture now administers the Grand Cañon Monument. Why? God knows! The answer to little Peterkin is as good as any.

The Department of Agriculture is interested in agriculture. It ought not to be interested in anything but agriculture—or things germane to it. It has to do with utilities alone. On the other hand, the National Park Service runs our national parks and nothing else; that is its sole occupation. Why the park bureau should worry over inoculating soil for alfalfa is not plain. Neither is it plain why any bureau of the alfalfa end at Washington should concern itself over the roads, concessions, routes, rates, transportation, traffic and annual receipts of any of our national parks.

The Department of Agriculture has to do with utility only. The National Park Service has to do with beauty only. That is what it is selling—just beauty. It is folly to waste our time in mixing these two jobs; bad business and bad politics to try to mix them any longer. The Department of Agriculture would do well to accept riddance of a line of goods that does not belong and never did belong in its shop.

This is the one matchlessly great, incomparably inspiring and inspiriting possession of the American people. We need and shall yet more need its peace, its repose, its beauty. If its walls, a hundred miles long, twenty miles across, and a mile deep, were run full of melted gold, it would not then

Good News!

AFTER word of victory is flashed back to headquarters by the valiant Signal Corps men, there is nothing that will fight fatigue like a cup of good coffee.

Every day 800,000 cups of Barrington Hall, the Baker-ized Coffee, are brewed and sent overseas to the battle front in instant form.

Why not let this splendid coffee help you do your part here at home? It costs no more per cup than ordinary coffee because it makes more cups per pound.

If your grocer has not yet placed Barrington Hall in stock, send us his name and we will mail you a generous sample.

Baker Importing Company

116 Hudson Street, New York — 246 North Second Street, Minneapolis

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Coffee

This Plucky Little "WAR BRIDE" Has Earned $55 herself, in spare minutes!

How Did She Do It?

In the same way open to you, if you will.

By Joining The *Girls' Club*

A money-earning club of girl and woman readers of *The Saturday Evening Post.*

MRS. FLORA ANDERSON

After hours (if they are business girls or teachers) or an afternoon or evening now and then (if they are "married girls"), the members of this delightful Club earn large sums of extra money *in a most interesting way* — for clothes, for Christmas, for the children, for Thrift Stamps and Red Cross.

Will You Join Us Too?

There are no dues or expenses of any kind. Do *find out* about our Club, and our interesting way for earning money which would suit you to a "T," just as it does these other discriminating women.

A postal or a note asking me to tell you all the particulars will receive a prompt reply, if addressed today to The Manager of THE GIRLS' CLUB, Box 651, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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A Good Housekeeper

THE housekeeper we want will know to the last cent the value of a dollar bill. She will know just what each of its hundred pennies will buy.

She may be a bit worried that her dollars will purchase only about half what they would before the war. But if she really is worried about expenses, so much the better!

For we want this housekeeper *not to help us but to help herself.*

Our plan is one that several hundreds of women have discovered, but that YOU too ought to know about.

It has enabled Mrs. Blount, a North Carolina housekeeper, whose photograph you see here, to earn as much as $65.00 in her spare time in a single month.

It will enable *you* to add $3.00, $5.00, perhaps even $20, a week to your present allowance—easily, pleasantly, surely, and *all in your spare time.*

It will cost you only a 3c stamp to learn full details about the Curtis money-making plan for women. They are all told in our interesting booklet, "The Way to an Independent Income." To get it, without the slightest obligation, send in this coupon today.

The Curtis Publishing Company
648 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen:—Please tell me how I can make my spare time pay me the extra money I want.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

be worth so much to us as it is now. Let us have done with little things and little thoughts and little ways. In the name of God and country let us do the large thing, even as we pass to those things that seem yet more large.

The world has gone grave and sad and stern. We shall not be able to smile for many a year. But the sermon of the Grand Cañon is preached for all time; it will for all time teach men all that man can know of poise and adjustment and acceptance. In times like these and topics like these there is no time for bureau jealousies or bureau obstructionists.

Alfalfa and pulpwood have nothing to do with the Grand Cañon. It is not sheep and sawmills but beauty that is for sale there. We want rest and beauty.

Give the Grand Cañon of the Colorado to the people of this war-weary world in the most practical and permanent fashion, under the wisest and the most reverent administration possible, and the people of this country will one day look back approvingly on the leaders and legislators who found time to do that in our nation's most grievous days. We shall call those men wise and good and great who, in the wrack of general destruction and despair, did something for hope and stability; something for that spiritual part of life which America coarsely and callously too long has set aside.

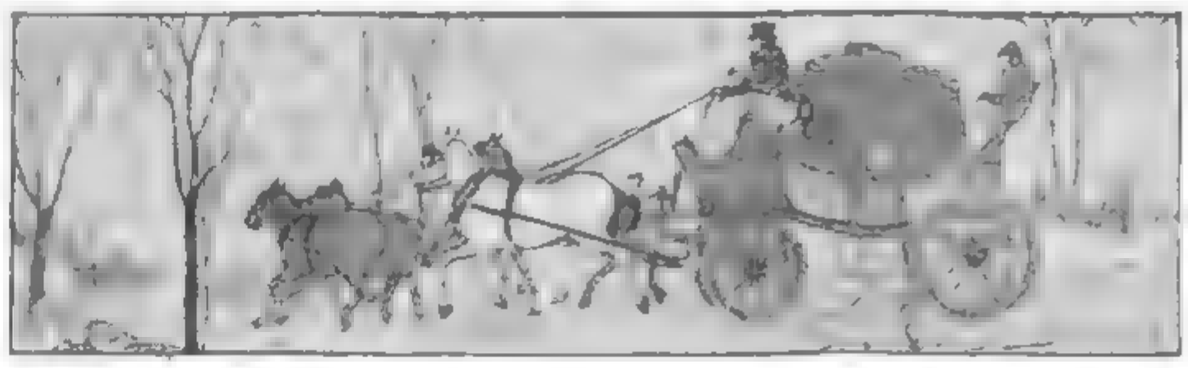
The old ways of America were not good enough. It is a new world, temporarily mad but sure of ultimate sanity, in which we live to-day.

We owe no tolerance to jealousy and pettiness; owe no acceptance of obvious mistakes. We are going to be praiseful of the large and good things; impatient of the petty and jealous things our Government gives to us.

These are days when governments and the men who make them are under scrutiny. Therefore, let us hope and expect that the bill making the Grand Cañon an American National Park forever will be a law before the next year has dawned with its new problems.

As a national park the Grand Cañon will be altogether ours. At present it is only partly ours. We want it; want it all, and want it now!

The Poets' Corner



When They Ask Me Where He Is

I HAVE growled some, I acknowledge; and
I've had my gloomy days
When I reckoned it was foolish to keep on
in honest ways.
I've been filled with jealous feelin's, readin'
of the rich and great;
But I've lately got to feelin' mine ain't such a
dismal fate.

I ain't livin' in no palace, where there's pictures on the walls,
And these marble females standin' all stark
naked in the halls;
But my boy is over fightin' where the chunks
of shrapnel whiz.
So I needn't feel embarrassed when folks ask
me where he is.

Years ago, before the trouble on the other side
began,
I considered Henry Simpson an almighty
lucky man;
Owned a fact'ry in the city, had an office that
was fine,
And a son who went to college—just about
the age o' mine.

We'd been country boys together, him no
better off than me,
But he had a knack of seein' chances I could
never see;
First made money tradin' horses, then got
into bigger deals—
Seemed as if good luck was always keepin'
close upon his heels.

One time I was in his office; never seen the
like before—
Had a dozen clerks around him and a boy to
tend the door;
A young lady sat beside him; she was takin'
dictates down—
Made me wish I'd had the gumption to get
prominent in town.

We'd been country boys together—me and
Henry Simpson had—
But my visit to his office didn't seem to make
him glad.
No, he didn't have to give me no excuse made
up of lies;
But I will admit his coldness kind o' filled me
with surprise.

I had often envied Henry for the great success
he won,
And I'd often growled and grumbled and felt
slighted; but I'm done!
Let him have his big stone palace, with its
costly things inside;
I'm the one just now who's feelin' purty
gol-durned satisfied.

Henry got his boy exempted—it was that
"essential" plea;
W'asn't any more essential than a cow's fifth
leg would be.
My boy's just been decorated where the shells
and bullets whiz,
And I needn't make excuses when folks ask
me where he is.

—S. E. Kiser.

The Return

SORRY and sad of heart
I sent my boy away;
Fighting to be his part,
Mine to stay home and pray.

After long weary time,
Lonely as time might be,
Back from that foreign clime,
Back came my boy to me.

Maimed? Crippled? No, not he;
Yet could I note a lack.
One glance, and I could see
Not all my boy came back.

Gone was his vain conceit,
Missing, his idle ways;
Missing, that air effete,
Missing, his love of praise.

Gone was his pert address;
Gone his impetuous haste;
Gone was his selfishness;
Gone his impulse to waste.

Wise from the lessons learned,
Aged by the risks he ran;
Rich from experience earned,
My boy came back—a Man!

—Carolyn Wells.

A Rondeau

MY GARDEN hose, though nearly new,
Already shows a break or two;
I've had it but about a week,
And now it's gone and sprung a leak!
I'm sure I don't know what to do.

Of rakes and hoes I had a few,
But they've been stolen. Wonder who
Could be so horrid as to take
My garden hoes.

I like to be well dressed, 'tis true,
But briers tear silken stockings—pooh!
Though I am patient-souled and meek,
I can't keep up this gardening freak—
These short skirts so expose to view
My garden hose!

—Carolyn Wells.

ARMCO IRON

In Railroad Service

This huge coaling pier of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad at Curtis Bay, Md., is now in the service of the Government. Its magnitude is demonstrated by the fact that a ship of 7,000 tons capacity was recently loaded with coal there in two hours and ten minutes.

This pier also indicates Armco Iron's wide range of usefulness in railroad service. A decking of 100 tons protects the costly installation of conveyor belting. Armco Iron is also employed in a novel method for waterproofing the Feeder Pits located 11 feet below tide-level. Galvanized Armco Iron was used on the houses and loading towers.

The protection and comparatively long life that Armco Iron affords because of its purity, rust-resistance and evenness is an invaluable form of metal conservation in these war times, when every ounce of railroad equipment must be kept in service to the last possible moment and at minimum cost for replacements.

Armco Iron is serving America-at-War in the following railroad uses: hopper cars, polished boiler jackets, coal chutes, water tanks, oil storage tanks, metal passenger, freight and mine cars, smoke-stacks, third rails, sheet car roofing, boiler tubes, fences, tie plates, equalizer bars, metal lath, window frames, ventilating ducts, culverts and milled letter signs (Lyle signs).

Write for Armco Iron literature applied to your needs. Ask for the advice of our specialists in sheet and plate metal service.

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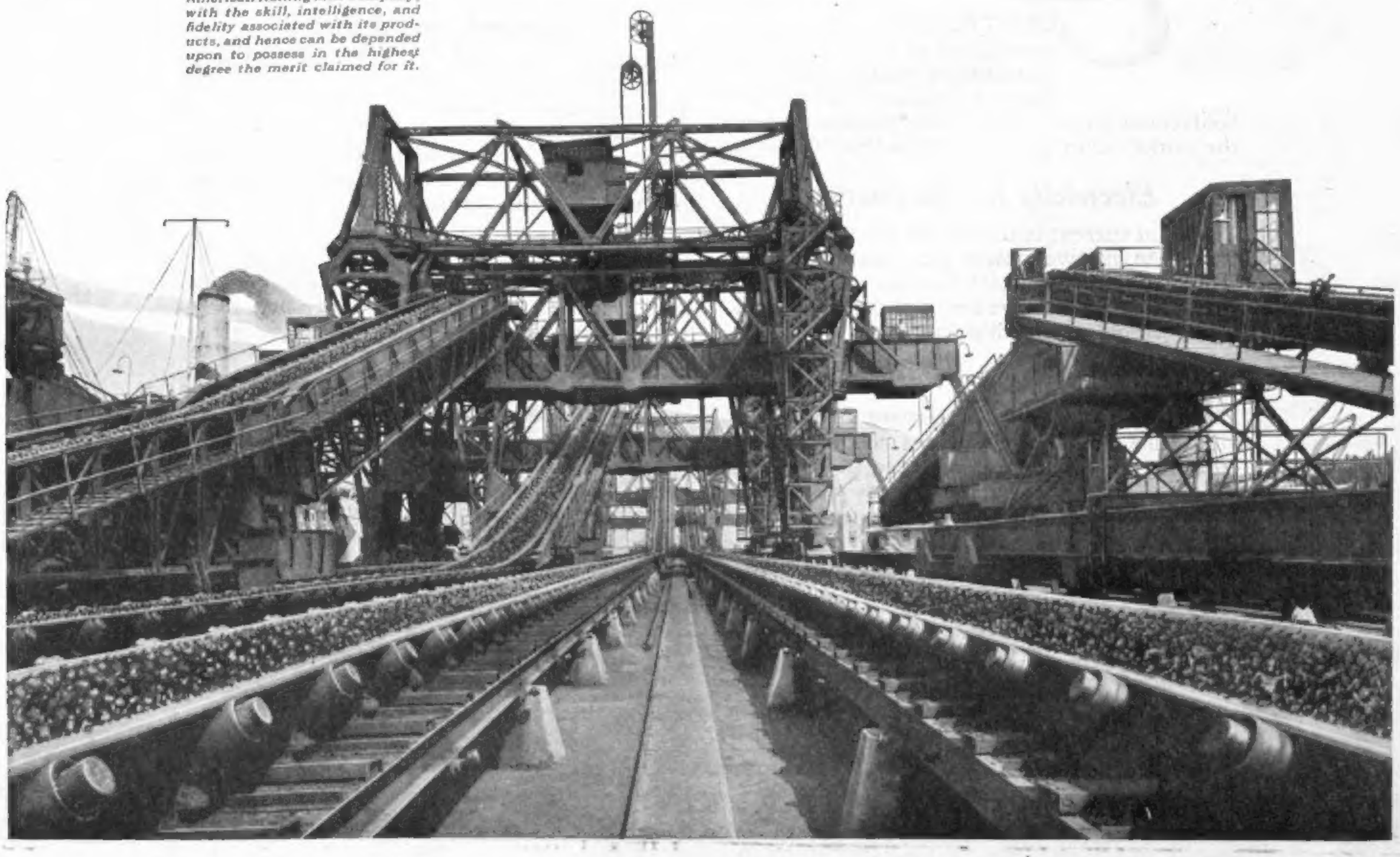
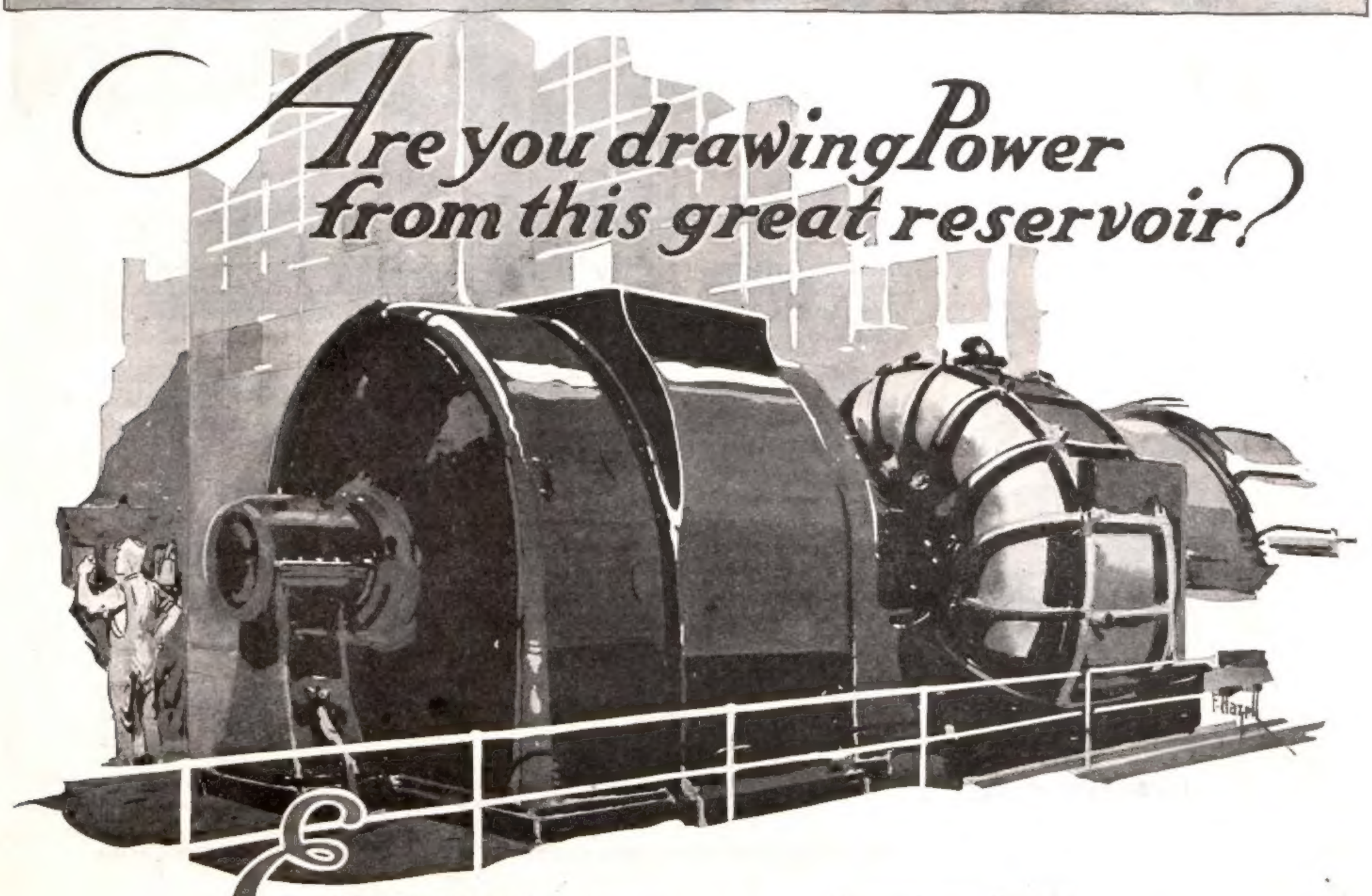
The trade mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company, with the skill, intelligence, and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it.



Are you drawing Power from this great reservoir?



ELECTRICITY has become recognized as one of the great elements of modern life. As a factor for industrial and household economy and convenience it ranks first among the world's most practical and adaptable forces.

Electricity for the Factory

Electrical current is the master workman of any shop. As motive power for enormous cranes or for the most delicate machine, it is always adequate—unlike other forms of power—its cost is applied only when in actual use.

Electricity for the Home

Electricity is the universal servant in the house. By means of the many devices now obtainable, housewives are, more than ever before, independent of servants. Electricity is clean, obviously economical and always a willing, handy helper in the home.

Consult an Expert

Electricity is safe and simple to use—it is only necessary to have an expert to plan and install the equipment. The electrical contractor, the electrical dealer, the architect, the central power company, and the manufacturers of electrical devices are all experts and will gladly assist you in getting the best service.

Dependable Wire

All electrical current is finally delivered by insulated wire. The usefulness of electricity, therefore, is dependent upon the quality of wire used and its correct installation.

Ecco Wire is always dependable and is so recognized by experts. It is a standard of quality and by its use can be judged the quality of materials and workmanship of an entire installation. Call in an expert at once. Connect up to the great reservoir of electricity with Ecco Wire and begin to enjoy its benefits and economies.

ECCO Dependable Insulated WIRE

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Use in All Soft Drinks

The fresh, pure juices of Sunkist Lemons and Oranges lend flavor and character to all soft drinks.

"Sunkist New-Day Drinks," our new book by Alice Bradley, contains 53 combinations with grape juice, ginger ale, other fruit juices, etc. Send coupon for a copy.

Luscious Lemon Pie

Made with Bread-crumbs and without Butter

The recipe is by Miss Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston. A famous domestic science expert, known the country over. Her recipes are followed by tens of thousands of good cooks.

The incomparable recipe printed below is her idea of a luscious war-time pie.

"A GEM of a pie," is what you will say when you taste this daintiest of pastries. Scores of families already, by unanimous vote, have elected it Best of War-Time Desserts. It's a connoisseur's pie. It fairly melts in the mouth. Let your men-folks try it.

The Unequalled Recipe

1½ cups soft bread crumbs
3 tablespoons oleomargarine
1 cup boiling water
½ cup sugar
1½ teaspoons cornstarch
2 egg yolks
3 tablespoons Sunkist Lemon juice
Grated rind one Sunkist Lemon

Break bread crumbs into small pieces. Add oleomargarine. Pour boiling water over. Let stand until soft.

Mix sugar and cornstarch, add egg yolks, well beaten, and Sunkist Lemon juice and rind. Combine mixtures. Bake in one crust and cover with meringue.

"'Dripping' may be used in the pie crust," says Miss Bradley, "and a real war-time, though delicious, dessert is thus easily prepared."

Miss Bradley's cost for making this pie, at the time prepared, was "1c per 100 calories." 100 calories in eggs alone would then have cost 4.2 cents. So while economical of materials, this pie is also low in price when measured by the energy supplied.

Send the coupon for "Sunkist Recipes" containing 126 recipes which show how Miss Bradley uses California Sunkist Lemons. These dishes are quickly and easily prepared, and they meet many needs of war-time.

California Sunkist Lemons are juicy, tart, and practically seedless. They are best for all cooking purposes. Also for garnishing because they are waxy, clean and bright.

Don't say merely "lemons" when you order. Be sure to say "Sunkist." That will get the best lemons grown.

CALIFORNIA
Sunkist
Uniformly Good Lemons

Always Serve with Tea

It is more than fashionable and attractive, it is *beneficial* to serve lemons with your tea.

Lemon is valuable for the digestive aid that comes from its salts and acids.

Ask for California Lemons. You'll find these lemons *uniform in quality*. Delivered to you, if you request it, in the crisp, sanitary tissue wrappers in which they are placed when packed. This fruit is the pride pack of 8500 California growers if it is labeled "Sunkist."

Delicious Salad Dressings

Miss Bradley makes delicious French and Mayonnaise dressings with lemon juice instead of vinegar. Her recipes appear on pages 33 and 35 in "Sunkist Recipes." Send the coupon for this book.

Reasons for Garnishing

By means of garnishing, sauces and judicious seasoning the housewife can make her family vote in favor of the new foods. Fresh lemon juice is an aid to digestion due to its valuable salts and acids.

Mail This for Miss Bradley's Recipes

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 8,500 Growers
Dept. E-49, Los Angeles, Cal.

Place a check mark opposite the book preferred—check both if you want them. We send either, or both, free.

☐ "Sunkist Recipes," by Alice Bradley.
☐ "Sunkist New-Day Drinks," by Alice Bradley.

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COLGATE'S "HANDY GRIP" SHAVING STICK

PATENTED 1917

Mr. Jones writes a letter

—and his communication is interesting to every man who shaves himself—and wishes comfort in so doing.

"My children chanced to give me a stick of your shaving soap," says Mr. Jones. If you do not have one given you —give yourself a "Handy Grip."

"In the directions was an admonition not to rub . . . I thought this extremely silly," says Mr. Jones. But he tried it and found the truth of the original Colgate phrase used since 1897—**"needs no mussy rubbing in with the fingers."**

"I am, from now on, a firm champion of Colgate's Shaving Stick. It beats anything I have ever used," says Mr. Jones. You will reach the same conclusion after you have tried Colgate's "Handy Grip"

Colgate & Co.,
New York City.

New York, April 6, 1918.

Gentlemen:

Some months ago my children chanced to give me a stick of your shaving soap, and I am writing to you to tell you what a delight shaving now is with it, instead of the nightmare I formerly experienced whenever I shaved. The lather is wonderful, smooth as velvet, leaves the skin without any irritation, and, in short, your shaving stick is ideal for the purpose.

In the directions that came with the shaving stick was an admonition not to rub the beard with the hand after applying the lather. I thought this extremely silly, but on trying it I found that your experts had solved another important element in successful shaving and I shall never again do anything but follow the advice given. The brush, applying the lather with the proper degree of moisture in it, is sufficient. The new method is vastly superior to the old.

I am, from now on, a firm champion of Colgate's Shaving Stick. It beats anything I have ever used, and I've been shaving myself for 35 years.

None of your agents have solicited this testimonial from me, but I send it merely as a deserved recognition of the makers of the best shaving soap in the world.

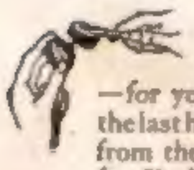
Very truly yours,

(Signed) EDWIN J. JONES*

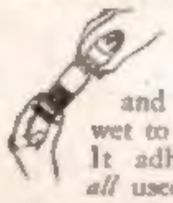
*Mr. Jones is Associate Editor of The Financial World.

THE "HANDY GRIP" is the thrifty Shaving Stick. It saves you 50 shaves below the "Waste Line," and more: you can buy a Refill Stick for the original metal Grip.

A DOUBLE ECONOMY WITH COLGATE'S



—for you can unscrew the last half-inch of soap from the Grip (enough for 50 shaves)—



and press it when wet to a new Stick. It adheres, to be *all* used—no waste.

And the Refill Stick, costing less than the complete Grip, screws in and fits the Grip.